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PETER PINDAR ESQ.

THE

WORKS

OF

John Wolcot

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

ALTHOUGH the life of a man of genius has not always an intimate and necessary connexion with his works, yet the curiosity which prompts the public to inquire after the personal history of those by whom they have been delighted or instructed, is too natural to be censured, and too important to be repressed. When the present edition, therefore, of the Works of Dr. Wolcot, was undertaken, the Proprietors determined to prefix such particulars of his Life as could be derived from unquestionable authority.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT, so long known by the assumed name of PETER PINDAR, was born at Dodbrooke, a small town near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, at which last place he began his classical education, reading the ancient poets with readiness and feeling, and gradually imbibing the taste and spirit which very early ended in an attachment to the muses. In him, as has been observed in many men of genius, the particular indications were soon obvious, and whatever occurrences might take place in life, it was foreseen that the employment which nature and talent pointed out would be ultimately pursued.

From Kingsbridge, he went to an uncle at Fowey, a medical practitioner of great abilities and reputation; and after completing his course of classical education, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, master of a grammar-school at Bodmin, his uncle sent him to France to acquire the French language. After a residence there of about a year, he returned to Fowey, and became a pupil of his uncle for seven years. During this time, while laying in a store of medical knowledge, such as books and practice afforded, his poetical turn, which appeared very early, prompted him to peruse works of general taste; and while he occasionally courted the muses, he also discovered a genius for drawing and painting, of which, it is well known, he is a critical judge. Some of his poetical efforts appeared in the periodical journals nearly fifty years ago, and many of his drawings and paintings are to be seen in the cabinets of those friends to whom he presented them. Those pursuits, however, were not very agreeable to his uncle, nor to his two paternal aunts, who, although women of solid intellects, and literary acquirements, could not overcome the common prejudice, that poetry is a very dangerous interruption to business.

After these seven years were expired, he removed to London, and cultivated the science of medicine under the ablest professors in anatomy, chemistry, &c. In 1767, on the promotion of his friend Sir William Trelawney to the government of Jamaica, Dr. Wolcot was invited to accompany him, as his physician; and after going through a strict examination by the celebrated Dr. Huxham of Plymouth, he received, on his recommendation, a degree, by diploma, from a northern university. On his arrival

in Jamaica, he commenced practice, and was soon appointed by Governor Trelawney to be Physician-General to the island. His excellency, however, thinking he could promote Dr. Wolcot's interest more effectually by his patronage in the church, recommended him to return to England and take orders, as a living of considerable value would, from the illness of the incumbent, be probably soon vacant. After having accomplished this purpose, on his arrival in Jamaica, he found the incumbent recovered: but he afterwards obtained the living of Vere, and immediately placed a curate on it, that he might reside at the government-house at Spanish town. Here he remained until the death of his patron Sir William Trelawney; and having, at Lady Trelawney's request, accompanied her to England, where she died soon after, he retired to Cornwall, and practised medicine for some years. He enlarged also the number of his friends and acquaintances by a social disposition, a ready flow of wit, and such conversational talents as are rarely found at a distance from the metropolis. It is true at the same time, that when party contests arose, or when the sense of ridicule, which in him is uncommonly quick, was provoked, he indulged his satirical vein in a way not likely to conciliate; but it must likewise be owned, that his provincial satires were in general free from malevolence, and occasioned more laughter than resentment. Many of them were those playful tricks of the pen which a man of wit hardly knows how to restrain.

It is much to his honour, that during his residence in Cornwall he discovered, encouraged, and improved, the talents of the late Opie (or rather Oppy, for that was his real name, the other

being borrowed from a genteel family in the county), a man of such rusticity of manners, and ignorance of the world, that it is probable his genius would have lain obscure, had he not met, in Dr. Wolcot, a judicious patron; nor is the present Mr. Bone, the famous painter in enamel, under less important obligations to the Doctor than John Oppy. The Doctor's taste in painting has already been noticed; and it may now be added, that perhaps few men have attained more correct notions on the subject; and the fluency with which he expatiates on the beauties or defects of the productions of the ancient or modern school, has been amply acknowledged by all who have enjoyed his company.

The same taste appears to have directed him to some of the first subjects of his poetical satire, when he began to treat the public with the pieces which compose these volumes, and which are printed nearly in the order of publication. The effect of these poems on the public mind will not be soon forgotten. Here appeared a new poet and a new critic, a man of unquestionable taste and luxuriant fancy, combined with such powers of satire, as became tremendously formidable to all who had the misfortune to fall under his displeasure. It was acknowledged, at the same time, that amidst some personal acrimony, and some affectionate preferences, not far removed, perhaps, from downright prejudice, he in general grounded his praise and censure upon solid principles, and carried the public mind along with him, although sometimes at the heavy expense of individuals.

Soon after the publication of the first Lyric Odes to the

Royal Academicians, he took up his residence, and has ever since remained, in London, the only place, indeed, for a general satirist, for a man who wishes to increase his knowledge of the world, and to study those manners and foibles, vices or follies, which are to furnish subjects for his pen. How very extensive his survey has been, and how minute his attention to what is passing, either in the literary, or in the great and gay world, the vast variety of his productions will amply demonstrate. Whether, however, in some striking instances, he has not taken liberties neither usual nor allowable; and whether he has not dwelt too often on subjects that ought to be treated with respect, are questions to which no reader can be at a loss for an answer.

It has been objected to Dr. Wolcot, as to Churchill, that he has expended his fire on temporary subjects, when he might have employed it on those that are imperishable. But how few are the poets of whom this may not be said! And how much do the greater part of the works of Pope now require the aid of commentaries in order to be understood! All personal satire must be in some degree temporary, for a man may deserve to be laughed at, who deserves not to be handed down to posterity; but when, as in the case of our author and his predecessors, that satire is intermixed with the beauties of genuine poetry, it will continue to be admired, when the parties satirized are so far forgotten as to excite none of the unpleasant feelings of contemporary reading.

But they who consider our author as a satirist only, neglect to do him the justice which he richly merits. As a lyric poet, he

deserves high praise; and it will be difficult to produce more animated, elegant, and tender verses, than are to be found in these volumes: nor are his talents less conspicuous in those moral tales, stories, or fables, in which the general foibles of human nature are touched with exquisite humour and delicacy.

Of late Dr. Wolcot has had the misfortune, in some measure, to lose his sight from cataracts, far from producing absolute blindness; but his faculties are in their plenitude of power, and his wit, whether he chooses to employ his pen, or enliven a party of pleasure, is as brilliant as ever, and that at an age (above seventy) when the powers of mind generally become worn by use, or dulled by bodily infirmity. A more detailed account, however, of the personal history of this extraordinary man, and a more critical investigation of his rank as a poet, necessarily belong to some distant period. His works, in this collected form, have passed through several editions, and continue to be read with avidity; a fate which could not have been theirs, had they not been imbued with those strong preservatives, irresistible humour and acknowledged genius.

We cannot conclude this memoir without relating the following anecdote, which may be depended on:—

When the famous Polish General Kosciusco arrived in London from his confinement in Russia, weak, and full of wounds, he sent a polite note to the Doctor, apologizing for his inability to wait on him, and requesting the favour of his company in Leicester Square; the Doctor in consequence paid him a visit:

after the ceremony of meeting, the General began thus—"You will excuse the liberty I have taken in desiring your acquaintance and friendship, as it was from your works only I derived pleasure amidst the gloom of imprisonment. Indeed your Muse enlivened my solitude, and induced a wish to see the Poet that had softened my exile, and made me at times forget my misfortunes." The Doctor frequently visited him, and on the General's departure for America, they exchanged, by way of memorials, specimens of their art in landscape-painting. The Doctor accompanied his crayon with a compliment in verse on the occasion, but which we never have seen.

The works of this Author have been translated by two or three of the most celebrated geniuses of Germany. As for a French translation, no such circumstance can be expected to take place, on account of his satirical and severe attacks on the frippery taste of France, and the spirit of liberty (now totally annihilated in that unfortunate country) which animates his writings.

We understand that the Doctor has at this time two sisters of great respectability at Fowey, a town in Cornwall, situated between Plymouth and Falmouth, possessing a most beautiful harbour, and pleasant environs, famous in history for its prowess in war, on whose delightful banks our Author paid his first court to the muses, and where it is said he is resolved to terminate his poetical career.

A POETICAL,

SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING,

EPISTLE

TO THOSE LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

THE

REVIEWERS.

Carmine Di Superi placantur, carmine Manes.

VAST are the powers of Verse; indeed so strong,
Angels and Devils can be soothed by Song.

TO THE REVIEWERS.

FATHERS of Wisdom, a poor Wight befriend;
Oh, hear my simple prayer in simple lays!
In formâ pauperis behold I bend,
And of your Worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for Fame, d'ye see;
I ask not *all* the Laurel, but a *sprig:*
Then hear me, Guardians of the sacred Tree,
And stick a Leaf or two about my wig.

In Sonnet, Ode, and Legendary Tale,
Soon will the press my tuneful Works display:
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;
And your Petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the Muse with grief will groan;
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue:
Know, I have teeth and stomach like your own;
And that I wish to eat, as well as you.

I never said, "Like Murderers in their dens,
You secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, scalping-knives, in shape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless Authors die."

Nor said, "In your Reviews together strung,
The limbs of butcher'd Writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of Flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry Spider's dreary hole."

I ne'er declar'd, "that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greasy flannel caps you met together,
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather."

Heaven knows, I'm innocent of all transgression
Against your Honours, men of classic fame:
I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,
Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head;
Nor *vulgar* call'd your wit, your manners *coarse*;
Nor swore, "on butcher'd Authors that you fed,
Like carrion Crows upon a poor dead Horse."

I never said, "that, Pedlar-like, you sold
Praise by the ounce or pound, like snuff or cheese:"
Too well I knew, you silver scorn'd and gold;
Such dross, a sage Reviewer seldom sees.

I never hinted, "that with half-a-crown
Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;
Which Fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:"—
No, for I know you'd spurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, "you Critics, to a man,
For pence, would swear an Owl excell'd the Lark;"
Nor call'd "a coward gang" your grave Divan,
"That stabb'd, like base Assassins, in the dark."

I never prais'd or blam'd an author's Book,
Until your wise Opinions came abroad;
On these with holy reverence did I look:
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me God!

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know:
The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,
As well as Alexander's Tutor*, lo!
All, all great Critics, Gentlemen, like *you*.

* Aristotle.

Did any ask me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion
Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride
The world of Learning, and, with proud dominion,
High on the backs of crouching Authors ride:"

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, "Odsblood!
No works like theirs such Criticism convey:
Not all the timber of Dodona's Wood
E'er pour'd more sterling Oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, "Whate'er *their* brains indite,
Be sure, is *excellent;* a partial crew!
With Iö Pæans usher'd to the light,
And prais'd to folly in the next Review:"

This was my answer to each snarling elf
(My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam);
"Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear *self?*
And should not charity begin *at home?*"

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer,
"Think you one could not bribe 'em?"—"Not a nation."—
"A Beef-steak, with a pot or two of Beer,
Might save a little Volume from damnation?"

Furious I've answer'd, "Lo! my Lord Carlisle
Hath begg'd in vain a seat in Fame's old temple:
Though *you* applaud, *their* Wisdoms will not smile;
And what *they* disapprove is cursed simple.

"Could Gold succeed, enough the Peer might raise,
Whose wealth would buy the Critics o'er and o'er:
'Tis Merit only can command their praise;
Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More*:

"The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous Song
Which all of us would give our ears to own;
The *Captive*, *Percy*†, that, like mustard strong,
Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan.

"Hail, Bristol town! Bœotia now no more;
Since Garrick's Sappho sings, though rather slowly:
All hail Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,
Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley."—

* A Lady talked of for her Rhymes; and emphatically called, by a *certain* class of Readers, the Tenth Muse.

† A pair of Tragedies.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy;
Great Newton's self this failing did inherit:
Thus frequent *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide in lurking-holes a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious Modesties I see,
When from your bower with Bats you wing the dark;
And Sundays, when no Catchpoles prowl for prey,
On *ether* dining in St. James's Park.

Meek Sirs, in frays you choose not to appear
(A circumstance most natural to suppose);
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
Some angry Bard abus'd should pull your nose.

The World's loud plaudit, lo! you don't desire,
Nor do you *hastily* on Books decide;
But first at ev'ry Coffee-house inquire,
How in their favour runs the public tide.

There Wisdom often, with a critic wig,
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,
I've seen o'er Pamphlets, with importance big,
Mousing for faults; or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen, I dread your drubs;
Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes:
Strung with new strength, beneath your massy clubs,
Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an Elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the Giant Johnson, stretch'd!
The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
Whose fame the furthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If *such* so easy sink beneath your might,
Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night;
Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition,
With brother-pamphlets shall my Pamphlet shine;
And, should it chance to pass a first edition,
In Capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my Work as much as e'er you please;
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry Lawyer's fist with fees,
To trounce a Bookseller, like furious Mason*.

* The contest between Mr. Mason and a Bookseller is generally known.

Sage Sirs, if favour in your sight I find,
If Fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver;
Wish you sound Coats, good Stomachs, Masters kind*,
Gallons of Broth, and pounds of Bullock's Liver.

ADDRESS TO THE REVIEWERS.

The following Address to the *Reviewers* was written for a poetical Friend who had suffered by their Severity.

'Tis hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
You thus should lord it o'er the world of Wit:
No higher court your sentence to control,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit.

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal Bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:—

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like starving Cats so lean;
Whether your Criticism each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you close-shav'd and clean:—

* The Booksellers.

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all:—

Whether you look like Gentlemen or Thieves,
I hate usurpers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the Poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his Lines alone.

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward Sages;
Officiousness the modest Bard abjures:
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

LYRIC ODES

TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR MDCCLXXXII.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A DISTANT RELATION OF THE POET OF THEBES,

AND LAUREAT TO THE ACADEMY.

Arma Virosque cano.

PAINT and the Men of Canvas fire my lays,
Who show their Works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
Gaining *Two Thousand Pounds* a year by *Shillings*.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter giveth an Account of his great *Relation*—boasteth—praiseth Sir William Chambers and *Somerset-House*—applaudeth Sir Joshua Reynolds, and showeth deep classic Learning.

My Cousin Pindar, in his Odes,
Applauded Horse-jockeys and Gods,
Wrestlers and Boxers, in his Verse divine:
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary Lyre,
To British Painters give a golden Line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,
Striking with Attic front the skies,
The nursing Dame of many a Painting Ape*;
And I immortal Rhyme refuse,
To tell the Nations round the news,
And make Posterity with wonder gape?

* This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult. There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it. The Reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art:—Monkeys are prodigious imitators; witness my own Odes. Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho!
By all thy Odes, the World shall know
That Chambers plann'd it; be his name rever'd!
Sir William's journeymen and tools
(No pupils of the Chinese schools),
With stone, and wood, and lime, the Fabric rear'd.

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime,
Now let us see what this rare Dome contains;
Where rival Artists for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
Have fix'd the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir Joshua's master-hand
Shall first our lyric laud command:
Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight;
His Horses feel a godlike rage,
And long with Yankeys to engage;
I think I hear them snorting for the fight.

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
I wish indeed their manes so flowing
Were more like *hair:* the Brutes had been as good,
If, flaming with such classic force,
They had resembled less that Horse
Call'd Trojan, and by Greeks compos'd of *wood.*

Now to yon Angel let us go;
A fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a Cloud, indeed a poorish hack:
Which to my mind doth *certes* bring
That easy bum-delighting thing
Rid by the Chancellor, yclep'd a Sack.

Yet, Reynolds, let me fairly say,
With pride I pour the Lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand exprest:
Compar'd, alas! to other men,
Thou art an Eagle to a Wren.—
Now, Mistress Muse, attend on Mister West.

ODE II.

Peter falleth foul on Mr. West for representing our blessed Redeemer like an Old-clothes-Man—and for misrepresenting the Apostles.—Peter describeth Saint Paul, and Judas, and the Apostles—Cutteth up Mr. West's Angels—Attacketh another Picture of Mr. West's—Weepeth over the hard Fate of Princes Octavius and Augustus, Children of our Most Glorious Sovereign.

O West, what hath thy pencil done?
Why, painted God Almighty's Son
Like an Old-clothes-Man about London street!
Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag;
We then shall see the character *complete*.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
Were not the fellows thou hast made;
For Heaven's sake, West, pray rub them out again:
There's not a mortal who believes
They look'd like old Salvator's* Thieves,
Although they might not look like *Gentlemen.*

Saint Paul most candidly declares,
He could not give himself high airs
Upon his person, which was rather homely;
But really, as for all the rest,
Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
They all were *decent* Labourers, and *comely.*

Thy Spirits too can't boast the Graces;
Two Indian Angels by their faces:
But speak, where are their wings to mount the wind?
One would suppose Mac Bride† had met 'em:
If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em;
Or else the Lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius, tell the Bard,
And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard,*

* Salvator Rosa, happy in his characters of Banditti.

† Captain Mac Bride, famous for wringing men of war, as well as partridges. See his letter to the Admiralty.

Why West hath murder'd you, my tender Lambs:
You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your Royal Cousins bleed,
For which the world the Tyrant's memory damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
Some portion of the painting spirit;
But trust me, not extraordinary things:
Some merit thou must surely own,
By getting up so near the Throne,
And gaining whispers from the Best of Kings.

ODE III.

Peter administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to glory;
'Tis stairs must lead us to the Attic story:
Thus thought my great old namesake, Peter Czar;
Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty Carpenter he made;
And then went home*, and built a man of war.

The Lad who would a 'Pothecary shine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;

* To Russia.

Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter;
Learn to boil glysters; nay, to give them too,
If blinking Nurses can't the business do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that Boys can rise to Master-tanners,
Humble those boys must be, and mind their manners;
Despising Pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em:
And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
Should never once disdain to pick,
From street to street, rich lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young limning Lads themselves demean;
Learn how to keep their Master's brushes clean,
And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders;
Furbish up rags, the shining pallet set,
Keep the knives bright, and eke the easel neat:
Such arts to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

Young men, so useful are the arts I mention
(Believe me, not an atom is invention),
The instant that I pen this Ode, I know
A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black man,
More like a Cobler than a Gentleman,
Working on canvas, like a Dog in dough.

By Heavens, with scarce more knowledges than these,
He earns a guinea every day with ease;

Attempteth heads of Princes, Dogs, Cats, Squires:
Now on a Monkey ventureth, now a Saint;
Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,
And struts the veriest *Bantam-cock* of *paint*.

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule:
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool?*

Yet if, in spite of all the Muse can say,
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,
And wish to be a laughing-stock;
Copy our little old black Bantam Cock:

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is,
With so much acrimony overflows,
As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,
A walking thumb-bottle of *aqua-fortis*.

ODE IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. Gainsborough's Pig—Recommendeth Landscape to the Artist.

And now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsborough's Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said:
The Pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well-painted *Sow;*
I wish to say the *same thing* of the Maid.

As for poor Saint Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I should wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high;
Just like your Felons after death,
On Bagshot or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet Gainsborough has great merit too,
Would he his charming *forte* pursue,
To mind his Landscape have the modest grace:
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd;
I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,
Instead of trumpery that usurps their place.

ODE V.

Peter quarreleth with Fat—Proveth its fatal Inconveniences—Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the Muses—Displayeth Military Science—Telleth a wonderful Story of a Spanish Marquis—Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-horse—Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Grease.

PAINTERS and Poets never should be fat;
Sons of Apollo, listen well to that:
Fat is foul weather, dims the Fancy's sight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster;
Thus Stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre
On the black blanket of Old Mother Night.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect Birdlime of the brain;
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings,
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,
Like the Buff-stop on harpsichords or spinets;
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like Linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the Arts,
But Love, at fat even Love Almighty starts:
Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's Bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
What eloquence of North's is lost by fat!
Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
How many a speech has slept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,
To keep his Sons and Daughters high in bone:
The Nine too, as from history we glean,
Are, like Don Quixote's Rosinante, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad;
Looking like damsels just escap'd from Jails,
With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act
A Soldier, or a Sailor?
And 'tis a well-attested fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a Taylor.
How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,
Miss Daphne, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of Cerona, of great parts,
Could scarce support himself, he was so big:
He starv'd, drank vinegar by pints and quarts;
And got down to a Christian, from a Pig.
Some Author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader, of lie I urge not an iota:
His Skin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum,
Just like a Portuguese Capota.

Yes, yes, indeed I solemnly repeat,
Painters and Bards should very little eat:
No matter, verily, how slight their fare;
Nay, though, Cameleon-like, they fed on air.

Else they're like Ladies much inclin'd to feeding;
Who often, when they fatten, leave off breeding:
Or like the Hen, facetious Esop's story,
So known, I shall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a Running-horse,
Or Greyhound you design'd to course;
Nor would you fatten up the Hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to *talk*.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
And keep your genius and the Art alive,
Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:
Beings who can no harm from fat receive,
May feast securely; then for Heaven's sake leave
Grease to an Alderman, a Hog, or Bishop.

ODE VI.

Peter flattereth Mr. Mason Chamberlin—and that most *brilliant* Landscape Painter, Mr. Loutherbourg.—Peter admireth, praiseth, and consoleth, the English Claude, Wilson.

THY Portraits, Chamberlin, may be
A likeness, far as I can see;
But, faith, I cannot praise a single feature:
Yet, when it so shall please the Lord
To make his people out of *board*,
Thy pictures will be tolerable *nature*.

And, Loutherbourg, when Heaven so wills
To make *brass* skies, and *golden* hills,
With *marble* bullocks in *glass* pastures grazing;
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping with surprise,
Cry, "Monsieur Loutherbourg is most *amazing!*"

But thou must wait for that event,
Perhaps the change is never meant;
Till then, with me thy pencil will not shine:
Till then, old red-nos'd Wilson's Art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest Wilson, never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear.—
Thou start'st at my prophetic Rhymes:
Don't be impatient for those times;
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year.

ODE VII.

Peter breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseth young Artists to do no more than they *can* do—Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—Peter talketh of Esop's Fables,' and Mr. Stubbs.—Peter ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth the Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

"*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem?*"
Was partly written for those fools
Who slight the very Art that would support 'em,
In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Esop's tale, so sweet,
Of a poor country-bumkin of a Stag,
Who us'd to curse his clumsy legs and feet,
But of his horns did wonderfully brag:

Unlike our London poor John Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,
Could, with the greatest pleasure, piecemeal tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental gear.

But, to the story of the Buck;
Like many English ones, much out of luck.

When to a thicket Master Buck was chas'd,
His favourite horns contriv'd to spoil his trot,
By keeping the young Squire in limbo fast
Till John the Huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the Graphic Art,
Painters too often their true genius thwart:
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
They form for Criticism a world of fun.

The man of History longs to deal in *little*,
Quits lasting oil for perishable spittle:

The man of Miniature to History springs;
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,
Makes for sublimity a daring push,
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious artist Mister Stubbs,
As calling him a Horse-painter:—how strange,
That Stubbs the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
And, foolish, quarrel with his bread and butter.
Yes, after Landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,
This very Mister Stubbs prodigious mad is:

So quits his Horse, on which the man might ride
To Fame's fair temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a Hobby-horse to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns too on the Stage,
Such for impossibilities the rage!
The man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires;
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires.

Weston for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,
And thought it devilish hard to be denied.

The courtly Abington's untoward star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And sink the *Lady* to the Washing-tub;
So whisper'd, "Mistress Abington, play *Scrub.*"
To folly full as great some imp may lug her,
And bid her slink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An Actor, living at this time
That now I pen my Verse sublime,
Could not, to save his soul, find out his *forte:*
But lo! it happen'd on a lucky night,
He on the subject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumstance report:—

After exhibiting to pit and boxes,
To take a dram the Actor stroll'd to Fox's*;
Where soon his Friend came in, such fine things saying!
Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
With full-confirming oath-ejaculations,
Unto this Son of Thespis, for his playing.

"By Heavens!" quoth he, "unrivall'd is thy merit;
Thou play'dst to-night, my friend, with matchless spirit:
Zounds, my dear fellow, let me go to hell
If ever part was acted half so well."

* A tavern near the playhouse.

The Actor blush'd, and bow'd, and silly look'd,
To hear such compliments so nicely cook'd:—
Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*,
And staring at the other's steady front;

He ask'd, "What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
I know of none that you should so commend."—
"What part!" replied the other with an oath:
"The *hind-part* of a Jack-ass*, my dear friend."

The Player, pleas'd instead of being hurt,
Thank'd him for the discovery of his *forte;*
Pursued his genius, sought no higher game,
And by his Jack-ass won *unenvied* fame.

ODE VIII.

Peter abuseth Mr. and Mrs. Cosway.

FIE, Cosway! I'm asham'd to say
Thou own'st the title of R. A.;
I fear, to damn thee 'twas the Devil's sending.
Some honest calling quickly find;
And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,
Or shirts and shifts be making or be mending.

* A part in one of the pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

If Madam cannot make a shirt,
Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
Better than paint, the Poet for thee feels;
Or take a stitch up in thy stocking
(Which for a Wife is very shocking),
I pity the condition of thy heels.

Wnat vanity was in your sculls,
To make you act so like two fools,
T'expose your daubs, though made with wondrous pains out?
Could Raphael's angry Ghost arise,
And on the figures cast his eyes,
He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

Muse, in this criticism, I fear,
Thou really hast been too severe:
Cosway paints Miniature with truth and spirit,
And Mistress Cosway boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger asserts, "*qui jugulat*"—
Id est, "the fellow would not murder boggle at."

This Scaliger employs too the word "*trucidat;*"
That is, "the Bard would dash through thick and thin,
And, like a Ruffian, would so use ye that
He would not leave a whole bone in your skin."

ODE IX.

Peter exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators—and maketh Comparisons.

Sir Joshua (for I've read my Bible over),
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first Chapter:
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot;
And all his Brothers,
Who *very naturally* made others;
Continuing to the end of a long Chapter;
A Genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight
As Queensbury's Duke, delighting in *good courses,*
Reads (which I'm told he doth from morn to night)
The noble Pedigrees of Running-horses;
Penn'd with a deal of subtlety and labour
By that great turf-Apostle, Mister Heber.

Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced
A host of Copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd:
I own Sir Joshua *great*, but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten times worse,
The progress of the Art to curse,
The *Copyists* have been *copied* too,
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such Painters are like Pointers hunting game,
Intent on pleasure and dog-fame.—
Suppose a half-a-dozen Dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and scampering, crossing the field o'er.

One Pointer scents the Partridge; points,
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale:
How act the others?—stop their scamp'ring joints
And, lo! one's *nose* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps this Dog-comparison of mine,
Though vastly natural and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling Painter-brood;
Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppose a Damsel of the Cyprian class,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,
Gay, careless, smiling, ogling, in the Park:
Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and start the amorous sigh,
Of some young roving Military Spark:

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he stops, all-over staring wonder:
A thousand fancies his warm brain surround;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards those fascinating charms
That rous'd the host of passions up in arms.

A Brother Ensign spies the stock-still Lad,
And sudden halts, grave pond'ring what it means:—
Another Ensign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his supple-jack, deep marveling, leans:

Another Ensign after *him* too, sauntering,
Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass,
To know what stay'd his Brother Ensign's cantering;
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the Lass.

Thus nosing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the King's *red pack:*

Except the *first*, whom Nature's charms inflame;
His nose is properly towards the *Game*.—

E'en so the President, to Nature true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;
Whilst half the silly Brushmen of the land,
Contented, take the Nymph at *second-hand:*
Imps, who just boast the merit of *translators;*
Horace's "*servum pecus*"—*imitators.*

ODE X.

Peter jeereth Messieurs Serres and Zoffani, and praiseth and condemneth Mr. Barret.

SERRES and Zoffani, I ween,
I better works than yours have seen:
You'll say, no compliment can well be colder;
Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
And wait the strengthening hand of Time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older*.

Believe me, Barret, thou hast truth and taste:
Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste;*

* The first is about seventy years of age, and the last sixty-three or sixty-

Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags:
Too oft thy Landscapes, Bonfires seem to be;
And in thy bustling Clouds, methinks I see
The *resurrection* of *old Rags.*

O Catton, our poor feelings spare!
Suppress thy trash another year;
Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing.—
And, lo! those daubs among the many,
Painted by Mister Edward *Penny;*
They truly are not worth a half a *farthing.*

ODE XI.

Peter cannonadeth Fashion—Adviseth People to use their own Eyes and Noses, and ordereth what is to be done with a *bad* Nose.

ONE year the Powers of Fashion rule
In favour of the Roman school;
Then hey for drawing, Raphael and Poussin!
The following year, the Flemish school shall strike;
Then hey for colouring, Rubens and Vandyke!
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by Fashion's roar:
Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise;
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And as a gang of Thieves a bustle make,
With greater ease your purse to take,
So Fashion frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain;—
That is, if *any* brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you, where'er you go;
For not to trust to them, is t'abuse 'em:
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,
Of Pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a present of a Nose
To each man's face, we justly may suppose
She meant, that for itself the Nose should *think*,
And *judge* in matters of perfume and stink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn spectacles upon its back.—
" Suppose it cannot smell, what then?" you'll say.—
Fling it away.

ODE XII.

The Lyric Bard groweth witty on Mr. Peters's Angel and Child — and Madame Angelica Kauffman.

DEAR Peters, who, like Luke the Saint,
A man of Gospel art, and Paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heaven's fair Angels are like thine,
Our Bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
May meet in t'other world the Nymphs of Drury.

The Infant Soul I do not much admire;
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire:
The picture, Peters, cannot much adorn ye.
I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little Sinner,
Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains,
Her art so sweetly canvas stains;
Her Dames, so Grecian, give me such delight:
But, were she married to such *gentle* Males
As figure in her painted tales,
I fear she'd find a stupid Wedding-night.

ODE XIII.

Peter lasheth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.—Peter grieveth.

ALTHOUGH the Ladies with such beauty blaze,
They very frequently my passion raise;
Their charms compensate scarce their want of *taste.*
Passing amidst the Exhibition crowd,
I heard some Damsels *fashionably* loud;
And thus I give the Dialogue that pass'd.

"Oh the dear man!" cried one: "look, here's a Bonnet!
He shall paint *me;* I am determin'd on it:
Lord, cousin, see! how beautiful the Gown!
What charming Colours! here's fine Lace, here's Gauze!
What pretty Sprigs the fellow draws!
Lord, cousin, he's the cleverest man in town."—

"Ay, cousin," cries a second, "very true;
And here, here's charming green, and red, and blue;
There's a Complexion beats the *rouge* of Warren:
See those red Lips, oh la! they seem so nice;
What rosy Cheeks then, cousin, to entice!—
Compared to this, all other heads are carrion.

" Cousin, this Limner quickly will be seen
Painting the Princess Royal, and the Queen:
Pray, don't you think as I do, *Coz?*
But we'll be painted *first*, that's *poz*."

Such was the very *pretty* conversation
That pass'd between the *pretty* Misses;
Whilst unobserv'd, the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces:
Works that a Titian's hand could form alone;
Works that a Rubens had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye
What lately happen'd; therefore a True Story.

A STORY.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wondering eyes did suddenly expand
Upon a pretty leash of Country Lasses.
" Heavens! my dear beauteous Angels, how d'ye do?
Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye."—
" Swinge! Peter, we are glad to meet with *you;*
We're just to London come: well, pray how be ye?

"We're just a going, while 'tis light,
To see Saint Paul's before 'tis dark.
Lord! come, for once be so polite,
And condescend to be our Spark."—

"With all my heart, my Angels."—On we walk'd,
And much of London, much of Cornwall, talk'd.
Now did I hug myself to think
How much that glorious Structure would surprise;
How from its awful Grandeur they would shrink,
With open mouths and marv'ling eyes.

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
Saint Paul's just opening on our view;
Behold, my lovely Strangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic Squawl;
As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well frightening people with their cries,
And sticking to a Ribbon-shop their eyes,
They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun,
And, clattering all together, thus begun:

" Swinge! here are Colours then, to please;
Delightful things, I vow to Heaven:
Why, not to see such things as these,
We never should have been forgiven.

" Here, here, are clever things: good Lord!
And, Sister, here, upon my word;
Here, here, look; here are beauties to delight:
Why, how a body's heels might dance
Along from Launceston to Penzance,
Before that one might meet with such a sight!"—

" Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark," cried I, " I fear:
Pray let us view St. Paul's, it is so near."—
" Lord! Peter," cried the Girls, " don't mind Saint Paul;
Sure you're a most *incurious* soul:
Why, we can see the Church another day;
Don't be afraid; Saint Paul's can't *run away.*

Reader,
If e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime,*
Drop tears of pity with the Man of Rhyme.

ODE XIV.

Peter disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the Grand Monarque—and promiseth critical Candour.

'Tis very true, that Flattery's not my *forte:*
I cannot to Stupidity pay court;
And swear a Face *looks sense* (the picture puffing),
That boasts no more *expression* than a Muffin.

And yet a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;
Although he tells a most confounded lie.
King Lewis leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his people all *Le Grand Monarque;*
A Demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His Portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *salon:*
At once a courtly Critic *criticises;*
"Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
The sense profound that marks the royal face;
The *soul* of Lewis, that so very *wise is?*"

Yet when he bawl'd for Sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the Head had never *got.*

Reader, believe me that this *gentleman*
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan:

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet;
His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
As if its meaning had given up the ghost;
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature so slighting the poor Royal Knob,
As if she bargain'd for it by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty George or great Lord North,
Both *gentlefolks* of high condition,
Think it worth while to send *their* faces forth,
To stare amidst the Royal Exhibition;

If likenesses, I'll not condemn the Pictures,
To compliment those mighty people's Polls:
I scorn to pass unfair and cruel strictures,
By asking for the *graces*, or the *souls*.

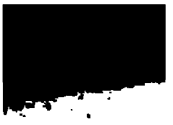
ODE XV.

Peter praiseth Mr. Stubbs, and administereth wholesome Advice—Surpriseth Mr. Hone with a Compliment—Concludeth with suspecting the Ingratitude the Royal Academicians.

WELL-PLEAS'D thy Horses, Stubbs, I view,
And eke thy Dogs, to Nature true;
Let modern Artists match thee, if they can:
Such animals thy genius suit;
Then stick, I beg thee, to the Brute,
And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

And now for Mister Nathan Hone.
In Portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
As in his Landscapes stands th' unrival'd Claude:
Of Pictures I have seen enough,
Most vile, most execrable stuff;
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

THUS, in the cause of Painting loyal,
Sublime I've sung to Artists Royal;
With labour-pains the Muse hath sore been torn:
And yet each Academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To smile upon the Bantling, now 'tis born.



MORE

LYRIC ODES

TO

THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

MDCCLXXXIII.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter puffeth away—Displayeth his Learning—Praiseth the Reviewers—Describeth Himself most pathetically—Consoleth Himself—Disliketh the Road to the Temple of Fame by Means of a Pistol, Poison, or a Rope—Addresseth great Folks—Giveth the King a broad Hint—Asketh a queer Question—Maketh as queer an Apostrophe to Genius.

Sons of the Brush, I'm here again;
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine:
For hang me if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for lodgings near the Gods*,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For Odes, my Cousin had rump-steaks to eat;
So says Pausanias, loads of dainty meat:
And this the towns of Greece to give thought fit.
The best Historians, one and all, declare
With the most solemn air,
The Poet might have guttled till he split.

* The attic story; or, according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

How different far, alas, *my* Worship's fate!—
To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave possessors of the Critic throne*
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat;
Of Flattery, mind me, not of Meat;
For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no; with all my Lyric powers,
I'm not like Mistress Cosway's *Hours*†,
Red as cock-turkeys, plump as barn-door chicken:
Merit and I are miserably off;
We both have got a most consumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
Are like the little Children in the Wood;
And soon, like them, shall "lay us down and die:"
May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,
Turn Redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
Bewail our hapless fate with watry eye!

Poor Chatterton was starv'd, with all his art;
Some consolation this to my lean heart:

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime Picture this! the expression is truly Homerical. The fair Artist hath, in the most surprising manner, communicated to canvas the old Bard's idea of the *brandy-faced Hours*. See the Iliad.

Like him, in holes too, spider-like, I mope;
And there my Reverence may remain, alas!—
The World will not discover it, the ass!
Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my powers with adoration sees;
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder:
When like an Otho I am found;
Like Jacob's Sons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to Fame;
Pistols and poison just the same;
And, what is worse, one can't come back again:
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't display it to mankind,
Though won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack),
Speak, is it not a crying sin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
While *mine* are slunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see,
"Ah! George," I sigh, "thou hast good things with thee,
Would make me sportive as a youthful Cat."
It is not that my soul so loyal
Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
Or be Archbishop; no, I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place;
Whose odes Cibberian, sweet yet very manly,
Are set with *equal* strength by Mister Stanley.—

Would not one swear that Heaven *loved* Fools,
There's such a number of them made?
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
No ray of knowledge could their sculls pervade:
Yet, take a peep into those fellows' breeches,
We stare like Congers, to observe their riches.

O Genius, what a wretch art thou!
Thou canst not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy complement of wit so frisky:
Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
Beside his counter, gold can find,
And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

ODE II.

Peter beginneth to criticise—Addresseth the British Raphael—Promiseth Mr. West great things, and like great Folks breaks his Word—Laugheth at the Figure of King Charles—Lasheth that of Oliver Cromwell; and ridiculeth the Picture of Peter and John galloping to the Sepulchre—Understandeth plain-work, and justly condemneth the Shortness of the Shirts of Mr. West's Angels—Concludeth with making that Artist a handsome Offer of an American Immortality.

Now for my Criticism on Paints;
Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet.
Behold the works of Mister West!
That Artist first shall be addrest;
His pencil with due reverence I greet.

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughty lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling Painter bawl,
"Why dost thou persecute me, Saul?"

West, let me whisper in thy ear:
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou hast no cause to fear,
To panegyric will I turn my skill;

And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame.*

Don't be cast down; instead of gall,
Molasses from my pen shall fall:
And yet, I fear thy gullet it is such,
That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulf one drop too much.

Ye Gods, the Portrait of the King!
A very Saracen! a glorious *thing!*
It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye:
Methinks I see the people stare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
" King George hath got a Fireship in his belly."

Thy Charles, what must I say to that?
Each face unmeaning, and so flat;
Indeed, first cousin to a piece of board.—
But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays
To give our *Yankey* Painter praise;
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mister West,
And Oliver, I do protest,

And eke the witnesses of Resurrection*;
Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a *properer* window-blind
Than great Correggio's, us'd for horse-protection†.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's measures,
For table-coverings be treasures,
With butchers form for flies most charming flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When Queens of Suds their linen scrub,
Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

West, I forgot last year to say,
Thy Angels did my delicacy hurt;
Their linen so much coarseness did display:
What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.
I tell thee, cambric fine as webs of spiders
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heavenly riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
To something longer for each rump?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a Slop.

* Peter and John.

† Correggio's best Pictures were actually made use of in the royal Stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the Horses.

Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme.
Sublimely towering 'midst th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praises to thy native shore*;
Where Liberty's brave sons their pæans sing,
And every scoundrel Convict is a *King*.

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Mr. Gainsborough—Exhibiteth great Scripture Erudition—Condemneth Mr. Gainsborough's Plagiarism—Giveth the Artist wholesome Advice—Praiseth the Cornish Boy; and sayeth fine things to Jackson.

Now, Gainsborough, let me view thy shining labours,
Who, mounted on thy Painting-throne,
On other Brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
Like our great Admirals on a gang of Swabbers.

My eyes broad-staring Wonder leads
To yon dear nest of Royal Heads†:
How each the soul of my attention pulls!
Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
A pretty little Bible name,
And call'st it Golgotha, *the place of sculls.*

* America.

† A frame full of Heads, in most humble imitation of the Royal Family.

Say, didst thou really paint 'em? (to be free):—
An Angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line;
Perchance that civil Angel was with thee,
For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy Dogs* are good, but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders;
They tell thee, Genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stolest the curs from Snyders.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint;
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't:
The man who scorns to do it, is a log:
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose;
But, zounds, thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O Gainsborough! Nature 'plaineth sore,
That thou hast kick'd her out of door;
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee:
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain;
Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless Head?—
The Cornish Boy†, in tin-mines bred;

* A Picture of Boys setting Dogs to fight. † Opie.

Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.
'Tis Jackson's Portrait; put the laurel on it,
Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a Sonnet.

SONNET,

TO JACKSON, OF EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmonist! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air
That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded bosom of Despair.

Oh say, what minstrel of the sky hath given
To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-eyed Pity left her heaven,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad thy sounds of hopeless hearts complain,
Love from his Cyprian isle prepares to fly:
He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

ODE IV.

The great Peter, by a bold Pindaric Jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.

READER, dost know the mode of catching Gulls?
If not, I will inform thee.—Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools;
A sprat, or any fish by Gulls ador'd:

Those birds, who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the Sun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below,
Sans cérémonie down they rush
(For Gulls have got no manners), on they push:
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board; then lie, like boobies, dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out.
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a *board;*
That might have help'd the state, made a good jailor,
A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

ODE V.

Peter discovereth more Scriptural Erudition—Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful Account of Saint Dennis—Blusheth for the Honour of his Country—Talketh sensibly of the Duc de Chartres and the French King.

"FIND me in Sodom out," exclaim'd the Lord,
"Ten *Gentlemen*, the place shan't be un*town'd*;"
That is, "I will not burn it ev'ry board:"—
The devil a Gentleman was to be found.
But this was rather hard, since Heaven well knew
That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This House is nearly in the same condition;
Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes:
Find me ten Pictures in this Exhibition,
That ought not to be damn'd, I'll burn my Odes:
And then the World will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for poor Lord Mansfield's papers *.

* To the irreparable loss of the Public, and that great law-expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration. The newspapers howled for months over their ashes. *Ohe, jam satis est!*

Saint Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugg'd it and kiss'd it, carried it a mile:
This was a pleasant miracle enough,
That maketh many an *unbeliever* smile.

" Sblood! 'tis a lie!" you roar. Pray do not swear;
You may believe the wondrous tale indeed:
Speak, haven't you said that many a Picture here
Was really done by folks without a *head?*
And haven't you sworn this instant, with surprise,
That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff
The walls of this stupendous Building stains?
The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;
Mind me—I don't say, batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke Chartres say when he goes home,
And tells King Lewis all about the room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot Heads,
Our Exhibition he will liken *hell* to:
Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
Give hand-bills of the *wondrous* Katerfelto;
Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,
He'd rather see the *Wizard* and his *Cat*.

ODE VI.

The *British* Peter elegantly and happily depicteth his great Cousin of *Thebes*—Talketh of Fame—Horsewhippeth the Painters for turning their own Trumpeters.

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop and step and jump mode of inditing,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted;
Or (for I love the Bard to flatter),
By jerks, like Boar-pigs making water:
Whatever first came in his sconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once;
A cock, a bull, a whale, a soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame!
How poacher-like we hunt the game!
No matter, for it, how we play the fool:
And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One grain of Praise to pounds of Ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade—
I mean the Painters—who can't stay
To see their works by Criticism display'd,
And hear what *others* have to say;

But, calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
Sound their own praise from their own penny trumpet*.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad Lyric Muse, with pain
Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
And beats a tinman's shop in noise;
Catching wild tropes and similes,
That hop about like swarms of fleas;
We've *lost* Sir Joshua. Ah! that charming elf,
I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

O Richard! thy Saint George† so brave,
Wisdom and Prudence could not save
From being foully murder'd, my good friend:
Some weep to see the woful figure;
Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prythee accept th' advice I give with sorrow:
Of poor Saint George the useless armour borrow

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public Papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cosway's Picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming Saint George.

To guard thy own poor corpse; don't be a mule—
Take it: e'en now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*
(Richard, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd)*
By the dire shafts of merciless Ridicule.

" Pity it is! 'tis true 'tis pity!"
As Shakspeare lamentably says,
That thou, in this observing city,
Thus runnest whoring after Praise:
With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught;
But, Dick, the Nymph so coy will not be caught.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind;
In this thy wounded pride may refuge find:
Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece;*
Who went *in vain* five hundred miles at least,
On Laïs, a sweet *fille de joie,* to feast,
The Mistress Robinson of Greece.

Prythee give up, and save thy paints and oil,
And don't whole acres of good canvas spoil.
Thou'lt say, " Lord! many hundreds do like *me.*"—
Lord! so have fellows *robb'd;* nay, further,
Hundreds of villains have committed *murther;*
But, Richard, are these precedents for *thee?*

ODE VII.

Peter groweth ironically facetious.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade;
I've said it often, and repeat it:
She doth not understand her trade;
Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it.*

Look now, for Heaven's sake, at her Skies;
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating Cooks below.

Look at her Dirt in lanes, from whence it comes;
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' Bums.
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who'd copy such a devilish nasty *beast?*

Paint by the yard; your Canvas spread
Broad as the Main-sail of a man of war:
Your whale shall eat up every other head,
Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star.

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick;
By bulky *things* both men and *maids* are taken:
Mind, too, to lay the Paints like Mortar thick,
And make your Picture look as red as Bacon.
All folks love *size;* believe my rhyme:
Burke says, 'tis part of the *sublime.*

A Dutchman—I forget his name—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,—
No matter, though I cannot make it out;
At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman then, a man of *taste,*
Holding a Cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgement *vast:*
" No Poet like my Broder step de ground:

" He be de bestest Poet, look!
Dat all de vorld must please;
For he heb vrite von Book,
So *big* as all dis *Cheese!*"—

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
Make out each single Bristle on his back;
Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack:

Else, all the Lady Critics will *so* stare,
And angry vow, " 'Tis not a bit like *hair!*"

Be smooth as glass; like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends:
For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger-ends;
Nay, closely *nosing*, o'er the Picture dwell,
As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell.*

Claude's Distances are too confus'd;
One floating scene, nothing made out:
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the Pencil whose *amazing* style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view eyes, legs, and claws, will bring,
With every feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your Trees alike, for Nature's *wild;*
Fond of variety, a wayward child:
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But mind that ev'ry one be like a Broom.
Of Steel and purest Silver form your Waters,
And make your Clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene'er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
To gain applause, why, paint her like a Shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb, be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a Guinea, or a Jo*.
In short, to get your Pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, *every thing* to *gold.*

I see, at excellence you'll come at *last:*
Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on China mugs are now surpass'd;
Your Sun-sets yield not to brick walls, nor buff.

In Stumps of Trees your Art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!—
Go on, my Lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she, ere long, will come and copy *you.*

ODE VIII.

The sublime Peter concludeth in a Sweat.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
My Odes, a little wild and rambling.
May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!
I long to see them scrambling.

* A Portugal coin, vulgarly called a Johannes.

Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing);
But this is full sufficient for a *shilling*.
For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
Indeed I sell my goods too *cheap*.

"*Finish'd!*" a disappointed Artist cries,
With open mouth, and straining eyes;
Gaping for praise, like a young Crow for meat:
"Lord! why, you have not mention'd *me!*"—
Mention *thee!*
Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat:*
What rage for Fame attends both great and small!
Better be *damn'd*, than mention'd *not at all!*

LYRIC ODES

TO

THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR

MDCCLXXXV.

— RIDENTEM dicere verum
Quid vetat? HORACE.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

The divine Peter giveth an Account of a Conference he held last year with Satire, who advised him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. West's Works to Pieces, abuse Mr. Gainsborough, fall foul of Mrs. Cosway's Samson, and give a gentle Stroke on the Back of Mr. Rigaud—The Poet's gentle answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that Peter received on Account of his Lyrics—Satire's Reply—Peter's Resolution.

"Not, not this year the Lyric Peter sings;
The great R. A.'s have wish'd my Song to cease.
I will not pluck a feather from your wings;
So, Sons of Canvas, take your naps in peace."

Such was my last year's gracious Speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers;
Always with sense and tropes as Plum-cake rich,
A luscious banquet for his People's ears!

"Not write!" cried Satire, red as fire with rage:
"This instant glorious war with Dulness wage;
Take, take my supple-jack,
Play Saint Bartholomew with many a back;

Flay half the Academic imps alive;
Smoke, smoke the Drones of that stupendous Hive.

" Begin with George's idol, West;
And then proceed in order with the rest:
This moment knock me down his Master Moses
On Sinai's mountain*, where his nose is
Cock'd up so pertly plump against the Lord;
Upon my word,
With all that ease to Him who rules above,
As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."—

" Indeed," quoth I, " the Piece hath points of merit,
Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit."—

" What!" answer'd Satire, " not knock Moses down?
O stupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?
He looks a dapper Barber of the town,
With paper sign-board out, ' Shave for a penny.'

" Observe the saucy Israelite once more;
Wears he the countenance that should *adore*?

" No! 'tis a Son of Lather, a rank prig;
Who, 'stead of begging of the Lord the Law
With *sober* looks and *reverential* awe,
Seems pertly tripping up to fetch his wig.

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

" With all her thunder bid the Muse
Fall furious on the group of Jews,
Whose shoulders are adorn'd with *Christian faces;*
For by each phiz (I speak without a gibe),
There's not an Israelite in all the tribe—
Not that they are encumber'd by the Graces.

" Strike off the head of Jeremiah*,
And break the bones of old Isaiah†;
Down with the duck-wing'd Angels‡, that abreast
Stretch from a thing call'd *cloud;* and, by their looks,
Wear more the visage of young Rooks
Cawing for victuals from their nest.

" Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
Who robs us of such pleasure for a miff;
Whose pencil, when he chooses, can be chaste,
Give Nature's form, and please the eye of Taste.

" Of cuts on Samson§ don't be sparing,
Between two Garden-rollers staring,

* A Picture by Mr. West.
† Another Picture by West.
‡ In the Apotheosis, a Picture by West.
§ A Picture by Mrs. Cosway.

Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play.
To atoms tear that Frenchman's* trash,
Then bountifully deal the lash
On *such* as *dared* to dub him an R. A."—

Thus Satire to the gentle Poet cried,
And *thus* with lamb-like sweetness I replied:

" Dear Satire, pray consult my life and ease:
Were I to write whatever you desire,
The fat would all be fairly in the fire;
R. A.'s surround me like a swarm of bees;
Or like a flock of small Birds round a fowl
Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an Owl."

Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
Must make my fortune; therefore not speak truth,
Although as sterling as the Holy Bible;
Truth makes it (Mansfield says) the more a Libel:
I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch;
Like Doctor Johnson, I have wrote *too much*†.

* Rigaud.

† The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the Library at Buckingham House, on being asked by the Monarch, why he did not write more:—" Please your Majesty, I have written too much." So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy Moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a Pension, and a Mumle.

" When Mount Vesuvius pour'd his flames*,
And frighten'd all the Naples Dames,
What did the Ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
With good Saint Januarius's Head;
And shake it at the Mountain 'midst his riot,
To try to keep the Bully quiet:
The Parson went, and shook the Jowl, and sped;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
The frighten'd Mount grew mute as any mouse.

" Thus should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
To shake his lion-mane-like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-look'd Myrmidons assail:
With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail!*

" Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,
Giving the Muse to understand
That Cruelty and Scandal swell her Song,
And that 'twere better far she held her tongue."

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A THOUSAND Frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face;
They show'd their gold-laced clothes with pride,
In harmless sallies frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of Boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,
Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport:
One phrensy seiz'd both *great* and *small;*
On the poor Frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

Lo, as old Authors sing, " the stones 'gan pour,"
Indeed an Otaheite shower:
The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head,
This limp'd away, that lay for dead,
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Among the *smitten*, it was found,
Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound;

The blow gave every heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from every eye.
At length King Croak got up, and thus begun:
" My Lads, you think this very pretty *fun!*

" Your pebbles round us flying thick as hops,
Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;
To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones!*
And so they might be to *us frogs*,
You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
But that they are so *hard*, they break our bones."—

Peter, thou mark'st the meaning of this Fable:
So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
Nor, wanton thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor: the Fair*
Whose works thy Muse forbore to spare,
Is blest with talents Envy must approve;
And didst thou know her heart, thou sure wouldst say,
"*Perdition* catch the *cruel Lay!*"
Then strike the Lyre to Innocence and Love.

* Mrs. Cosway.

'Poh, poh!" cried Satire with a smile,
" Where is the *glorious freedom* of our isle,
If not permitted to call names?"—
Methought the argument had weight:
" Satire," quoth I, " you're very right;"
So once more forth volcanic Peter flames.

ODE II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's Warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some Academic Giants—And concludeth with a Pair of apt and elegant Similes.

" TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the sacred Brush!"—
For Heaven's sake, Muse, be prudent: Hush! **hush!**
hush!
The Ode with too much violence begins.
The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
Will all declare, of *them* we make a game;
And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!

Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strengthen'd by Messieurs Garvay and Rigaud,
And Co.
How *dangerous, such* a body to abuse!

Then there's among the Academic crew
A Man * that made the President look blue;
Brandish'd his weapon; with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing Discourses;
And swore, his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muse, once more I pray.—
In vain I preach; th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
And cry: "Lord! Reynolds has no cause to fear:
When Barry dares the President to fly on,
'Tis like a Mouse that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemean Lion.

"Or like a Louse, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some Giant's scull;
Because Goliah scratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the *Giant's head.*"

* Mr. Barry.

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, a Gentleman of Consequence in the Election of R. A.'s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous Distribution of the Academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhyme—Adviseth a Reformation.

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire:
Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard-pot;*
The Muse, with bile as hot as fire,
Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead,* and what not?
As brother Horace has it, *tumet jecur;*
Nor in her angry progress will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work,
To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
Oh may that Member's backside feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the sacred place!
Who dares the Devil join
In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo, what Dolts the honours claim!
I leave their Works to tell their name.

Th' Academy is like a Microscope:
For, by the magnifying power, are seen
Objects that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been.*

So rare a Building, and so grac'd
With Monuments of ancient taste,
Statues and Busts, Relievos and Intaglios;
For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
Is laughable beyond all measure;
Tis just like Eunuchs put to guard Seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest:
By Heaven, I will not let thee rest.
Yet thou may'st bluster like Bull-beef so big;
And, of thy own importance full,
Exclaim, "Great *cry*, and little *wool!*"
As Satan holla'd when he shav'd the Pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of Satire,
And find that *scalping* is a serious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
Like Mites and Skippers in a Cheshire Cheese?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
The Academic list to grace?
Some *skeletons of Art*, I do suppose,
That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William, tremble at the Muse's tongue;
Parnassus boasts a formidable throng:
All people recollect poor Marsyas' fate;
Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep.
Apollo tied the Culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him as a Butcher flays a Sheep:
And why?—Lord! not, as History rehearses,
Because he scorn'd his *piping*, but his *verses*.

In vain, like a poor pilloried Punk, he bawl'd,
And kick'd and writh'd, and said his prayers, and sprawl'd:
'Twas all in vain; the God pursued his sport,
And pull'd his *hide* off, as you'd pull your *shirt*.—
Then bid not rage the Muse's soul inflame,
Whose thund'ring voice *damnation* makes or *fame*.

You'll ask me perhaps, "Good Master Peter, pray,
What right have *you* to speak?"—then pertly smile.
I'll tell you, sir: My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expensive Pile;
A pile that credit to the Nation gains,
And does *small* honour to your Worship's brains.

It made a Tax on candles, and shoe-leather,
Of monstrous use in dirty weather:

It also made a Tax on butcher's shops,
So spread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A most alarming tax to every Poet,
Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners;
And don't choose coblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners.
Some people love the converse of low folks,
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes:
Though *thou* 'midst dulness mayst be pleas'd to *shine*,
Reynolds shall ne'er sit cheek-by-jowl with *Swine*.

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir William Chambers—Complaineth of his Illiberality in his Choice of R. A.'s—Adviseth him to keep Company with Prudence, whom he describeth most *naturally*.—He threateneth the Knight—And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.

The Muse is in the fidgets, can't sit still:
She must have t' other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
You want not men with heavenly Genius blest;
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd
On such as catch the Bugs and sweep the Spiders best,
Wash of the larger statues best the Faces,
And clean the dirty Linen of the Graces;

Scour best the Skins of the young marble brats,
Trap Mice, and clear th' Academy from Rats.

You look for men whose Heads are rather *tubbish;*
Or, Drum-like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense:*
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd Drayhorse* for your *rubbish.*

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire;
High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud (believe the Poet's word),
Proud as the Lady of a new-made Lord;
Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings drest,
Fat Lady Mayoress at a city-feast;
Whose Spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King.

Prudence, Sir William, is a jewel;
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel:
Prudence, for Man the very best of *Wives,*
Whom *Bards* have *seldom* met with in their lives;
Which *certes* doth account for, in some measure,
Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
On which the *greatest Blockheads* make their *brags;*
And showeth why we see, instead of Lace,
About the Poet's back, with little grace,
Those fluttering *French-like* followers, call'd *Rags.*

Prudence, a sweet, obliging, curtseying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *pass*;
Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
And rose to Fame and Fortune by degrees:
Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is;
And, of opinions though possess'd a store,
She left them, with her pattens, at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound*, and hunting *Fame*;—
Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:
But, Nimrod, mind; my Muse is *whipper-in*:
So that, if ever you disgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *Curship*'s skin!

ODE V.

The Poet openeth his Account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth Reynolds—Half-damneth Mr. West—Completely damneth Mr. Wright of Derby—Complimenteth Mr. Opie.

Muse, sing the Wonders of the present year:
Declare what works of sterling worth appear.

Reynolds his Heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives;
Works, I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born soon to fade, too subject to mortality.

West most judiciously my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre; witness Parson Peter*:
For Garbs, he very pretty Blankets makes,
Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The Flesh of Peter's Audience is not *good;*
Too much like Ivory, and Stone, and Wood:
Nor of the Figures dare I praise th' *expression*,
With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression.*

West, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;
Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase,
With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper.
Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I should grudge;
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
Have play'd the *Devil* with the *Saints:*

* Peter preaching, by West.

For *me*, I fancy them like *doves* and *throstles;*
But *thou*, if we believe *thy* Art,
Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
Hast very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

What of thy Landscape* shall I say,
Holding the old white Sow, and sucking Litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter!
But, Muse, be *soft* towards him; only *sigh*,
"More damned stuff was never seen by eye."

Thou really dost not equal Derby Wright†,
The Man of Night;
O'er *woollen* Hills where *gold* and *silver* Moons
Now mount like *sixpences*, and now *balloons;*
Where Sea-reflections nothing *nat'ral* tell ye,
So much like Fiddle-strings, or Vermicelli;
Where every thing exclaimeth, how severe!
"What *are we?*" and, "What business have we here?"

* A most pitiable performance indeed. It may be fairly called the *dotage* of the Art.

† A Painter of Moonlights. In this new edition of the Odes, it is but just to acknowledge, that the Author has seen some Landscapes of a late date, by this Artist, that do him great credit.

ODE VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the Cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the Kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty that his Finances may be improved.—He relateth a marvellous Story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.

An't please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd
To find your Family so fond of Painting:
I wish her sister Poetry employ'd;
Poor, dear, neglected girl, with hunger fainting.
Your royal Grandsire (trust me, I'm no fibber)
Was vastly fond of Colley Cibber.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
And if a Battle graced the Rhine or Weser,
He'd cry: "Mine Poet sal mak Ode upon 't."—
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to Cesar.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit
Some glorious Action of your life;
And then your humble Poet's Wit,
Sharp as a Razor, or a new-ground Knife,

Shall mount you on her glorious balloon Odes,
Like Rome's great Cesar, to th' immortal Gods*.

A Naples Jesuit, History declares,
On slips of paper scribbled Prayers,
Which showed of wisdom great profundity;
Then sold them to the country-folks,
To give their Turkeys, Hens, and Ducks,
To bring increase of Fowl-fecundity:

It answer'd.—On their Turkeys, Ducks, and Hens,
The country-people all were full of brags;
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like Conjuration-bags.

"I wish this *sage* experiment were tried
On me," cries Muse, my gentle Bride;
"And slips of paper given me, with this *prayer:*
'Pay to the Bearer Fifty Pounds at sight.'
My sweet prolific powers 'twould so *delight*,
I'd breed like a *tame rabbit*, or a *hare*."

Muse, give thine idle supplication o'er;
And know that Avarice is always *poor*.

* "Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

ODE VII.

Peter's Account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the Devotion paid to them—The sensible Application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.

In France, some years ago, some twenty-three,
At a fam'd Church where hundreds daily jostle,
I wisely paid a Priest six *sols* to see
The *Thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's Thumb with me in wonder,
The Rabble rais'd its eyes, like Ducks in thunder;
Because in Virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate;
Made little sucking children straight,
Though crook'd like rams' horns by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles;
And made your sad hysteric souls
As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;
Brought noses back again to faces,
Long stolen by Venus and *her* Graces;
And eyes to fill their parent sockets,
Of which sad Love had pick'd their pockets:

And, had the Priest *permitted*, with their kisses
The Mob had smack'd this holy Thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's Thumb:
But mum!
It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
Although a *painted* piece of rotten *Stick!*

For six *sols* more, behold! to view was bolted
A *Feather* of the Angel Gabriel's Wing;
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly moulted,
No holy Legends tell, nor Poets sing.—
But was it Gabriel's Feather, heavenly Muses?
It was *not* Gabriel's Feather, but a *Goose's!*
But stay, from truth we would not wish to wander,
For possibly the owner was a *Gander.*

Painters, you take me right?—The Muse supposes
You make your *coup-de-maître* dashes,
Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
As like perhaps as a *horse* is like a *plum;*
Or foresaid Stick, Saint Tom th' Apostle's Thumb.

With purer eyes the British Vulgar sees;
We are no *Craw-thumpers*, no *Devotees:*
So that, whene'er your Figures are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never deem 'em *flesh* and *blood.*

ODE VIII.

The generous Peter rescueth the immortal Raphael from the Obloquy of Michael Angelo.—The Poet moralizeth—Telleth a Story not to the Credit of Michael Angelo, and nobly defendeth Raphael's Name against his invidious Attack—Concludeth with a most sage Observation.

How difficult in Artists to allow
To Brother-Brushmen even a grain of merit!
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They show a snivelling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis, however Moralists may chatter:
What's worse still, Nature will be always Nature.
We can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer,
Nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of Praise: from eve to morn,
From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

Praise, like the Balm which evening's dewy star
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
Lifts modest pining Merit from despair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

Pox take me if I ever read the story
Of Michael Angelo without much swearing:
'Tis such a slice cut off from Michael's glory,
He surely had been brandying it or beering;
That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,
And Candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
Yet Michael did vouchsafe to call him *Fool:*
When working in the Vatican, would stare,
Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
If e'er a Porter let him in, he'd stone him;
And, if he Raphael caught, most surely *bone* him.
He swore the World was a rank Ass,
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff;*
For that he knew the Fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *pass.*

Such was the language of this false Italian:
One time he christen'd Raphael a Pygmalion,
Swore that his Madams were compos'd of Stone;
Swore his Expressions were like Owls so tame;
His Drawings, like the lamest Cripple, lame;
That, as for Composition, he had none.

Young Artists, these assertions I deny;
'Twas vile ill manners, not to say a *lie:*

Raphael did *real* excellence inherit;
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I *bona fide* do foretel,
You'll *certainly* be men of *merit*.

ODE IX.

The gossiping Peter telleth a *strange* Story; and *true*, though *strange*—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated Opinions of the Wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow Escape of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mr. Ramsay's Riches.—A Recommendation of Flattery, as a Specific in Fortune-making.

I'm told, and I believe the story,
That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
A Gentlewoman of *prodigious* glory,
Whom *every sort* of epithet *well suits*;
Whose Husband *dear*, just happening to *provoke her*,
Was shoved to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker*;
Sent to a *certain* King, *not* King of *France*,
Desiring by Sir Joshua's hand his Phiz.—
What did the Royal Quiz?
Why, *damn'd genteelly*, sat to Mister Dance*!
Then sent it to the Northern Queen,
As sweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was seen;

* The true reason that induced His Majesty to sit to Mr. Dance, was *laudable Royal* economy. Mr. Dance charged Fifty pounds for the picture; Sir Joshua Reynolds's price was somewhat more than a Hundred: a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvas; and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked cheapest.

And *therefore* most *unlike* the princely Head;
He might as well have sent a pig of lead.

Down every throat the piece was cramm'd
As done by Reynolds, and deservedly damn'd;
For as to Master Dance's Art,
It ne'er was worth a single ——.
Reader, I *blush; am delicate this time:*
So let *thy impudence* supply the *rhyme.*

Thank God that Monarchs cannot Taste control,
And make each Subject's poor submissive soul
Admire the *work* that *judgement* oft cries fie on:
Had *things been so,* poor Reynolds we had seen
Painting a *Barber's Pole,* an *Ale-house Queen,*
The *Cat and Gridiron,* or the *Old Red Lion:*
At Plympton* perhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
Or in the *Drama,* to get meat to munch,
His brush divine had pictured scenes for *Punch:*
Whilst West was whelping, 'midst his paints,
Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of Saints;
Adams and Eves, and Snakes and Apples,
And Devils, for beautifying *certain Chapels.*

* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter;*
He has not learnt the noble art, to *flatter**.

Thrice-happy times, when *Monarchs* find them *hard things*,
To teach us *what* to view with *admiration;*
And, like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass farthings*,
Make their *opinions current* through the nation!

I've heard that Ramsay†, when he died,
Left just *nine rooms* well stuff'd with Queens and Kings;
From *whence* all nations might have been supplied,
That *long'd* for *valuable things*.
Viceroys, Ambassadors, and Plenipos,
Bought them to join their raree-shows
In foreign parts,
And show the *progress* of the *British Arts*.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,
I cannot *tell*, because I never *heard;*
But *this* I *know*, his *shop* was like a *fair*,
And dealt most *largely* in this *Royal ware*.
See what it is to gain a Monarch's smile;—
And hast thou miss'd it, Reynolds, all this while?

* This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great Artist dreamt of my beautiful Lyric, and pursued its advice.

† Late Painter to His Majesty.

How stupid! pr'ythee, seek the *Courtier's school,*
And learn to manufacture *oil of fool.*

Flattery's the turnpike-road to *Fortune*'s door:
Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
And workhouses, sad refuge for the poor!

Flattery's a *Mountebank* so *spruce*, gets riches;
Truth, a plain *Simon Pure*, a *Quaker preacher*,
A *mortil-mender*, a disgusting *teacher*,
That never got a sixpence by her *speeches.*

ODE X.

The lofty Peter beginneth with an *original* Simile—Displayeth a *deep* Knowledge of Homer, and modern Duchesses—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the same condition
With Cocks on Shrovetide, which the season gathers;
Flung at by every lubber, every brat,
Possessing sense to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies
Between the *Painter* and the *Fowl*, I find:
The Artist for the post of danger *tries*,
The Fowl is fasten'd much *against* his *mind;*
Who damns his sentence, would annul it,
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and, instead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handsome love to a smart *Pullet*.

And yet the Painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats which break his bones.
But *who* from scandal is exempt?
Who does not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his bosom Queen a *saucy bitch:*
Achilles* call'd great Agamemnon *hog*,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog*.

Behold our lofty Duchesses pull caps,
And give each other's reputation raps,
As *freely* as the Drabs of Drury's school;
And who, pray, knows that George our gracious King
(Said by his Courtiers to know *every* thing)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd a *fool?*

* Vide Homer.

ODE XI.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their Propensity to Abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-leeches, Game-cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the rancorous jealousies that swell
In some sad Artists' souls, I do despise;
Instead of nobly *striving* to *excel*,
You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a Painter, was Correggio's glory:
His speech should flame in gold, "*Sono pittore.*"

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your speeches?*
This: "We're a set of fame-sucking Horse-leeches;
Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking;
Like Cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*,
There really was not *room enough* for *all.*"

Young men,
I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*
Has kept a Dog or two; and has remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The Curs, without one atom of court breeding,
With watry jaws have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;

Shown anxiousness about the mutton-bone,
And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wished it in their *own;*
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heavens, what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This perhaps has often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick;*
And, if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing;
An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
Among sea-captains and the brave jack-tars.

Now tell me honestly; pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind
That you experienc'd in the Curs,
Causing your anger and demurs?

As, for example, when your mistress *Fame,*
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the just applause;
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and whin'd;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The Dogs deserv'd *their* kicking, to be sure;—
But *you!* O fie, boys; go, and sin no more.

ODE XII.

The compassionate Peter lamenteth the Death of Mr. Hone, an R. A.—Recommendeth him to Oblivion, the great Patron of *Geniuses*.

THERE's one R. A. more dead; stiff is poor Hone:
His works be with him under the same stone!
I think the sacred Art will not bemoan 'em:
But, Muse, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum;*
As to his Host a *Traveller*, with a sneer,
Said of his *dead small-beer*.

Go then, poor Hone, and join a numerous train
Sunk in *Oblivion*'s wide Pacific Ocean;
And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion
To cast thee, like a Jonah, up again.

ODE XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconstancy of the World, by a most *elegant* Comparison of a Flock of Starlings.

YOUNG Artists, it may so fall out,
That folks shall make a grievous rout,

Follow you, praise your Painting to the skies;
When probably a Riband (fie upon it!),
A Feather, or a tawdry Bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-spying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That *always you shall* be pursued,
And like a *wondrous* Beauty woo'd.

Great is the World's inconstancy, God knows!
Fame, like the Ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*:
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,
A balloon cap, a shawl, a muff;
For *you*, no longer cares a single rush,
Following *some other* Brother of the Brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
A *Simile*'s a very pretty thing;
To whose sweet aid I'm oft an humble debtor,
T' illustrate with more force the thing I mean:
And, if the *Simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux; that is, *so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of Starlings, to be sure,
A hundred thousand in a *mess*, or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of Horse-litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung.
Then, Lord, what *doings!* Heavens, what *admiration!*
What *joy*, what *transport*, 'midst the speckled nation!
How busy every *beak*, and every *tongue!*
All talking, gabbling, but none listening,
Just like a group of Gossips at a Christening.

Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,
They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;
And lo! the busy flock around it pitches,
Just as upon the lump before:
They gabble, wonder, and adore,
And equal *Brother* Martin's* speeches.

These Starlings show the World, with great propriety;
Mad as March Hares, or Curlews, for *variety*.

* A *much-admired* speaker in the House of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized *Starling* Martin.

ODE XIV.

The Great Peter despiseth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, monkey-like, the French;
Whose Pictures justly are all standing jokes,
Whether they represent a Man or Wench.

If Monsieur paints a Man of Fashion,
Making an *obeisance* well bred,
The Gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head:

Or, if he paints a Wretch upon the Wheel
(And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, God knows!),
Amidst his pains the Fellow's so *genteel!*
He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows!

Or if a Culprit's going to the *Devil*
(Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*),
So *dégagé* you see the Man advance,
His hands, arms, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes, and cock'd up nose,
Proclaim the pretty Puppy in a Dance.

I've seen a Sleeping Venus, I declare,
With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air,
Her neck and head *so* twisted on one shoulder,
With *such* a *heavenly* smile, that each beholder
Would swear, disdaining Dancing's *vulgar* track,
The Dame was walking minuets on her *back*.—
E'en an Old Woman yielding up her breath
By means of colic, stone, or gravel,
How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death!
With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel!*

A Frenchman's Angel is an *Opera Punk;*
His Virgin-Maries, *Milliners* half-drunk:
Our blest Redeemer, a rank *Petit-maître,*
In every attitude and feature:
The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,
Poor Gentleman! as if above his trade,
And only fit to *compliment* his Wife;
So *delicate,* as if he scarcely knew
Oak from deal-board, a gimlet from a screw,
And never made a *mouse-trap* in his life.

Think not I wantonly the French attack;
I never will put *Merit* on the rack:
No; yet, I own, I hate the shrugging dogs.
I've liv'd among them, eat their frogs,

And vomited them up, thank God, again:
So that I'm able now to say,
I carried nought of *theirs* away;
Which otherwise had made the Puppies *vain*.

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter turneth an arrant Egotist—Mentioneth a Number of fine Folks—This Minute condemneth Will Whitehead's Verses; and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the *right Saddle* on the *right Horse*.

No Giant more "rejoiceth in his course;"
Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse;
Not Mistress Hobart to preserve a box*;
Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox;
Not Spain's *wise* Monarch to bombard Algiers;
Not Pillories, obeying Law's stern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears:—

Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt,
By patriotic Grocers to be fed;
Not Mother Windsor† in a nice young Tit;
Nor gaping Deans, to hear a Bishop's dead:—

* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *seconds*, about a Box at the Opera, is a *subject* for the most *sublime* Epic.

† A priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

Not more reform'd John Wilkes, to *court* the Crown;
Nor Skinner in his aldermanic Gown;
Nor Common-councilmen on turtle feeding:
Not more rejoice old envious Maids, so stale,
To hear of weeping Beauty a sad tale,
And tell the World a reigning Toast is *breeding*:—

Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,
That catches at a hop the Cynic race,
Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face,
And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my Rhymes?
All-gracious Heaven forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have *wise-talking* Wives;
And if in *reading* they delight,
To read, ye Gods, from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's Birth-day Sonnets all their lives*.

Perhaps, Reader, thou'rt a Tinker, or a Tanner,
And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;
Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:
But if the saucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
Thou'lt say, "It only can be done by *halves*;"

* This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,
"They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *shins*."

Then wherefore do I thus abuse
Will Whitehead's *hard-driven* Muse,
Who merits rather Pity's tenderest sigh?
For what the devil can he do,
When forc'd to praise—*the Lord knows who?*
Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd *dry*.

ODE XVI.

The Classic Peter adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste—Lasheth some of the Ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an Affection for Vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth—Recommendeth a charming Subject—Telleth the Secret of his Love, and giveth a descanty Sonnet of fortune Days—Persecuteth Teniers's Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.

PAINTERS, improve your Education:
That surely stands in need of reformation.
I've heard that some can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *Bear*,
Or *Monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than some sweet Damsel whom all hearts revere,
Whose charms the eye of Admiration fix:

Would rather see a *stump* with strength express'd,
Than all the snowy fulness of her *breast*,
Or *lip*, that innocence so sweetly moves,
Or *smile*, the fond Elysium of the Loves.

This brings those days to memory, when my tongue
To Cynthia's beauty pour'd my soul in Song;
When, on the margin of the murmuring stream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace, of Cynthia's smiles divine,
And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to memory too those dismal times,
When nought my Sighs avail'd, and nought my Rhymes:
When at the silent, solemn, close of day,
My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckless love;
Till night's increasing shades around me stole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader, dost choose a Sonnet of those days?
Take it, and say not I'm a foe to *praise*.

TO CYNTHIA.

O THOU whose love-inspiring air
  Delights, yet gives a thousand woes!
My day declines in dark despair,
  And night hath lost her sweet repose;

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
  To *others* ere thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptured breast,
  That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my soul, forgive my sighs;
  Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
  When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
  With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me;*
I only boast a simple heart,
  In love with *Innocence* and *Thee.*

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beast's back yclep'd *Vulgarity;*

A beast that many a Booby takes a pride in;
A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man who loves to be *unchaste*,
To feed on Carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taste,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat Haunch?
Or, wont with bitter Purl to wet his clay,
How should *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Teniers's Devils, Witches, Monkeys, Toads,
That make me shudder while I pen these Odes,
Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find:—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye the beauteous Saint,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind!
Envy not *such* as have in *dirt* surpass'd ye;—
'Tis *easy*, *very easy*, to be *nasty*.

ODE XVII.

The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of Mankind in the Article of Laughing—Descanteth upon Wit—Disclaimeth Pretension to it—Maketh Love to Candour, and *modestly* concludeth.

How dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*

With other people's Meat; good saving sense,
Because at other folks' expense:
But turn the laugh on *them*, how chang'd their notes!
"Oh, damn 'em, this is *serious:* cut their throats."

Wit, says an Author that I do not know,
Is like Time's Scythe, cuts down both friend and foe;
Ready each object, tiger-like, to *leap on.*
"Lord, what a Butcher this same Wit! Thank God,"
A Critic cries, "in Master Pindar's Ode
We spy th' effect of no such *dangerous weapon.*"

No, Sir: 'tis dove-eyed Candour's charms
I woo to these desiring arms;
She is my Goddess, to her shrine I bend:
Nymph of the voice that beats the morning Lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park*,
Be thou my soft Companion and my Friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,
And teach thy *modest* Pupil how to ride:
Thus shall I hurt not any *group-composers;*
From Sarah Benwell's brush, to Mary Mozer's†.

* Two Brothers, of the most distinguished merit on the Oboe.

† The last of these Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* Picture of a Plate of *Gooseberries;* the other in *hopes* of Academic Honours, through an *equal* degree

ODE XVIII.

The judicious Peter giveth most wholesome Advice to Landscape Painters.

WHATE'ER your wish in Landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the *oracles* I tell,
There's very little Landscape in a *Garret.*
Whate'er the flocks of *Fleas* you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for *Goats* and *Sheep;*
And if you'll take the Poet's honest word,
A *Bug* must make a miserable *Bird.*

A *Rushlight* winking in a Bottle's neck,
Ill represents the glorious *Orb* of *Morn:*
Nay, though it were a Candle with a *wick,*
'Twould be a *representative forlorn.*

I think too, that a man would be a fool,
For *Trees,* to copy legs of a *Joint-stool;*
Or even by *them* to represent a *Stump:*
As also *Broomsticks;* which, though well he rig
Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig,*
Must make a very poor *autumnal Clump.*

You'll say, " Yet *such ones* oft a person sees
In many an Artist's Trees:
And in some Paintings we have all beheld,
Green Baize hath surely sat for a green Field;
Bolsters for Mountains, Hills, and Wheaten Mows;
Cats, for Ram-goats; and Curs, for Bulls and Cows."

All this, my Lads, I freely grant;
But better things from *you* I want.
As Shakspeare says (a Bard I much *approve*),
" List, list, oh! list," if thou dost *Painting* love.

Claude painted in the open air:
Therefore to Wales at once repair;
Where Scenes of true Magnificence you'll find:
Besides this great advantage; if in debt,
You'll have with Creditors no *tête-à-tête:*
So leave the bull-dog Bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

ODE XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the Value of Time.

The man condemn'd on Tyburn-tree to swing,
Deems such a Show a very dullish thing;

He'd rather a *Spectator* be, I ween,
Than the sad *Actor* in the scene.

He blames the Law's too rigid resolution:
If with a beef-steak stomach, in his prime,
Lord, with what reverence he looks on time;
And, most of all, the hour of execution!
And as the Cart doth to the Tree advance,
How wondrous willing to postpone the *dance!*

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use:
But, ah, how subject to abuse!
It seems that with him folks were often *cloy'd.*
I do pronounce it, Time's a public good:
Just like a youthful Beauty; to be *woo'd,*
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sand is wonderfully small;
It slips between the fingers in a hurry:
Therefore, on each young Artist let me call,
To prize it as an Indian does his *curry**
Whether his next rare *exhibition* be
Amidst the great R. A.'s—or on a *tree.*

* A universal food in the East Indies.

ODE XX.

The unfortunate Peter lamenteth the Loss of an important Ode by Rats.—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.

" *Hiatus maximè deflendus!*"[m]
I've lost an Ode of charming praise;
From like misfortune Heaven defend us!
The sweetest of my Lyric Lays;
Where many a youthful Artist shone with fame,
Like his own Pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish Rats!
Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of Cats,
Were I to be their sole adviser:
Vermin! like Trunk-makers, *Kings*, Pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful Books,
Yet, with the learning, not a whit the wiser.
Thank God, the Ode unto *Myself* they spared;
And, lo! the labour of the lucky Bard.

ODE XXI.

TO MYSELF.

The exalted Peter wisheth to make the gaping World acquainted with the Place of his Nativity; but before he can get an Answer from *Himself*, he most *sublimely* bursteth forth into an Address to Mevagizzy and Mousehole, two Fishing-towns in Cornwall—the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving birth to Dolly Pentreath.—The Poet praiseth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the Place of his Nativity; and, like his great Ancestor of Thebes, leaveth his Readers in the *dark*.

O THOU whose daring Works sublime
Defy the rudest rage of Time!
Say, for the World is with conjecture dizzy,
Did *Mousehole* give thee birth, or *Mevagizzy?*

Hail, *Mevagizzy*, with such wonders fraught!
Where Boats, and Men, and Stinks, and Trade, are stirring:
Where Pilchards come in myriads to be caught;
Pilchard, a thousand times as good as Herring.

Pilchard, the idol of the Popish nation,
Hail, little Instrument of vast Salvation!
Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving Fish,
On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd;*
Who, had they not, poor souls! this lucky dish,
Would *flesh* eat, and be consequently *damn'd:*—

Pilchards, whose bodies yield the fragrant Oil,
And make the London Lamps at midnight smile;
Which Lamps, wide-spreading salutary light,
Beam on the wandering Beauties of the night;
And show each gentle Youth their cheeks' deep roses,
And tell him whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail, *Mousehole*, birth-place of old Doll Pentreath*,
The *last* who jabber'd Cornish; so says Daines,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will-o'wisp to brighten up his brains:—

Daines, who a thousand miles, unwearied, trots
For Bones, Brass Farthings, Ashes, and Old Pots;
To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

* A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed *(falsely*, however) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The Honourable Antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esquire, journeyed, some years since, from London to the Land's-End, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious, *morceau*. He entered Mousehole in a kind of triumph; and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured Lover, in the language of the famous Greek philosopher, "*Eureka!*" The Couple kissed: Doll soon after *gabbled:* Daines listened with admiration; committed her Speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society; the Journals were *enriched* with their Dialogues: the Old Lady's Picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent Artist, and the Honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the *discovery!*

ODE XXII.

The following Ode was written just after the great Crashes and Falls at Somerset House.—Peter is charmingly ironical.

SIR WILLIAM, cover'd with Chinese renown,
Whose Houses are no sooner *up* than *down**,
Don't heed the discontented Nation's cry:
Thine are *religious* Houses, very *humble;*
Upon their *faces* much inclin'd to tumble;
So *meek*, they cannot keep their heads on *high.*

I know the foolish Kingdom all runs riot,
Calling aloud for, " Wyat, Wyat, Wyat!"
Who on their good opinion hourly gains.
But where lies Wyat's merit?—what his praise?
Abroad this roving man spent half his days,
Contemplating of *Rome* the great remains!

This Wyat's works a *classic taste* combine,
Who studied thus the *Ancients* o'er and o'er;
But, lo! the *greater reputation thine,*
To do what *no man* ever did *before.*

* I take it for granted, that the Houses in general built by the Knight, are as much in the style of Gingerbread as Somerset House.

ODE XXIII.

Peter concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth with the Reader—and getteth the Start of the World, by first praising his own Works.

Tom Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a Head and Tail Piece for his Play:—
"Thomas," quoth John, "I've sold my Goods *too cheap*;
So, if you please, my Price shall take a *leap*."

O Reader, look me gravely in the face;
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case?
For this year's Odes I charge thee Half a Crown;
So, without grumbling, put thy Money down:

For things are desperately risen, good Lord!
Fish, Flesh, Coals, Candles, Window-lights, and Board.
Why should not charming Poetry then rise?
That comes so devilish far too—from the *skies*.
And, lo! the Verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, Comet-like, alas! but *once* an Age.

FAREWELL ODES

TO

THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR THE YEAR

MDCCLXXXVI.

—RIDENTEM dicere verum
Quid vetat? HORACE.

FAREWELL ODES.

ODE I.

Peter talketh of resigning the Laureatship.—The Works of the Artists give God Thanks upon the Occasion.—He prophesieth the Triumph of the Artists on his Resignation.—The Artists also Prophesy to Peter's Disadvantage.—Peter's last Comforts, should their Prophecy be fulfilled.

PETER, like famed Christina, Queen of Sweden,
Who thought a wicked Court was not an Eden,
This year resigns the Laurel Crown for ever!
What all the famed Academicians wish;
No more on painted Fowl, and Flesh, and Fish,
He shows the World his carving skill so clever:
Brass, Iron, Wood-work, Stone, in peace shall rest.
"Thank God!" exclaim the Works of Mister West.

"Thank God!" the Works of Loutherbourg exclaim;
For guns of Critics no ignoble Game:
"No longer now, afraid of rhyming praters,
Shall we be christen'd Tea-boards, varnish'd Waiters:

No Verse shall swear that ours are Pasteboard Rocks,
Our Trees brass Wigs, and Mops our fleecy Flocks."

" Thank Heaven!" exclaims Rigaud, with sparkling eyes;
" Then shall my Pictures in importance rise,
And fill each gaping mouth and eye with Wonder."—
Monsieur Rigaud,
It may be so:
To think thy Stars have made so strange a blunder,
That bred to Paint the genius of a Glazier;
That spoil'd, to make a Dauber, a good Brazier!
None but thy partial tongue (believe my Lays)
Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise:
Could Fame applaud, whose voice my Verse reveres,
Justice should break her trump about her ears.

" Thank Heaven!" cries Mister Garvay; and, " Thank God!"
Cries Mister Copley, " that this Man of Ode,
No more, Barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride;
No more, like Beads in nasty order strung,
And round the waist of this wild Mohawk hung,
Shall Academic Scalps indulge his pride.

" No more hung up in this dread Fellow's Rhyme,
Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,

Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,
Appear just like so many Moles,
Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field:
Which Mole-catchers suspend on trees,
To show their titles to their fees;
Like Doctors, paid too often for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd that no more my Verses shall annoy,
Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging;
Each Wooden Figure's mouth expands with joy:
Hark how they all break forth in singing!

In boastful sounds the grinning Artists cry,
" Lo! Peter's hour of insolence is o'er:
His Muse is dead, his Lyric Pump is dry;
His Odes, like Stinking Fish, not worth a groat a score.
Art thou then weak, like us, thou snarling Sniveller?
Art thou like one of us, thou Lyric Driveller?

" Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,
Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame;
Our Ponds, our Lakes, our Oceans, Earth, and Sky,
No longer scouted shall be put to shame:
No Poet's rage shall root our Stumps and Stumplings,
And swear our Clouds are flying Apple-dumplings;
Fame shall proclaim how well our Plum-trees bud,
And sound the merits of our Marl and Mud.

" Our Oaks, and Brushwood, and our lofty Elms,
No jingling Tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
Now this vile Feller is laid low:
In peace shall our Stone Hedges sleep,
Our Huts, our Barns, our Pigs, and Sheep,
And Wild-fowl, from the eagle to the crow.

" They who shall see this Peter in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,
And cry: ' Is this the man of keen remark?
Is this the wight?' shall be their taunting speech;
' A dog! who dar'd to snap each Artist's breech,
And bite Academicians like a Shark.

" He whose broad cleaver chopp'd the Sons of Paint;
Crush'd, like a Marrow-bone, each lovely Saint;
Spared not the very Clothes about their backs:
The little duck-wing'd Cherubims abus'd;
That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
Poor lambkins, had they fall'n among the Blacks:
He, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
Stak'd through the body like a paltry Thief.'

" How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee!" they cry;
" How art thou fall'n!" the joyful roofs resound;
" Hell shall thy body, for a Rogue, surround,
And there, for ever roasting, mayst thou lie:

Like Dives mayst thou stretch in fires along,
Refused one drop of drink to cool thy tongue."

Ye goodly Gentlemen, repress your yell;
Your hearty wishes for my health restrain:
For if our Works can put us into Hell,
Kind Sirs, we certainly shall *meet again:*
Nay, what is worse, I really don't know whether
We must not lodge in the *same room* together.

ODE II.

Peter floggeth the Academicians and Dinner—Pitieth the Prince of Wales, Duke of Orleans, Duke Fitzjames, Count Lauzun, Lords Caermarthen and Besborough, &c.; and praiseth Mr. Weltjie—Exculpateth the President—Condemneth Sir William Chambers and the Committee for their bad Management.—Peter talketh of visiting the French King and the Duke of Orleans.

WHENE'ER Academicians run astray,
Such should the moral Peter's Song reclaim;—
Of Paint, this Ode shall nothing sing or say;
My eagle Satire darts at different game:
Against *decorum* I abhor a sinner;
And therefore lash the Academic Dinner.

Th' Academy, though marvellously poor,
Can once a year afford to eat;
By means of kind Donations at the door,
The Members make a comfortable Treat;
Like Gipsies in a barn around their King,
That annual meet to munch, and dance, and sing.

A Feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,
To suit the various qualities of bellies:
Mine grumbled to be ask'd, and be delighted;
But *wicked* Peter's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the Bard,
With compliments from Academic names;
The Prince of Wales receiv'd a civil card.
His Grace of Orleans too, and Duke Fitzjames,
Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,
A near relation to the man
In whose poor sides old Hawke once fix'd his claws,
Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,
Either by writing or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest Dukes,
The nimble Artists, all with Greyhound looks,

Fell on the Meat with teeth prodigious able:
Seiz'd of the Synagogue the highest places;
And left the poor forlorn, their Gallic Graces,
To nibble at the *bottom* of the table.

There sat too my good Lord Caermarthen,
As one of the *canaille*, not worth a farthing!
But what can Titles, Virtues, at a Feast,
Where glory waits upon the greatest Beast?

To see a Stone-cutter and Mason
High mounted o'er those Men of Quality,
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of courtly hospitality.
I've heard, however, one or two were Tanners:
Granted; it doth not much improve their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,
They thought the Feast just like a Hunt;
In which, as soon as ever starts the Hare,
Each Nimrod tries to be first in upon't:
The greatest he, amidst the howling fuss,
Who first can triumph o'er poor dying Puss.

Peters* most justly raised his eyes with wonder,
And wanted decently to give them *grace;*
But, bent on Venison and on Turbot plunder,
A clattering peal of Knives and Forks took place:
Spoons, Plates, and Dishes, rattling round the table,
Produced a new edition of old Babel.

They had no stomach o'er a Grace to nod;
Nor *time* enough to offer thanks to God:
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had *nothing else* to do.

His Highness† entering rather somewhat late,
Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate;
But not a single maiden dish,
Poor gentleman, of flesh or fish.

Most wofully the Pastry had been paw'd,
And trembling Jellies barbarously claw'd;
In short, my gentle Readers to amaze,
His Highness *pick'd the bones* of the R. A.'s.

O Weltjie‡, had thy lofty form been there,
And seen thy Prince so serv'd with scrap and slop,
Thou surely wouldst have brought him better fare;
A warm Beef-steak perchance, or Mutton-chop.

* A respectable Clergyman, and one of the Academicians.
† The Prince of Wales. ‡ The Prince's German Cook.

Thou wouldst have said, " *De Prence of Wales, by Got,*
Do too mush honour to be at der Feast;
Vere he can't heb von beet of Meat dat's hot,
But treated vid de Bones shust like a Beast.

" *De Prence, he vas too great to sit and eat*
De Bones and Leafings of de meat;
And munsh vat dirty low-lifed Rogues refuse:
By Got, not fit to vipe de Prence's shoes!"

Great Besborough's Earl too came off second-best:
His murmuring Stomach had not half a feast;
And therefore it was natural to mutter.
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks
His Lordship bore his Belly off to Brookes,
Who fill'd the grumbler up with Bread and Butter.

Sirs, those manœuvres were extremely coarse;
This really was the essence of ill-breeding:
Not for your souls could you have treated worse
Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of Hounds, with glee
Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting Game;
Surpass'd them too, in gobbling down the Prey:
Still, great R. A.'s, I tell you 'twas a shame.

Grant, each of you the wondrous man excell'd,
Who beat a Butcher's Dog in eating Tripe;
And that each paunch with guttling was so swell'd,
Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe:

Grant, that you dar'd such Stuffing-feats display,
That not a soul of you could walk away:
Still, 'midst the Triumphs of your gobbling-fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,
Your Cheeks all shining like a Lantern's horn,
With tearing hams, and fowls, and giblet-pies,
And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born:
Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

This let me own; the candour-loving Muse
Most willingly Sir Joshua can excuse,
Who tries the Nation's glory to increase;
Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding;
But deep, on Painting subjects, plodding,
To rival Italy and Greece:—

But pray, Sir William*, what have *you* to say?
No such *impediment* lies in *your* way;

* Sir William Chambers.

Genius can't hurt *your* etiquette attention:
And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have you a *genius to impede* you?—No:
Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit France,
And taste of Lewis, *grand monarque*, the prog;
His Grace of Orleans, so kind, perchance
May ask me to his house to pick a *frog*:
And yet, what right have I to visit there,
Who see a Prince so vilely treated here?

Ye Royal Artists, at your future Feasts,
I fear you'll make their Graces downright Daniels;
And, as the Prophet dined among Wild Beasts,
The Dukes will join your Pointers and your Spaniels.

ODE III.

Peter administereth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable Story of a Country Bumkin and a Peripatetic Razor-seller.

Forbear, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
To sordid Gain, unless that you are starving:
I own, that Hunger will indulgence claim
For hard Stone Heads and Landscape carving,

In order to make haste to *sell* and *eat;*
For there is *certainly* a charm in *meat:*
And in *rebellious* tones will Stomachs speak,
That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value Fame no more than an old Shoe,
Provided for their Daubs they get a sale;
Just like the man——but stay, I'll tell the Tale.

A Fellow in a market-town,
Most musical, cried Razors up and down,
And offer'd *twelve* for *eighteen-pence:*
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap;
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country Bumkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a thick black Beard,
That seem'd a Shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the Razors, I suppose:

"No matter if the Fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the Razors *shave:*

It *sartinly* will be a monstrous Prize."
So home the Clown, with his good fortune, went
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a Hedger cutting Furze:
'Twas a vile Razor!—Then the rest he tried—
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my *eighteen-pence* within my purse."

In vain to chase his Beard, and bring the Graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And *curs'd* each Razor's *body* o'er and o'er:

His Muzzle, form'd of Opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its Ruff;
So kept it, laughing at the Steel and Suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile Cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a Hog."

Hodge sought the Fellow, found him, and begun:
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal, for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel Whiskers here a scrubbing,
With Razors just like Oyster-knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you 're a knave,
To cry up Razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the Razor-man, "I am no knave:
As for the Razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.—
"Made!" quoth the Fellow with a smile,—"to *sell*."

ODE IV.

Peter observeth the Lex Talionis.

West tells the World, that Peter *cannot rhyme:*
Peter declares, point-blank, that West *can't paint*.
West swears, I've not an atom of *sublime:*
I swear, he hath no notion of a *Saint:*

And that his cross-wing'd Cherubims are Fowls,
Baptiz'd by naturalists Owls;
Half of the meek Apostles, gangs of Robbers;
His Angels, sets of brazen-headed Lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, "All flesh is grass."
With Mister West, all flesh is *brick* and *brass;*
Except his *horse-flesh:* that, I fairly own,
Is often of the choicest *Portland stone.*

I've said too, that this Artist's Faces
Ne'er paid a visit to the Graces;
That on *expression* he can never brag:
Yet for this article hath he been studying;
But in it never could surpass a Pudding—
No, gentle Reader, nor a Pudding-bag.

I dare not say, that Mister West
Cannot sound Criticism impart:
I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest;
That he can *talk* a deal upon the Art.
Yes, he can *talk*, I do not doubt it,
"*About it*, Goddess, and *about it.*"

Thus then is Mister West deserving praise,
And let my justice the fair laud afford;
For, lo! this far-famed Artist *cuts both ways,*
Exactly like the Angel Gabriel's Sword:

The *beauties* of the Art, his *converse* shows;
His *canvas*, almost every thing that's *bad:*
Thus, at th' Academy, we must suppose,
A man more *useful* never could be had:
Who, in himself a host, so much can do;
Who is both *precept* and *example* too.

ODE V.

Great Advice is given to Gentlemen Authors—to Mr. Webb and Mr. Horace Walpole particularly.—Peter taketh the part of Lady Lucan—Showeth wonderful knowledge in the Art of Painting—Administereth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praise, to the Squire of Strawberry Hill.

ASTRONOMERS should treat of Stars and Comets:
Physicians, of the Bark and Vomits;
Of Apoplexies, those Light Troops of Death
That use no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and Dropsy, Jaundice and Catarrh,
The grim-look'd Tyrant's Heavy Horse of War.

Farriers should write on Farcies and the Glanders;
Bug-doctors, only upon Bed-disorders;
Farmers, on Land, Pigs, Cattle, Geese, and Ganders;
Nightmen alone, on Aromatic Ordures.

The Artists should on Painting solely write;
Like David then, they may "good things indite."

But when the mob of *Gentlemen*
Break on their province, and take up the pen,
The Lord have mercy on the Art!
I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.—
This verse be thine, Squire Webb*; it is thy due:
Pray, Mister Horace Walpole†, what think *you?*

Horace, thou art a man of taste and sense;
Then don't of folly be at such expense:
Do not to Lady Lucan‡ pay such court;
Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for 't.
Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,
By swearing that she equals Cooper§.

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
That verily thou dost not know
The powers required for copying a *picture,*
And those for copying *Dame Nature;*
Alas, a much more arduous matter!
So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

* Author of a Treatise on Painting; who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A Gentleman well known in the literary world; an *amateur* in the Graphic line.

‡ A Lady of *copying* ingenuity in the Miniature department.

§ A famous Miniature-painter in the time of Cromwell.

Thou'lt say, it was mere Compliment;
That nothing else was thy intent,
  Although it might disgrace a boy at school:
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes sillier things to woman;
  But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, Horace, think not that I write
  Through spite:
  Think not I read thy Works with jealous pain:
Lord! no; thou art a favourite with me;
I think thee one of *us*, a *bel esprit*;
  By heavens, I like the Windmill of thy Brain:
It is a pretty and ingenious Mill;
Long may it grind on Strawberry Hill!

ODE VI.

Peter still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflection.—He telleth a Miraculous Story.

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not Hints from other folks despise.

A *fool* on something great, at times, may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser;
On which for ever your *wise men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes, I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a Hint;
The genius of each man with keenness view:
A Spark from this or t'other caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious *Bonfire* up in *you*.

A question of you let me beg:
Of famed Columbus and his Egg,
Pray, have you heard?—"Yes."—Oh then, if you please,
I'll give you the Two Pilgrims and the Peas.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of Sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in Wax, Stone, Wood,
And in a fair white Wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad Rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The Priest had order'd *peas* into their shoes;

A nostrum famous in old Popish times,
For purifying Souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of Apostolic *salt*,
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping Souls of Sinners *sweet*,
Just as our Kitchen-salt keeps Meat.

The Knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the Sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a Bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon; *peccavi* cried;
Had his Soul white-wash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with Saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his Brother-rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the *souls* and *bodies* of the *peas*;

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, white-wash'd Pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber?"—
"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no joke:
My Feet, once hard as any Rock,
Are now as soft as Blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No, to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For damme if I ha'nt lost every toe.

"But, Brother-sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that *you* are not in pain;
What Power hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
Whilst *I* just like a Snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a Greyhound go,
Merry as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye?"—
"Why," cried the other grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I *took the liberty* to boil *my* Peas."

ODE VII.

Peter grinneth.

YOUNG Men, be cautious of each Critic word,
That blasphemous may much offence afford;
I mean, that wounds an ancient Master's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
Your lengthening phiz let Admiration seize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Even by a Print-shop should you chance to pass,
Revere the Effigy inside the glass;
Just as with Papists the religious care is,
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
To bee's-wax Saints, *Bon-dieux* of stones,
And beech, or deal, or wainscot, Virgin Maries.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain;
For Time, like Fuller's Earth, takes out each stain:
Nay more; on faults that *modern* works would tarnish,
Time spreads a sacred coat of Varnish.

Spare not on Brother-artists' backs the lash
Put a good wire in't, let it slash;

Since every stroke with interest is repaid:
For though you cannot kill the *man* outright,
Yet, by this effort of your rival spite,
Fifty to one, you spoil his *trade*.
His ruins may be feathers for your nest:
The maxim's not amiss; *probatum est*.

ODE VIII.

The Poet inquireth into the State of the Exhibition—Lasheth Father Time for making great Geniuses, and destroying them—Praiseth Reynolds—Fancieth a very curious Dialogue between King Alexander and the Deer, the Subject of Mr. West's Picture—Turneth to Mr. West's Resurrection.

WELL, Muse, what is there in the Exhibition?
How thrive the beauties of the Graphic Art?
Whose racing Genius seems in best condition,
For Glory's plate to start?

Say, what sly Rogues old Fame cajole?
Speak, who hath bribed her trumpet, or who stole?
For much is prais'd that ought in fires to mourn;
Nay, what would even *disgrace* a fire to *burn*.

What Artist boasts a Work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging Time?

Old fool! who, after he hath form'd with pains
A Genius rare,
To make folks stare,
Knocks out his brains:
Like Children, Dolls creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handiworks to rags.

Lo! Reynolds shines with undiminish'd ray;
Keeps, like the Bird of Jove, his distant way:
Yet simple Portrait strikes too oft our eyes,
While History, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvas live
The *copy* of a Jowl of lead,
When for the Original we would not give
A small pin's head.

This year, of Picture Mister West
Is quite a Patagonian maker;
He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest*,
So gives us Painting by the *acre*.

But, ah! this Artist's brush can never brag
Upon King Alexander and the Stag:

For, as they play'd at *loggerheads* a rubber,
We surely ought to see a handsome Battle
Between the Monarch and the piece of Cattle;
Whereas each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
Seems preaching to his horned Foe;
Observing, what a *very wicked* thing,
To hurt the *sacred* person of a King:
And seems, about his business to entreat him
To march, for fear the Hounds should *eat him.*

The Stag appears to say in plaintive note,
"I own, King Alexander, my offence:
True, I've not show'd my loyalty nor sense;
So bid your Huntsmen come and *cut my throat.*"

The Cavalry, adorn'd with fair *stone bodies,*
Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;
And on their backs a set of Noddies,
Not one brass farthing for their Master caring.

Behold! one Fellow lifts his mighty Spear,
To save the Owner of the Scottish Crown;
Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping Deer,
Seems in no mighty *hurry* to come down.

Another on a Pegasus comes flying,
His Phiz his errand much belying;
For, if he means to *baste* the Beast so cruel,
God knows, 'tis with a Face of *water-gruel.*

So then, sweet Muse, the Picture boasts no merit;
As flat as Dish-water, or dead Small-beer;
Or (what the mark is tolerably near)
As Heads of Aldermen devoid of spirit.

Well then, turn round; view t'other side the Room,
And see his Saviour mounting from the Tomb:
Is *this* Piece too, with Painting-sins so cramm'd,
Born to increase the number of the *damn'd?*

My sentiments by no means I refuse:—
Were our Redeemer like that *wretched thing,*
I should not wonder that the cunning Jews
Scorn'd to acknowledge *him* for King.

ODE IX.

Peter moralizeth, and giveth good Advice.

Envy and Jealousy, that pair of Devils,
Stuff'd, like Pandora's box, with wondrous evils,

I hate, abhor, abominate, detest;
Like Circe, turning Man into a Beast.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
Their blackening power resembles Smut in corn,
Which kills the rising ears, that should adorn,
And bid the vales with golden Plenty glow.

Yet fierce, in yonder Dome*, each Demon reigns;
Their poison swells too many an Artist's veins,
Draws from each labouring heart the fearful sigh,
And casts a sullen gloom on every eye.

Brushmen, accept the counsel Peter sends,
Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of Fiends:
Should any with uncommon Talents tower,
To any is superior Science given,
Oh! let the weaker feel their happy power,
Like plants that triumph in the Dews of Heaven.

Be pleas'd, like Reynolds, to direct the blind;
Who aids the feeble faltering feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his Mind,
With Genius stored and Nature's simple truth:

* The Royal Academy.

Who, though a Sun, resembles not his *Brother;*
Whose beams, so full of jealousy, conspire,
Whene'er admitted to the room, to *smother*
The humble kitchen or the parlour *fire.*

ODE X.

Peter speaketh *figuratively*—Accommodateth himself to *vulgar* Readers—Lasheth *Pretenders* to Fame—Concludeth merrily.

A MODEST love of Praise I do not blame;
But I abhor a *rape* on Mistress Fame:
Although the Lady is exceeding chaste,
Young forward Bullies seize her round the waist;

Swear, *nolens volens*, that she *shall* be kiss'd;
And, though she vows she *does not like* 'em,
Nay, threatens for their impudence to strike 'em,
The saucy Varlets still persist.

Reader, of images here's no confusion;
Thou therefore understand'st the Bard's allusion.—
But possibly thou hast a thickish head;
And therefore no vast quantities of brain:
Why then, my precious Pig of Lead,
'Tis necessary to *explain.*

Some Artists, if I so may call 'em,
So ignorant (the foul Fiend maul 'em!),
Mere drivellers in the charming Art,
Are vastly fond of being prais'd;
Wish to the stars, like Blanchard*, to be rais'd:
And *rais'd* they should be, Reader—from a *cart.*

If disappointed in some Stentor's tongue,
Upon *themselves* they pour forth Prose or Song;
Or buy it in some venal Paper,
And then heroically vapour.

What prigs to Immortality aspire,
Who stick their trash around the Room!
Trash meriting a very different doom;
I mean the *warmer* regions of the Fire.

Heaven knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,
To find some Blockheads of their Works so vain;
So proud to see them hanging, cheek by jowl,
With his† whose powers the Art's high fame sustain.
To wondrous merit their pretension,
On such *vicinity-suspension,*

* The celebrated Balloonist.

† The President's.

Brings to my mind a not unpleasant story;
Which, gentle Readers, let me lay before ye.

A shabby Fellow chanced one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street;
Garrick, on whom our Nation justly brags:
The Fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace.—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick.—"No!" replied the Man of Rags;

"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure."—
"When?" with an oath cried Garrick; "for, by God,
I never saw that face of yours before.
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I *together* play?"

"Lord!" quoth the Fellow, "think not that I mock:
When you *play'd* Hamlet, Sir, I *play'd* the Cock*."

* In the Ghost-scene.

ODE XI.

Peter talketh sensibly and knowingly—Recommendeth it to Artists to prefer Pictures for their Merit—Discovereth Musical Knowledge, and showeth that he not only hath kept Company with Fiddlers but Fiddle-*makers*.—He satirizeth the pseudo-Cognoscenti—Praiseth his ingenious Neighbour *Sir Joshua*.

Be not imposed on by a *name;*
But bid your eye the Picture's *merit* trace:
Poussin at times in Outline may be lame,
And Guido's Angels destitute of Grace.

Yet, lo! a Picture of some famous School,
A warranted old Daub of reputation,
Where charming Painting's almost every rule
Hath suffer'd almost every violation,
Hath oft been gazed at by devouring eyes,
Where Nature, banish'd from the Picture, sighs.

So some old Duchess, as a Badger grey,
Her snags by Time (sure Dentist) snatch'd away,
With long, lank, flannel cheeks,
Where Age in every wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor weak shaking Creature,
Of Death unwelcome tidings speaks,

Draws from the gaping Mob the envying look,
Because her Owner chanced to be a Duke.

How many *pasteboard* Rocks and *iron* Seas,
How many Torrents wild of still *stone water*,
How many *brooms* and *broomsticks* meant for Trees,
Because the fancied labours of Salvator *,
Whose pencil too most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest Possessor many a hundred!

Thus prove a Croud a Stainer† or Amati‡,
No matter for the Fiddle's sound;
The fortunate possessor shall not bate ye
A doit of fifty, nay a hundred, pound;
And though what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd dog-cheap.

It tickles one excessively to hear
Wise prating Pedants the *old* Masters praise:
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,
The luckless Works of *modern* days;
Making at *living* wights such mortal pushes,
As if not good enough to wipe their brushes:

* Salvator Rosa.

† A German Fiddle-maker.

‡ A maker of the Fiddles called Cremonas.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* Ass,
Who shall for hours on Paint and Sculpture din ye,
A person with facility may pass
Rigaud for Raphael, Bacon for Bernini;
Or, *little* as an Oven to Vesuvius,
Will Tyler for Palladio or Vitruvius.

One would imagine, by the maddening fools
Who talk of nothing but the *ancient* Schools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains,
They think poor Mother Nature's art is fled;
That now She cannot make a head,
Who took with *old* Italian pates such pains;
Nay, to a driveller turn'd, her power so sunk is,
Tame soul, that nothing now she makes but m*onkeys.*

"Look at your favourite Reynolds," is their strain,
"Allow'd by all, the first in Europe's eye:
One atom of Repute can Reynolds gain,
When Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, are nigh?
Can Reynolds live with Raphael's matchless Line?"—
—Yes, Blinkards; and with Lustre shine.

ODE XII.

Peter increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance, the Lord High Chancellor of England and Mr. Pepper Arden.—Peter treateth his Readers with Love-Verses of past Times.

COPY not Nature's forms too closely,
Whene'er she treats your *sitter* grossly:
For, when she gives Deformity for Grace,
Pray show a little mercy to the face.
Indeed 'twould be but *charity* to flatter
Some dreadful works of seeming *drunken* Nature;
As for example, let us now suppose
Thurlow's black Scowl, and Pepper Arden's Nose:

But when your Pencil's powers are bid to trace
The Smiles of Devonshire, Duncannon's Grace;
To bid the Blush of beauteous Campbell rise,
And wake the radiance of Augusta's* Eyes
(Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow loyal),
And paint the Graces of the Princess Royal,
Try all your art: and when your toils are done,
You show a flimsy Meteor for a Sun.

* Second Daughter of the King.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,
Who fired my heart and fix'd my roving eye;
The Loves, who robb'd a World to make her fair,
Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet nymph!—But, Reader, take the Song
Which Cynthia's Charms alone inspired;
That left of yore the Poet's tongue,
When Love his raptured fancy fired.

SONG.

From her, alas! whose smile was love,
I wander to some lonely cell:
My sighs too weak the Maid to move,
I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Be all her siren arts forgot,
That fill'd my bosom with alarms:
Ah! let her Crime, a little spot,
Be lost amidst her blaze of Charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs
At every step for Cynthia mourn:
My anxious heart within me dies,
And sinking, whispers, "Oh, return!"

Deluded heart, thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame;
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.

Readers, I own, the Song of Love is sweet,
Most pleasing to the soul of gentle Peter:
Your eyes then with another let me treat,
O gentle Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG TO DELIA.

Say, lonely Maid with downcast eye,
O Delia, say, with cheek so pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That tells the World a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace;
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh tell me, doth some favour'd Youth,
With virtue tired, thy beauty slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to Nymphs of other shades
He feigns the soft impassion'd tear;
With sighs their easy faith invades,
That treacherous won thy witless ear.

Let not those Maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine:
That heart can ne'er be blest by Love,
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

ODE XIII.

Pious Peter acknowledgeth great obligations to the Reverend Mister Martin Luther—Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parson's Reformation on Painting.

We Protestants owe much to Martin Luther,
Who found to Heaven a shorter way and smoother;
And shall not soon repay the obligation.
Martin against the Papists got the laugh;
Who, as the Butchers bleed and bang a Calf
To Whiteness, bled and bang'd unto Salvation:

As if such Drubbings could expel their Sins;
As if that Power whose works with awe we view,
Graced all our backs with sets of comely skins,
Then order'd us to beat them black and blue.

Well then, we must confess for certain,
That much we owe to Brother Martin,
Who altered for the better our Religion:—
Yet by it glorious Painting much did lose;
Was pluck'd, poor Goddess! like a Goose,
Or (for the rhyme's sake) like a Pigeon.

Mad at the Whore of Babylon, and Bull,
Down from the Churches men began to pull
Pictures that long had held a lofty station:
Pictures of Saints of pious reputation,
For curing by a miracle the ills
That now, so stubborn, yield not to Devotions;
But unto Blisters, Boluses, and Potions,
That make such *handsome* 'pothecaries' bills.

Down tumbled Antony who preach'd to Sprats;
And he who held discourses with a *hog**,
That grunting after him so used to jog,
Came down by favour of long sticks and bats.

The Saints who grinn'd on Spits, like Venison roasting,
Broiling on Gridirons, baking in an Oven;
Or on a Fork, like Cheese of Cheshire, toasting;
Or kick'd to death by Satan's Hoof so cloven;

* Commonly known by the name of Big Antony.

All humbled to the ground were forced to fall—
Spits, Forks, and Gridirons, Ovens, Devil and all.

Even Saints of poor Old England's breeding,
In marvels many foreign ones exceeding,
Our hot Reformers did as roughly handle:
In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter;
But down were tumbled Miracle and Martyr,
Put up in lots, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists, Lord! we still had seen
Devils and Devil's Mates, young pimping liars,
Tempting the blushing Nuns of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton Friars;
Which Nuns so pure no love-speech should cajole,
Who *starved* the Body to *preserve* the Soul.

Then had we seen Saint Dennis with his Head
Fresh in his hand, and with affection kissing;
As if the Knob, that from his shoulders fled
By knife or broad-sword, never had been missing:
Then had we seen, upon their friendly coating,
Saints on the waves, like Gulls and Widgeons, floating.

I've seen a Saint on board a Ship,
To whom for a fair Wind the Papists pray,
Well flogged from stem to stern by birch and whip,
Poor *wooden* fellow! twenty times a day:

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd; call'd Lubber, Owl;
To make him turn a Wind to fair from foul:
And often *this* hath *brought* a prosperous Gale,
When *prayers* and *curses* have been found to *fail.*

This, had we Papists been, had graced our Churches;
Saints, Seamen, Nose-pulling, Kicks, Whips, and Birches.

ODE XIV.

Peter attacketh the Exotic R. A.'s.

Ye Royal Sirs, before I bid adieu,
Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise;
But trust me, gentle Squires, ye are but *few*
Whose names would not disgrace my Lays.

You'll say, with grinning sharp sarcastic face,
"We must be *bad indeed,* if *that's* the case."—
Why, if the truth I must declare,
So, gentle Squires, you *really are.*

I'm greatly pleased, I must allow,
To see the Foreigners beat hollow;
Who stole into that Dome * the Lord knows how;
I hope to God no more will follow:
Who, cursed with a poor snivelling spirit,
Were never known to vote for *merit*.

Poor narrow-minded Imps,
Hanging together just like Shrimps!
I own (so little they have merited),
That from yon noble Dome,
Made almost an Italian and French home,
I long to see the Vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watched by Cats,
That can get rid of all its Rats?
Or, if a *prettier* simile may please,
Where is the Bed that has not Fleas?
Or, if a *prettier still*, what London Rugs
Have not at times been visited by Bugs?

* The Royal Academy.

ODE XV.

Peter taketh Leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administereth Crumbs of Comfort.

My dearest Readers, 'tis with grief I tell,
That now for ever I must bid farewell.
Glad if an Ode of mine with grins can treat ye,
Valete:
And if you like the Lyric Peter's oddity,
Plaudite.

Rich as a Jew am I in Latian lore;
So, Classic Readers, take a sentence more.
Pulchrum est monstrari digito, et dicier, Hic est!
Says Juvenal, who loved a bit of fame:
In English, "Ah! 'tis sweet, among the thickest
To be found out, and pointed at by name.
To hear the *shrinking* Great exclaim, That's Peter,
Who *makes* much *immortality* by Metre;
Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
And cares no more for Kings than Kings for him."

Yet one word more, before we part.—
Should any take it grievously to heart;

Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor Pullet that hath eat a Pin;
Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,
Because that Peter the *divine*
Resolves to give up Painting Odes:—
By all the rhyming Goddesses and Gods,
I here upon a Poet's word protest,
That, if it is the World's request
That I again in Lyrics should appear,
Lo! rather than be guilty of the sin
Of losing George the Third *one Subject's skin*,
My Lyric Bagpipe shall be tuned *next year*.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia.
Cùm canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius aureh
Vellit, et admonuit. VIRGIL.

I, WHO so lately in my Lyric Lays
Sung "*to the praise and glory of*" R. A.'s;
And sweetly tuned to Love the melting Line,
With Ovid's Art, and Sappho's Warmth divine;
Said (*nobly* daring), "Muse, exalt thy wings,
Love and the Sons of Canvas quit for Kings."—
Apollo, laughing at my powers of Song,
Cried, "Peter Pindar, prithee hold thy tongue."
But I, like Poets self-sufficient grown,
Replied, "Apollo, prithee hold *thy own*."

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

It is necessary to inform thee, that his Majesty actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a *Louse* on his plate! The *emotion* occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such* a Guest, can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for *shaving* the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louse condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the Lousiad. With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *un*critical as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious *Author*, who ought to be allowed to *know somewhat* of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of

the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the same time, with the modest assurance of an Author:

> Cedite, scriptores Romani; cedite, Graii:
> Nil ortum in terris *Lousiadâ* melius.

Which, for the sake of the mere English Reader, is thus beautifully translated:

> Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,
> The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Proëmium—Description of the Louse's Fall—History of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow—Discovery of the Louse by His Majesty—The King's Horror and Astonishment on seeing Him—equal to that he felt at Mr. Fox's Attempt on Prerogative—at Mr. Burke's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horse—equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venison-Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a Country Girl—of a *Petit-Maître* saluted by a Chimney-sweeper—of the Devil when pinched by St. Dunstan's red-hot Tongs—of Lady Worsley—of Sam House the Patriot—of Billy Ramus—of Kynaston, the Squire of Leatherhead—of the perjured Christopher Atkinson—of the Prince of Asturias—of the King of Spain—of Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Wilson—Description of his Majesty's Heart—most naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majesty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer—The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses—His Majesty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children—Beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—the Queen able—The King's Orders about the Louse—Description of Dixon the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more Sublime than that of Homer's Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Comparison, of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cooks' Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on Fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE LOUSE I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a Throne,
Dropp'd down (so will'd the dread decree of Fate),
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a Wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender Race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide Dominions of the Head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wanderers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile Combs attack'd, or vengeful Nails:
Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like *wise* Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet, like that Sage though forced to roam and mourn,
Like him,—alas! not fated to return,

Who, full of rags and glory, saw his Boy*
And Wife† again, and Dog‡ that died for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckless Louse, with fear appall'd,
And wept his Wife and Children as he sprawl'd.
Thus on a Promontory's misty brow,
The Poet's eye, with sorrow, saw a Cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep:
No more to reign a Queen among the cattle,
And urge her rival beaus, the Bulls, to battle;
She fell, remembering every roaring lover§,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.

Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
The Louse, with Judge-like gravity, arose;
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beside the horror that the King might eat him.
The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.

* Telemachus.
† Penelope.
‡ Argus, for whose history see the Odyssey.
§ "Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos." VIRGIL.

Vain hope of stealing unperceived away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this Louse, as with the Royal Brood
Our hungry King amused himself with food:
Which proves (though scarce believed by one in ten),
That Kings have appetites like *common men;*
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
They feed on solids less refined than *air.*—
Paint, heavenly Muse, the look, the *very* look,
That of the Sovereign's face possession took,
When first he saw the Louse, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate.
Yet, could a Louse a British King surprise,
And like a pair of Saucers stretch his Eyes?
The *little* Tenant of a *mortal* head,
Shake the great Ruler of Three Realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as Somebody sublimely sings),
What great effects arise from *little things!*
As many a loving Swain and Nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have *loved* too well.

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear *prerogative* was just in chains.

Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
When, guilty of economy, the crime,
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
And, Cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
Cribb'd from the Royal table many a dish,
Saw every slice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd every nut;
And gauged (composed upon no sneaking scale)
The Monarch's Belly like a Cask of ale;
Convinced that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
To *starve* the Palace, was to *save* the Nation*.
Not more aghast he look'd when, 'midst the course,
He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
Where all his Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead;
But *luckily* he pitch'd upon his *head*.

Not Venison-eaters at the vanish'd fat,
With Stomachs wider than a Quaker's Hat:

* His Majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma. The apples at dinner-time having been, by too great liberality to the Royal Children, expended, the King ordered a supply, but was informed that the Board of Green Cloth would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a Page for two-pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

Not with more horror Mister Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed Client:
Not with more horror stares the rural Maid,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who sees her ticket a dire blank arise,
Too fondly thought the twenty-thousand prize,
With which the simple Damsel meant, no doubt,
To bless her faithful favourite, Colin Clout.

Not with more horror stares each lengthen'd feature
Of some fine, fluttering, mincing *Petit-maître*,
When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag
The Beau's white vestment feels the sooty bag.

Not with more horror did the Devil look,
When Dunstan by the nose the Demon took
(As gravely say our legendary songs),
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs.

Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a Nun,
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When, raised on high to view her naked Charms
He held the *peeping* Captain in his arms;
Like David, that most amorous little Dragon,
Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on.

Not more the great Sam House with horror stared,
By Mob affronted to the very beard*;
Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his fox's tail,
And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That, forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and freedom!" stopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more horror Billy Ramus† stared,
When Puff‡, the Prince's Hair-dresser, appear'd
Amidst their eating-room, with dread design
To *sit* with *Pages*, and with *Pages dine!*

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the People was to be taken on an election.

† Emphatically and constantly called by his Majesty *Billy* Ramus. One of the Pages, who shaves the Sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

‡ His Royal Highness's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the Prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the Pages. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a Petition was dispatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *Hair-dresser*. The Petition was treated with a proper contempt; and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his Brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not with more horror Gloster's Duchess stared,
When (blest in metaphor) the King declared,
That not, of all her *mongrel breed*, one *whelp*
Should in the Royal kennel ever *yelp*.

Not more that man so sweet, so unprepared,
The gentle Squire of Leatherhead, was scared,
When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon*;
Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear)
To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*:
Who, in God's house, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a *vixen*, in his Worship's face;
Then shook her nails, as sharp as taylor's Shears,
That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears†.

Not Atkinson‡ with stronger terror started
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted),

* Kynaston is the name of the Gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for disapprobation of the Lady as an acquaintance for his Wife.

† Verily in the house of the Lord, on the Lord's day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *saltical* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaston, to the *disgrace* of his Family, the *wonder* of the Parson, the *horror* of the Clerk, and the *stupefaction* of the Congregation.

‡ Mr. Christopher Atkinson's *airing* on the Pillory is sufficiently known to the Public.

When Justice, a sly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her *serious compliments* to Kit;
Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,
And whisper'd, she believed he was *forsworn*;
Then *hinted*, that he probably would find,
That, though she sometimes wink'd, she was not blind.

Not more Asturias' Princess look'd affright,
At breakfast when her Spouse, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedless both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face,
Because the Fair One eat a butter'd roll
On which the selfish Prince had fix'd his soul.
Not more astonish'd look'd that Prince, to find
His Royal Father to his face unkind*;
Who, to the cause of injured beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his Son
(Just like a Tiger of the Libyan shade,
Whose furious claws the helpless Deer invade),
And led him, till that Son its durance freed
By asking pardon for the brutal deed;

* This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Led him thrice round the room (the story goes),
Who followed with great gravity his nose,
Resolved at first (for Spaniards are stiff stuff)
To ask no pardon though the snout came off.—
Not more astonish'd look'd that Spanish King
Whene'er he miss'd a Snipe upon the wing*.
Not more astonish'd look'd that King of Spain,
To see his Gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Madame Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilson, child of amorous folly,
When young Mac Clyster bore off Kate Macaulay†.

What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul!
Just like two Billiard-balls his Eyes 'gan roll,
While anger all his Royal *heart* possess'd,
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast;
Bounced at his ribs with all its might so stout,
As resolutely bent on jumping out,

* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting-merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a *shot*; and it is well known, that even on those days when the Royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches-pockets are stuffed with gun-flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of Snipes, Partridges, and Wild Pigs.

† The fair Historian.

T' avenge, with all its powers, the dire disgrace,
And nobly spit in the offender's face.—
Thus a large Dumpling to its cell confin'd
(A very apt allusion, to my mind),
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot:
In vain; the lid keeps down the Child of Dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

"How, how? what, what? what's that, what's that?" he cries,
With rapid accent, and with staring eyes:
"Look there, look there; what's got into my house?
A Louse, God bless us! Louse, louse, louse, louse, louse."
The Queen look'd down, and then exclaim'd, "Good la!"
And with a smile the dappled Stranger saw.
Each Princess strain'd her lovely neck to see;
And, with another smile, exclaim'd, "Good me!"—
"Good la! Good me! is that all you can say?"
Our gracious Monarch cries, with huge dismay:
"What! what! a silly vacant smile take place
Upon your Majesty's and Children's face,
While that vile Louse (soon, soon to be unjointed)
Affronts the presence of the Lord's Anointed!"

Dash'd, as if tax'd with Hell's most deadly sins,
The Queen and Princesses drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, prudent Damsels, "word spake never more."
Sweet Maids, the beauteous boast of Britain's isle,
Speak, were those peerless Lips forbid to smile?
Lips that the soul of simple Nature moves,
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves;
Lips of delight, unstain'd by Satire's gall;
Lips that I never kiss'd—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouse,
The *pious* Monarch cried, "Is this *your* Louse?"—
"Ah! Sire," replied each Page with pig-like whine,
"An't please your Majesty, it is not *mine*."—
"*Not thine?*" the hasty Monarch cried again:
"What, what? whose, whose then? who the devil's then?"

Now at this sad event the Sovereign, sore
Unhappy, could not take a mouthful more:
His wiser Queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the Beef and Pudding;
For Germans are a very hearty sort,
Whether begot in Hog-sties or a Court,

Who bear (which shows their hearts are not of stone)
The ills of *others* better than their *own*.

Grim terror seized the souls of all the Pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages:
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gaped like Jacob's Sons.

Now to a Page, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and Vermin.
" Watch well that blackguard Animal," he cries,
" That, soon or late, to glut my vengeance dies:
Watch, like a Cat, that vile marauding Louse,
Or George shall play the devil in the house.
Some Spirit whispers, that to Cooks I owe
The precious Visitor that crawls below;
Yes, yes, the whispering Spirit tells me true,
And soon shall vengeance all their Locks pursue.
Cooks, Scourers, Scullions too, with Tails of Pig,
Shall lose their coxcomb Curls, and wear a Wig."—
Thus roared the King, not Hercules so big;
And all the Palace echoed, " Wear a Wig!"

Fear, like an Ague, struck the pale-nosed Cooks,
And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks;

Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
And Pity blubber'd o'er each menaced Head.

But, lo, the great Cook-Major* comes! his Eyes
Fierce as the reddening Flame that *roasts* and *fries;*
His Cheeks like Bladders, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat Dutch Trumpeter's when blowing:
A neat white apron his huge corpse embraced,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist;
An apron that he purchased with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches;
An apron that, in Monmouth-street high-hung,
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung.

"Ye Sons of Dripping, on your Major look,"
In sounds of deep-toned thunder cried the Cook:
"By this white apron, that no more can hope
To join the piece in Mister Inkle's shop;
That oft has held the best of Palace-meat,
And from this forehead wiped the briny sweat;
I swear this Head disdains to lose its Locks;
And those that do not, tell them they are *blocks.*
Whose Head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?

* Dixon.

Ten thousand Crawlers in that Head be hatch'd,
For ever itching, but be never scratch'd!
Then may the charming perquisite of grease
The mammon of your pocket ne'er increase;
Grease, that so frequently hath brought you coin,
From veal, pork, mutton, and the great Sir Loin.
O Brothers of the Spit, be firm as rocks:
Lo! to no King on earth I yield these Locks.
Few are my Hairs behind, by age endear'd;
But, few or many, they shall not be shear'd.

" Sooner shall Madame Schwellenberg *, the jade,
Yield up her favourite perquisites of trade;
Give up her Majesty's old cloaks and gowns,
Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:
She who for ever studies mischief; she
Who soon will be as busy as a Bee,
To get the liberty of Locks enslaved,
And every harmless Cook and Scullion shaved.
She, if by chance a *British* Servant Maid,
By some insinuating tongue betray'd,
Induced the fair *forbidden fruit* to taste,
Grows, luckless, somewhat bigger in the waist;

* Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty.

Rants, storms, swears, turns the Penitent to door,
Graced with the pretty names of Bitch and Whore,
To range a Prostitute upon the town,
Or, if the weeping Wretch think better, drown:—
But, if a *German* Spider-brusher fails,
Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells tales;
Hush'd is th' affair; the Queen and she, good Dame,
Both club their wits to hide the growing shame;
To wed her, get some fool, I mean some *wise* man;
Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciseman.
She who hath got more insolence and pride,
God mend her heart! than half the world beside:
She who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
Heaven help her stomach! than ten men can eat;
Ten men? aye, more than ten, the hungry Hag;
Why, zounds, the woman's Stomach's like a Bag:
She who will swell the uproar of the house,
And tell the King damned lies about the Louse;
When probably that Louse (a vile old trull!)
Was born and nourish'd in her own grey scull.

"Sooner the room shall Buxom Nanny* quit,
Where oft she charms her Master with her wit;

* A female Servant of the Palace, who constantly attends the King when he reads dispatches.

Tells tales of every body, every thing,
From honest Courtiers to the Thieves who swing;
Waits on her Sovereign while he reads dispatches,
And wisely *winds up* State-affairs or Watches.

"Sooner the Prince (may Heaven his income mend!)
Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend;
Laugh at the drop on Misery's languid eye,
And hear her sinking voice without a sigh;
Break for the wealth of Realms his sacred word,
And let the World write *Coward* on his sword.
Sooner shall Ham from Fowl and Turkey part,
And Stuffing leave a Calf's or Bullock's Heart:
Sooner shall Toasted Cheese take leave of Mustard,
And from the Codlin Tart be torn the Custard:
Sooner these hands the glorious Haunch shall spoil,
And all our Melted Butter turn to Oil.
Sooner our pious King, with pious face,
Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
And every night salvation-prayers put forth
For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North,
Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails.—
Let George view Ministers with surly looks,
Abuse 'em, kick 'em; but revere his Cooks."

"What! lose our Locks?" replied the Roasting Crew,
"To Barbers yield 'em? Damme if we do.
Be shaved like foreign Dogs one daily meets
Naked, and blue, and shivering, in the streets;
And from the Palace be ashamed to range,
For fear the World should think we had the mange;
By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
Broad-grinning whores and ridiculing wives?"

"Rouse, Opposition!" roar'd a tipsy Cook,
With hands akimbo, and bubonic look:
"'Tis *she* alone our noble Curls can keep;
Without her, Ministers would fall asleep:
'Tis *she* who makes great men, our Foxes, Pitts,
And sharpens, Whetstone like, the Nation's wits;
Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
And, Broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State:
In casks like Sulphur that expels bad air,
And makes, like Thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
Acts like a Gun, that, fired at gather'd soot,
Preserves the chimney, and the house to boot;
Or, like a School-boy's Whip, that keeps up tops,
The sinking Realm by flagellation props.
Our Monarch must not be indulged too far;
Besides, I love a little bit of war.

Whether to crop our Curls he boasts a right,
Or not, I do not care the Louse's bite;
But then, no force-work. No; no force, by Heaven:
Cooks, Yeomen, Scourers, we will not be driven.
Try but to force a Pig against his will,
Behold, the sturdy *gentleman* stands still;
Or perhaps, his power to let the driver know,
Gallops the very road he should not go.
No force for me. The French, the fawning dogs,
E'en let *them* lose their freedom, and eat Frogs:
Damme, I hate each pale *soup-maigre* thief;
Give me my darling Liberty and Beef."

He spoke; and from his jaws a lump he slid,
And, swearing, manful flung to earth his *quid*.
Then swelling Pride forbade his tongue to rest,
While wild emotions labour'd in his breast:
Now sounds confused his anger made him mutter,
And, when he thought on shaving, curses sputter.
Such is the sound (the simile's not weak),
Form'd by what mortals Bubble call and Squeak*,

* The modest Author of the Lousiad must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than Homer's Black-pudding on a Gridiron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his hero Ulysses. (*Vide* Odyssey.)

When 'midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,
The Beef so surly quarrels with the Cabbage.

"Be shaved!" a Scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a Parish-bull, or poor Othello
Placed by that rogue Iago upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a Pair of Horns:
Loud as th' Exciseman, struggling for his life,
And panting in a most inglorious strife;
When on his face the smuggling Princess sprung,
And, Cat-like clawing, to his visage clung*.

"Be shaved like Pigs!" rejoin'd the Scullion's Mate,
His dishclout shaking, and his pot-crown'd pate:
"What Barber dares it?—Let him watch his nose,
And, curse me, dread the rage of these ten toes."
So saying, with an oath to raise one's hair,
He kick'd with threatening foot the yielding air.

* This affair happened a few years since. An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her Highness fell upon the poor *rat de cave*, and almost scratched his eyes out. The Exciseman made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the Disgrace. The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the Duties to his Cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could *dishonour* the face of an Exciseman.

Thus have I seen an Ass (baptized a Jack),
Graced by a Chimney-sweeper on his back,
Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a *horse of quality.*

"Be shaved!" an understrapper Turnbroche cried,
In all the foaming energy of pride:
"Zounds, let us take his Majesty in hand;
The King shall find he lives at *our* command.
Yes; let him know, with all his wondrous State,
His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait:
We rule the platters, *we* command the spit,
And George shall have his mess when *we* think fit;
Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,
And then, if *we* think proper, have his Meat."

Thus, having fed on venison rather coarse,
A colt, or crocodile, or dish of horse,
The Tartar quits his smoky hut with scorn,
Sounds to the Kingdoms of the World his horn,
And, treating Monarchs like his Slaves or Swine,
Informs them they *have liberty* to dine.

"Heavens!" cried a Yeoman, with much learning graced,
In books, as well as meat, a man of *taste,*

Who read with vast applause the daily news,
And kept a close acquaintance with the Muse;
Conundrum, rebus, made; acrostic, riddle;
And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle,
When Love, with cruel dart, the murdering thief!
His Heart had spitted, like a Piece of Beef:
"Are these," he said, "of Kings the whims and jokes?
Then Kings can be as *mad* as common folks.
Dame Nature, when a Prince's *head* she makes,
No more concern about the inside takes,
Than of the inside of a bug's or bat's,
A flea's, a grasshopper's, a cur's, a cat's:
As careless as the Artist, trunks designing,
About the trifling circumstance of *lining;*
Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,
Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays;
Or Sacred Dramas of Miss Hannah More,
Where all the Nine with little Moses snore;
Or good Squire Pindar's Odes; or Warton's stick;
Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,
Who furious drives, at times, his old goose-quill,
On *Strawberry* (Reader, not th' *Aonian) Hill;*
Whether he doom the Royal Speech to cling,
Or those of Lords and Commons to the King;

Where *one* begs Money, and the *others* grant
So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,
As if the Cash were really all *their own*,
To purchase knick-knacks that disgrace a Throne*.—
Ah me! did people know what trifling things
Compose those Idols of the Earth, called Kings;
Those counterparts of that *important Fellow*,
The children's wonder, Signor Punchinello;
Who struts upon the Stage his hour away;
His outside, gold; his inside, rags and hay;
No more as God's Vicegerents would they shine,
Nor make the World cut throats for Right Divine.

"Those Lords of Earth, at Dinner, we have seen
Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen:
Oft for an ill-dress'd Egg have heard them groan,
And seen them quarrel for a Mutton-bone;
At Salt, or Vinegar, with passion fume,
And kick Dogs, Chairs, and Pages, round the room†.

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from Toys. For an instance we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a Time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds. The same artist is also allowed two hundred pounds per annum to keep the Bauble in repair.

† This is partly a picture of the last Reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind: his hat, and his favourite minister Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the footballs of his

Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
Whene'er the rushing Rain hath spoil'd a Hunt!
Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,
Mere riding Dishclouts homeward they have jogg'd;
Poor imps, the sport (with all their pride and power)
Of Nature's diuretic stream, a Shower!
This *we*, the Actors in the farce, perceive;
But *this* the *distant* World will ne'er believe,
Who fancy Kings to all the Virtues born,
Ne'er by the vulgar storms of Passion torn;
But blest with Souls so calm, like Summer Seas.
That smile to Heaven, unruffled by a breeze:
Who think that Kings, on Wisdom always fed,
Speak sentences like Bacon's Brazen Head;
Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,
Yet think some heavenly Spirit dictates all;
Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
And, though all ailment, sacred from decay;
To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,
And thank their God their eyes have seen a King.
Lord! in the Circle when our Royal Master
Pours out his Words as fast as Hail, or faster,

ill humour; nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his *foot benevolence*. But he was a Prince of virtues: "*ubi plura nitent, non ego* paucis *offendar maculis.*"

To country Squires, and Wives of country Squires;
Like stuck Pigs staring, how each Oaf *admires!*
Lo! every Syllable becomes a Gem:
And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,
Seized with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
Their joints with reverence tremble, and their eyes
Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,
Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
How taken is this idle World by show!
Birth, Riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
Preferring, with a Soul as black as Soot,
A Rogue on horseback to a Saint on foot.
See France, see Portugal, Sicilia, Spain,
And mark the desert of each Despot's brain;
Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a fool;
Who prove that nothing is too mean to *rule.*
What could the Prince, high towering like a Steeple,
Without the Majesty of *us* the People?
Go, like the King of Babylon*, to grass;
Or wander, like a Beggar with a pass.
However *modern* Kings may Cooks despise,
Warriors and Kings were Cooks, or History lies:
Patroclus broil'd Beef-steaks to quell his hunger;
The mighty Agamemnon potted Conger;

* Nebuchadnezzar.

And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,
Spread his own Bread and Butter with his thumbs.—
Be shaved! No: sooner pillories, jails, the stocks,
Shall pinch this corpse, than Barbers snatch my Locks."

"Well hast thou said," a Scourer bold rejoin'd:
"Damme, I love the man who speaks his mind."
Then in his arms the Orator he took,
And swore he was an Angel of a Cook.
Awhile he held him with a Cornish hug;
Then seized, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,
Whose ample womb nor Cyder held nor Ale,
But Nectar fit for Jove, and brewed by Thrale.
"A health to Cooks!" he cried, and waved the pot;
"And he who sighs for titles, is a sot.
Let Dukes and Lords the World in wealth surpass;
Yet many a Lion's skin conceals an Ass.
Lo! this is one among my Golden Rules,
To think the *greatest men* the *greatest fools:*
The *great* are judges of an Opera-song,
And fly a Briton's for a Eunuch's tongue;
Thus idly squandering for a squawl their riches,
To faint with rapture at those Cats in Breeches.
Accept this truth from me, my Lads: the man
Who first found out a Spit or Frying-pan,

Did ten times more towards the Public Good,
Than all the tawdry Titles since the Flood:
Titles, that Kings may grant to Asses, Mules;
The scorn of Sages, and the boast of Fools."

He ended. All the Cooks exclaim'd, "Divine!'
Then whisper'd one another, 'twas "damned fine."
Thus spoke the Scourer like a man inspired,
Whose Speech the Heroes of the Kitchen fired:
Grooms, Master-scourers, Scullions, Scullions' Mates,
With all the Overseers of Knives and Plates,
Felt their brave Souls like frisky Cyder work,
Whizzing in opposition to the Cork;
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And Cooks of greater consequence than Kings.
Such is the power of words, where truth unites;
And such the rage that injured worth excites!
The Scourer's Speech indeed, with reason blest,
Inflamed with godlike ardour all the rest.
Thus if a Barn Heaven's vengeful Lightning draw,
The flame ethereal darts among the straw;
Doors, Rafters, Beams, Owls, Weasels, Mice, and Rats,
And (if unfortunately mousing) Cats;
All feel the fierce devouring Fire in turn,
And, mingling in one Conflagration, burn.

"Sons of the Spit," the Major cried again,
"Your noble Speeches prove you blest with brain;
Brain, that Dame Nature gives *not every* head,
But fills the vast vacuity with Lead.
Yet ere for Opposition we prepare,
And fight the *glorious cause* of Heads of Hair,
Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
And tell the King with firmness our condition.
Soon as our sad Complaint he hears us utter,
His gracious Heart may melt away like Butter;
Fair Mercy shine amidst our gloomy house,
And anger'd Majesty forget the Louse."

ADVERTISEMENT.

As many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the Barbers on the Heads of the harmless Cooks, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy Sufferers: it is the Palace List, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette:—

A TRUE LIST OF THE SHAVED AT BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

Two Master Cooks.	Two Soil-Carriers.
Three Yeomen ditto.	Two Door-Keepers.
Four Grooms.	Eight Boys.
Three Children.	Five Pastry People.
Two Master Scourers.	Eight Silver Scullery,
Six Under Scourers.	for laughing at the
Six Turnbroches.	Cooks.

In all, Fifty-One.

A young Man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

Qualis ab incepto. HORACE.

"As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall be*, world without end."

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern Poets—The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus—Sad Condition of Bards—Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More Invocation to the Muses—The Tricks of those Ladies—Their Impositions on Poets and Poeteases—A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell, on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great Powers of Conscience—More Invocation to Conscience—Truth and Falsehood, their Situations—More Invocation to Conscience—The Praise of Royal Economy, and a Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More Invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle, properly treated—More Words to Conscience—The fatal Power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets—Description of her Pseudo-votaries—The Bard blusheth for the Quantity of Invocation—Procession of his Epic Poem—Madame Schwellenberg described with a Plate of Ham—Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education—Account of Pride—Madame Schwellenberg's Visit to the King—His Majesty's most gracious Speech—Madame Schwellenberg's Answer—Address to Readers on Swearing Ladies—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near two hundred Years ago—The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis—Description of the Dining Room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House—The Entertainment and Utensils of this Room—Dixon the Cook-major's Speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-major Dixon's Speech in Continuance—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the Dumps—The Cook-major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech, a very sensible Speech—Conclusion with a beautiful Simile—The Petition of the Cooks.

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the sacred Fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like Cart-horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your Stream so clear,
And, while they gulp it, wish it Ale or Beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's Brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And, blest with Beef their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's Chophouse their Aonian Hill;
More pleased to hear Knives, Forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling Cymbals of the Nine:—
Assist me, ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe.
Such power have Satires, Epigrams, and Odes,
As make even bankrupts of the Born of Gods;
As well as *mortal* Bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful Madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapless Cuckoos in a cage,
The ragged Warblers pour their tuneful rage;

Deck the damp walls with Verse of various quality,
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah, tell me where is now thy blush, O Shame!
Shall Bards through *jails* explore the road to fame;
Like souls of Papists, in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way house call'd Purgatory
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old Tobacco-pipes, from *black* to *white?*
Yet let me say again, that powerful Rhyme
Hath lifted Poets to a state sublime;
To lofty pillories raised their sacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips and their tops,
Paid *flying* homage to their tuneful chops.
Blest state, that gives each fair exalted mien
To grace in print a monthly Magazine;
And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
'Midst angels, sinners, saints, of Mister West;
Where brave King Alexander and the Deer,
A noble bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
From that famed Picture* which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view:

* A whole acre of canvas so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a Brass-foundry.

Bright as the Pictures that with glorious glare,
On pent-house high, in Piccadilly stare,
Where Lions seem to roar, and Tigers growl,
Hyænas whine, and Wolves in concert howl;
And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what shaggy Devils lodge within.

Ye Nymphs who, fond of fun, full many a time
Mount on a Jack-ass many a Child of Rhyme;
And make him think, astride his braying hack,
He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
Ye Muses, oft by brainless Poets sought
To bid the Stanza chime, and swell with thought;
Who, whelping for *oblivion*, fain would save
Their whining Puppies from the sullen Wave:
Assist me ye who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our Girls in bibs to eke out Novels,
And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)
The humbler art of making Pie or Pudding:
Who make our Sapphos of their Verses vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;
And, 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright Madness for *your* Inspirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, George, to thine

When blest at Datchet, through thy Herschell's Glass,
That brings from distant Worlds a Horse, an Ass,
A Tree, a Windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, Stockings, Blankets, that on hedges dry,
Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings soon,
Unsated feast on Wonders in the Moon:
Where Herschell on Volcanoes, Mountains, pores,
And, happy, Nature's true *sublime* explores;
While thou, so modest (wonderful to tell!),
On *lunar trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, Grasshoppers, Grubs, Cobwebs, Cuckoo-spittle;
In short, delighted with the world of *little;*
Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the Journals* crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great Patron of the double quill†,
That flays by Rhyme, and murders by a Pill,
(A pretty kind of double-barrell'd Gun,
More given to tragedy than comic fun);
Auspicious Patron of the paunch and backs
Of those all-daring rascals christen'd Quacks,

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder;
Who, Hawk-like, keep the human species under:—
God of those Gentlemen of jingling brains
Who, for *their own* amusement, print their strains;
Strains that ne'er *soar'd* beyond the Beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a school-boy's *kite;*
Strains, arrant strangers to a *depth* profound,
Save when, deep pilgrimaging *under ground,*
In humble rags, like Tinners in a mine,
They pay their court to Cloacina's shrine;
Strains that no ray of *light* nor *warmth* proclaim,
Save when, committed to the fire, they *flame;*
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they *turn'd* on beef or venison round:—
Oh! aid, as lofty Homer says, my νους,
To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse.

Nymphs, Phebus, in my *first* heroic Chapter
I should have prayed for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
But, says the proverb, "better *late* than *never.*"

Well; since I'm in the invocation trade,
To Conscience let my compliments be paid:—

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,
That, Bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking Vice,
As sharp as Weasels hunting eggs or mice;
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,
Makes our Hair bristle like a Hedgehog's Back;
Shakes, Ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our Saint-like eyes with dread devotion;
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heaven,
And promise miracles to be forgiven;
Bids Spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With scenes of Fires of glowing Brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricaseeing,
The Soul, that sad offending little being;
That stubborn stuff, of Salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the Burning Lake:—

O Conscience! thou Strait-jacket of the Soul,
The madding sallies of the Bard control;
Who when inclined, like brother Bards, to lie,
Bring Truth's neglected form before his eye,

Fair Maid, to towns and Courts a stranger grown,
And now to rural swains almost unknown,
Whose company was once their prudent choice;
Who once, delighted, listen'd to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
And Constancy went hand in hand with Love:
Sweet Truth, who steals through lonely shades along,
And mingles with the Turtle's note her song;
While Falsehood, raised by sycophantic tricks:
Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and six:—

Conscience, who bid'st our Monarch, from the Nation
Send Sons to Gottingen for education;
Since helpless Cam and Isis, lost to knowledge,
Are *idiots* to this Hanoverian College,
Where simple Science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious, Athens of the day:
So says the Ruler of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of Wisdom's Schools.

Dear Attic Gottingen, to thee I bow,
Of knowledge O most wonderful Milch-cow!
From whom huge pails the Royal Boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, *a little* to the King.

Through *thee*, besides the Knowledge they may reap,
The Lads shall get their Board and Lodging *cheap*,
And learn, like their good Parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who *seldom* bid a Minister implore
A *little farther* pittance for the *poor*.—

Conscience, who, to the *wonder* of his Sire,
Badest from his wonted State a Prince retire,
And, like a Subject, humbly seek the shade,
That not a Tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of Envy stings;
A deed unmention'd in the Book of *Kings*:—

Conscience, who madest a Monarch, by thy power,
Send prisoner the famed Diamond to the Tower*;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently sought to bribe his *grace*:
Where too the Cradle and the Bed shall rest,
That on the same damn'd errand left the East.
Thus full of Gem and Pearl the treasonous tribe,
And Beds and Cradles that would Monarchs bribe!

Conscience, who now canst like a Cart-horse draw;
Now, lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a Straw:

* Such is the story of the late sly Bube that stole into St. James's.

So different are thy powers at different times,
Thou dear Companion of the Man of Rhymes.
Thou who at times canst like a Lion *roar*
For one poor sixpence; yet, like North, canst *snore*,
Though Rapine, Murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all its horrors rise:
Whose eye on petty Frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown Crimes that *blast* a name:—

O Conscience! who didst bid to madness work
(So great thy power) the brain of hapless Yorke,
And madest him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note:
Yet wantedst strength to force from *His* hard eye
One drop, who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky;
Whose damned prayers, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakness of his honest heart:
Poor Yorke, without a stone whose relics lie,
Though Virtue mark'd the Murder with a sigh!

O Conscience! who to Clive didst give the knife
That, desperate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawless Plunderer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd Asia's eye with woe, and heart with fear:
Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
From gasping Nature forced the blushing flood;

While Havoc, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerved his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.—

And now to thee, O lovely Fame, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this Great Work commend:
Give one apiece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them sound the Labours of the Muse:
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the swelling note to Doomsday reach:
To daily Newspapers a trumpet give:—
Thus shall my Epic strain for ever live:
Thus shall my Book descend to distant times,
And rapt Posterity resound my Rhymes;
By future Beauties shall each Tome be prest,
And, like their Lapdogs, live a Parlour-guest.

Thee, dearest Fame, some Mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as Adders to thy charms of song:
Just as the Hypocrites say prayers, sing psalms,
Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the Power who rules above,
Not from a principle of heavenly love,
But, sneaking rascals! to obtain, when dead,
A comfortable Lodging overhead,

When, forced by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on.—
Lo! Madame Schwellenberg, inclined to *cram*,
Was wondrous busy o'er a plate of ham:
A ham that once adorn'd a German Pig,
Rough as a Bear, and as a Jack-ass big;
In woods of Westphaly by hunters smitten,
And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
Somewhat of Madame Schwellenberg, I pray.
If ancient Poets mention but a Horse,
We read his Genealogy of course:
Oh! say, shall Horses boast the deathless line,
And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This Woman saw the light without much pother:
That is, no grand Commotions shook our earth;
Apollo danced no Hornpipe at her birth,
To say to what perfection she was born,
What Wit, what Wisdom, should the Nymph adorn;
No Bees around her Lips in clusters hung,
To tell the future Sweetness of her Tongue;

Around her cradle perch'd no cooing Dove,
To mark the soul of Innocence and Love;
No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To show the future Conquests of the Maid,
Whose Charms would make the jealous Sex her foe
And with their lightnings blast a thousand Beaus.
Indeed the Muse must own, a trifling Pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;
For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil they should maintain h

Heavens! what? no Prodigy attend *her* birth
Who awes the greatest Palace upon earth?
Yes: a Black Cat around the Bantling squall'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd;
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
And made a bold attempt to *kiss* the Child:
Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
And, Imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
Then to the cradle rush'd the darkening throng,
And, raptured, shriek'd congratulating song;
Which song, in concert with the squalls of Puss,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"

In Strelitz first this Dame the light espied,
Born to a *good inheritance*—of *pride;*

For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
Pride pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune struts:
Like Rats, that live in palaces or huts;
Or Bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of straw or beds of state;
Or Monkeys vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, Proteus Pride, whose various powers of throat
Can swell the Trumpet's loud and saucy note;
And, if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quivering, sounds of Jews'-harps mourn!
Hail, Pride, companion of the great and little;
So abject, who canst lick a patron's spittle;
Whine like a sneaking Puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning World a single rush,
But bear its pointed scorn without a blush.
Yet fain wouldst thou the crouching World bestride,
Just like the Rhodian Bully o'er the tide;
The brazen Wonder of the World of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,

And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride; great, little, humble, vain:
And now for Madame Schwellenberg again.

Whether the Nymph could *ever* boast a grace,
That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
The Muse is ignorant, she must allow;
Yet knows this truth, that *not one* sparkles *now*.
If *ever* beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they *long* have left their dwelling.
This Nymph a Mantua-maker was, I ween,
And prized for cheapness by our saving Queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair Land of Milk and Honey;
And placed her in a most important sphere,
Inspectress General of the Royal Gear.

Soon as this Woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like Walls of Plaister, pale.
But first the ham of Westphaly she gobbled,
And then to seek the Lord's Anointed hobbled:
Him full of wrath, like Peleus' Son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his whore,

In all the bitterness of wrath she found;
The Queen and Royal Children staring round.
"O Swelly!" thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
While wild impatience winged each rapid word;
For, lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The King long since had bid to kiss his breech:
The broken language that his mouth affords
Are Heads and Tails, and Legs and Wings, of Words;
That give Imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a Giblet-pie.

"O Swelly, Swelly!" cried the furious King,
"What, what, a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!
That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
Indeed is very, very, very kind.
Whats your opinion, hæ?" the Monarch raved:
"Yes, yes, the Cooks shall every one be shaved.
What, what? hæ, hæ? now tell me, Swelly, pray,
Shan't I be right in't? What, what, Swelly? hæ?
Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,
That he belong'd to some one of the Cooks.
Speak, Swelly; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?
Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul."

To whom the Dame, with elevated chin,
Wide-staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin:

" Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be saved,
So sure de dirty rascals sal be shaved:
Shaved to de quick be every moder's son,
And curse me if *I* do not see it done:
De Barbers soon der nasty Locks sal fall on,
Nor leave one standing for a Louse to crawl on.
If on der sculls de razor do not shine,
May gowns and petticoats no more be mine;
Curl, club, and pigtail, all sal go to pot,
For sush cursed nastiness, or I'll be rot:
Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye;
Where from his own mock trone de Prince so great
Can jomp into another Prince estate.
Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and *me*,
No single lousy rascal sal go free."—

Reader, thou raisest both thy marvelling eyes,
In all the staring wildness of surprise,
As if the Poet did not truth revere;
And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear.
Go, fool, and seek the Ladies of the Mud,
Queens of the Lakes, or Damsels of the Flood,
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call Drabs,
Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;

Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear.
Nay, visit many of our courtly Dames,
When wrath their dovelike gentleness inflames:
Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord;
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

"Thanks, Swelly, thanks, thanks, thanks," the King replied;
"Like *me*, you have not got a grain of pride.
Yes, yes, if I am master of this house,
Yes, yes, the Locks shall fall, and then the Louse."

He spoke; and, to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining-room.
Thus Jove, of old, the dread, the thundering God,
Shook, when he swore, Olympus with his nod.

"Yes," cried the King; "yes, yes, their Curls shall quake:
But tell me where, where, where's Sir Francis Drake?"

O Reader! think not 'twas that Drake, Sir Francis,
Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances;

Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And raised the Nation's glory to the stars;
Who first in triumph sailed around the World,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd:—
But *he* who sculks around the Royal Kitchen,
Which if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
Not that Sir Francis Drake who, god-like, bore
Fair Freedom, Science, to the Atlantic shore;
To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted virtue 'midst a barbarous race;
Spread on the darken'd realms the blaze of light:—
But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright;
Sees that the Knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal Stomachs, *keen.*
Not he, whose martial frown whole Kingdoms shook,—
But *he* whose louring visage shakes a Cook.
Not he who poured on *Mexico* his tars:—
But *he*, at *London*, who with *linen* wars,
Napkins and damask table-cloths assails
With scissors, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;
Who *dares* with doyleys desperate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage,

If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place**.
'Twas not that Drake who bade his daring crew
Run with their *bayonets* the *Spaniards* through;—
But *that* important Drake, in office big,
Instructing Cooks to *spit* a *goose* or *pig*.
Not he who took the Spaniards by the nose,
And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes:—
But *he* who bids the Geese, his prisoners, die,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie;
He who, three times a week, a Green-cloth Lord,
Sits, wisdom-fraught, at that important Board
With wise compeers, in Judge-like order studying
Whether the King shall have a tart or pudding.
Not he, by virtues to the world endeared,
By foes respected and by friends revered;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye;
But waked of joy the long-departed beam,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream:—
But *he*, with greatness at eternal strife,
Who never gave a sixpence in his life;

* It was a common practice, in the last and preceding reigns, to tear and cut the Royal linen privately; which, on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or scissar wounds, were never more used, but went as perquisites to Treasurers; Masters of the Household.

Who, if he ever ask'd a friend to dine,
Requested favours that outweigh'd his wine;
From lane to lane who steals with wary feet,
Just like the cautious Hare that seeks his seat:
Who, though a City* near him rears her head,
And wealthy Villages around him spread,
No friend, no neighbour, near his mansion found;
Like Cain, he walks in solitude around.
'Twas *this* Sir Francis, quite a different man
From him who round the World with glory ran:
Forbid it Heaven that e'er the Muse untrue
Should give to any man another's due.

Muse, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewit
To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.

In that snug room†, the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the sauntering Park;
Where many a hungry Bard, and gambling sinner,
In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner:
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk‡;

* Exeter.

† The Larder.

‡ This will be deemed strange by my country Readers, but it is nevertheless true.

Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a Cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces;
But where old Adam's Beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl, and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish;
Where Stewpan-covers serve for Plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;
Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
And for a Cruet stands a Brandy-cag;
Where Madame Schwellenberg, too, often sits,
Like some old Tabby in her mousing-fits,
Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
To catch some fault to carry to the Queen:—
In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, Ovid speaks;
Around the table, all with sulky looks,
Like Culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the Cooks.
At length, with phiz that showed the Man of Woes,
The sorrowing King of Spits and Stewpans rose;
Like Paul at Athens, very justly sainted,
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
With out-stretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearless thus harangues the *roasting race;*

While gaping round, in mute attention, sit
The poor forlorn Disciples of the Spit:

" Cooks, Scullions, hear me every mother's son:
Know that I relish not this Royal fun;
George thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)
To carry guts, my Brethren, to a bear."—
" Guts to a bear!" the Cooks up-springing cried.
" Guts to a bear," the Major loud replied.
" Guts to the devil!" loud roared the Cooks again,
And toss'd their noses high in proud disdain:
The plain translation of whose pointed noses
The Reader needeth not, the Bard supposes;
If for the reason some dull Reader looks,
'Tis this: " Whatever Kings may think of Cooks,
Howe'er Crown'd Heads may deem them low-born
things,
Cooks are possess'd of souls as well as Kings."
Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)
Poor people's Souls like Pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated brass, base stuff, abhorr'd,
That never can pass current with the Lord;
And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
With every freedom they may treat the *poor:*

Witness the Story that my Muse with tears
Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears :—

With feeble voice, and deep desponding sighs,
With sallow cheek, and pity-asking eyes,
A Wretch, by age and poverty decayed,
For farthings lately to a Nabob prayed.
The Nabob, Turkey-like, began to swell,
And damned the Beggar to the pit of Hell.
" Oh! Sir," the Supplicant was heard to cry,
The tear of misery trickling from his eye,
" Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
And you with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
There won't in Heaven such difference take place,
When we before the Lord come face to face."—
" *You* face to face with *me!*" the Nabob cried,
In all the insolence of upstart pride:
" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
Damme, I'll kick you if I catch you there."—
Oh shocking blasphemy! oh horrid speech!
Where was the fellow born? the wicked wretch!
So black an Imp would pull, I do suppose,
A Bulse of Diamonds from a Begum's nose;
Or make, like Doulah, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major said, " my Brethren, pray,
If force must snatch our first delights away?
Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag
The Hairs that long have graced this silken bag;
Hairs to a Barber scarcely worth a fig,
Too few to make a foretop for a wig?
Must razors vile these Locks, so scanty, shave,
Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;
Hairs, look, my Lads, so wonderfully thin,
Old Schwellenberg hath more upon her chin?"—
" Yes, that she hath," exclaimed a Cook, " by God,
A damn'd old German good-for-nothing Toad!
Yes, yes, her mouth with Beard divinely bristles:
Curse me, I'd rather kiss a Bunch of Thistles.
Oh! were it but his Majesty's commands
To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,
I'd shave her, like a punish'd Soldier, *dry;*
No killing Sow should make a sweeter cry:
I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin:
I'll answer for't, I'd make the devil grin:
The razor most deliciously should work:
I'd trim her muzzle; yes, I'd scrape her pork:
I'd teach her, to some purpose to behave;
And show the Witch the nature of a Shave.

O woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat!*"—
He ended: when each mouth, upon the stretch,
Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the *classic* Speech.

Too soon, alas! Resentment seized the hour,
And Joke resign'd his grin-provoking power;
Rage dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye:
While Grief, returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and saddened every mien;
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing Graces,
For much is Grief disposed to bring down faces.

"Son of the Spit," the Major strutting cried,
"I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
I'd rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,
For thou hast made a very pretty Speech.
Such is the language that the Gods should hear,
And such should thunder on the Royal ear.
Yet, Son of Dripping, though thou speak'st my notions,
We must not be too nimble in our motions:
Awhile, heroic Brothers, let us halt;
Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make sweet malt.

And yet, again I bid you stand like Rocks,
And battle for the honour of your Locks.
Lo! in these aged Hairs is all my joy;
To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.
What's life, if life has not a bliss to give;
And, if unhappy, who would wish to live?
Content can visit the poor spider'd room,
Pleased with the coarse rush-mat and birchen broom;
Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
With Cheeks as round as Apples, and as red;
Where Health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
Sweet souls, though ragged as young Colts or Rams:
Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,
Though nibbled by the Fleas as thick as Starlings;
Lull'd to their rest beneath the coarsest rugs,
And dead to bitings of a thousand bugs.

"Content, mild Maid, delights in *simple* things,
And envies not the state of Queens or Kings;
Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,
Without a table or a table-cloth;
Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,
To visit Horton's shop for turtle-soup;
Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
And sit upon a chair without a back;

Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
And use a wooden skewer for a fork.
Sweet maid, who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,
Nor feels the *horrors* in a worsted stocking;
Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock:
Pleased with the natural curls her face that shade,
No graves are robb'd for hair to form a braid:
Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
To swelling *merry-thoughts* of gauze and wires,
To look like Crops of Ducks (with labour born)
Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
With Nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps,
But, pleased from whalebone prisons to escape,
She trusts to simple Nature for a shape;
Without a warming-pan can go to bed,
And wrap her petticoat about her head;
Nor sigh for Cobweb caps of Mechlin Lace,
That shade of Quality the varnish'd face.
Sweet Nymph, like Doves she seeks her straw-built nest,
And in a pair of minutes is undrest;
While all the *fashionable* female clans,
Undressing, seem unloading Caravans.

No matter from what source Contentment springs,
'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings;
And if our souls are set upon our Hair,
Let snip-snap Barbers, nay, let Kings beware,
Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
And clap, like Fools, the edge-tool to our sculls.
Tread on a Worm, he shows his rage and pain,
By turning on the wounding toe again.
Nay, even inanimates appear to feel:
On the loose Stone if chance direct your heel,
Lo! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
To prove the foot was not among its friends;
And, calling in the aid of neighbour Mud,
O'er the fair stocking spouts the sable flood."

So spoke the Major, with resentment fired:
Spoke like a man; indeed, like man *inspired*.—

Some Critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
" Bard, Bard, this is not language for a Cook."—
O snarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
It is not too sublime for a Cook-Major.

" Behold! to remedy our sad condition,"
The Major cried, " I've *cook'd up* a Petition:
This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken;
Shall shake the Monarch's soul, and save our *bacon*."

Then, jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping Crowd.

Thus reads a Parish-clerk in church a Brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief:
Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor Petitioners, the ruin'd wretches;
But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
To fat Churchwardens and fat Overseers;
Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

THE

PETITION OF THE COOKS.

Your Majesty's firm Friends and faithful Cooks,
Who in your Palace merry lived as Grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and downcast looks,
That we must all be shaved, and put on Wigs:
You, Sire, who with *such honour* wear *your* crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir, we really deem our Heads our own,
With every sprig of Hair that on them springs:
In France, where Men like Spaniels lick the Throne,
And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,

Their Locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque,*
Who swallows privileges like a Shark.

Be pleased to pardon what we now advance:
We dare your sacred Majesty assure
That there's a *difference* between *us* and *France;*
And *long*, we hope, that *difference* will endure.
We know King Lewis would, with power so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head.*

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,
What dire designing ragamuffins said
That we, your Cooks, are such a nasty crew,
Great Sir, as to have Crawlers in our Head?
My Liege, you can't find one through all our house;
Not if you'd give a guinea for a Louse.

What Creature 'twas you found upon your plate
We know not; if a Louse, it was not ours:
To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary powers;
The act humanity and justice shocks;
Let him who *owns* the Crawler, lose his Locks.

But grant, upon your plate this Louse so dread;
How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us?*
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a *louse?*

Nay, grant the fact; with horror should you shrink?
It could not *eat* your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
As well as people of inferior state:
Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things;
We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
For, by your size, we frankly must declare,
You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a universe hath been your foes;
The times have look'd most miserably black:
America hath *tried* to pull your nose;
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *tried* to bang your back:
'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You see the spirit of your Cooks then, Sire;
Determined nobly to support their Locks:
And should your Guards be ordered out to fire,
Their Guns may be opposed by Spits and Crocks:
Knives, Forks, and Spoons, may fly, with Plates a store,
And all the Thunder of the Kitchen roar.

Nat Gardner, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares
He'll join the standard of your injured Cooks:
Each Scullion, Turnbroche, for redress prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks:

Your women too: *imprimis* Mistress Dyer,
Whose Eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

Next Sweeper-general Bickley, Mistress Mary,
With that famed Bell-ringer called Mistress Loman;
Ann Spencer, Guardian of the Necessary,
That is to say, the necessary woman:
All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine
To join us in the cause of Hair and Vermin.

There's Mistress Stewart, Mister Richard Day,
Who find your sacred Majesty in Linen,
Are ready to support us in our fray;
You can't conceive the passion they have been in:
They swear, so much your scheme of Shaving hurts,
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The Grocers, Clarke and Taylor, curse the scheme;
And say, whate'er we do, the World won't blame us:
So Comber says, who gives you Milk and Cream;
And thus your old friend Mister Lewis Ramus.
We think your sacred Majesty would mutter
At loss of Sugar, Milk, and Cream, and Butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that Mistress Knutton
And Mistress Maishfield, fierce as Tiger-cats;—
One, Overseer of all the Beef and Mutton,
The other, Lady President of Sprats;—

Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the Flesh, and *that* the Fish?

Suppose John Clarke refuse supplies of Mustard,
So necessary to your Beef and Bacon?
Will Roberts, all the Apple-pie and Custard?
Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken.
Suppose that Wells, to plague your stomach studying,
From Sunday, *sacrilegious*, steals the Pudding?

Suppose that Rainsforth with our *corps* unites;
We mean the man who all the Tallow handles:
Suppose he locks up all the mutton lights:
How could your Majesty contrive for Candles?
You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark),
Like *some* Administrations,—in the *dark*.

We dare assure you that our grief is great;
And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
To see your sacred Majesty beset
By such a graceless gang of idle Pages:
And, with submission to your judgement, Sire,
We think old Madame Schwellenberg a Liar.

Suppose, great Sir, that by your cruel *fiat*
The Barbers should attack our humble Head;
And that we should not choose to breed a riot,
Because we might not wish to lose our bread:

Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook
Make George the Third like Alexander look?

Dread Sir, reflect on Johnny Wilkes's fate,
Supported chiefly by a paltry Rabble;
Wilkes bade defiance to your frowns and state,
And got the better in that famous squabble:
Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
That set the mouth of Europe on the grin.

O King, our Wives are in the Kitchen roaring,
All ready in rebellion now to rise;
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard against a *wig* surprise:
"*Yours* is the Hair," they cry, "th' Almighty gave ye,
And not a King in Christendom should shave ye."

Lo! on th' event the World impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carried much too far;
Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,
Nor in the Palace breed a Civil War:
Loud roar our Band; and, obstinate as Pigs,
Cry, "Locks and Liberty, and damn the Wigs!"

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO III.

Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires:
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona jugo. PROPERTIUS.

Bold is th' ascent, but *Glory* nerves my powers;
I like to pick on *precipices* flowers.

THE ARGUMENT.

A *sublime*, *natural*, *elegant*, and *original*, Description of Night—Modesty of the Stars—Slumbering Situation of their Majesties, with a Compliment to their Constancy—The charming Princesses asleep—high Compliments bestowed on them—A prophetic Suggestion of a Courtship between one of our Princesses and some *great* German Duke—An Account of Mr. Morpheus, vulgarly called the God of Sleep—his Civility to the People, in giving them pretty Dreams, by way of Compensation for shutting up their Mouths, Eyes, and Ears, for a Dozen or fourteen Hours together—The solemn Amusements of Silence—A Night-Picture of London—The Palace, a Night-Scene—The *Goodness* of certain Court Lords to the Maids of Honour—Kind Embraces placed in a *new Light*, and vindicated—More Account of the Palace; containing a thirsty Fly, a hungry Cat, a starved Bull-dog, and frost-nipped Crickets—An Account of Madame Fame's Journey to the Den of Madame Discord—An Account of Madame Discord—An Inventory of her Cell—Account of her Excursions—her Pictures and Music—her sudden Flight to Buckingham House—assumes the Shape of Madame Schwellenberg—whispers his Majesty—her Speech to Majesty—Majesty's *fine* Answer in his *Sleep*—Discord quits Majesty—takes the Form of Madame Haggerdorn—and goes to the Major's Bedside, and whispers Rebellion to him—Her Speech—The Major sits upright in his Bed—handles his *Pig-tail*—The Major's most pathetic Curses—his *sensible* Soliloquy on Wigs—his Attack on Kings *in general*, and Praise of our most gracious King *in particular*—The Major strikes a Light—a *rich* Comparison—visits a Master-Cook—Vast Difference between a Battle fought in a Field and in a Newspaper—The Descent of the Cooks to the Kitchen—A *great* and *apt* Comparison—The Cooks look about for Day-light with Horror—The Situation of their Souls described—*finely* illustrated by a *great Woman's* Apprehensions for her fine Diamond Stomacher—Lord Eglintoun, and an Old Maid—A most tender and just Apostrophe to the frail Fair-ones of the Town—A Tear dropped on their unhappy Condition—Their Part taken by the Poet, and, in a great

THE ARGUMENT.

Measure, vindicated—The Poet's Thunderbolt launched at a certain *great* Limb of the Law, by way of Palliation—A short yet most charming Reflection on the female Heart, when in Love—The Poet returns to the Cooks—continues to describe their Dread of Day-light, by more apt Comparisons of hungry Authors—General Conflagration—Sir William Chambers, and the Bishop of Exeter—Some Allusion to his Majesty's Journey to Exeter—Extracts from a Manuscript Poem of a Devonshire Humourist, one John Ploughshare—The Major vainly endeavours to banish his Fears by whistling and humming a Couple of Tunes—The Names of the unsuccessful Tunes.

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE THIRD.

NIGHT, like a Widow, in her Weeds of woe,
Had gravely walked for hours our World below:
Hobgoblins, Spectres, in her train, and Cats;
Owls round her hooting, mixed with shrieking Bats,
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.
Now, like our Quality, who darkling rise,
Each Star had oped its fashionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well-bred,
Till Sol, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
In leaden slumber snored the *best* of Kings;
In slumber lifeless, with *seraphic* mien,
Close at his back too snored his *gentle* Queen:

Unlike the Pair of modern days; that weds,
And in *one* fortnight bawls for different beds.

Blest imp, now Morpheus o'er each Princess stole,
And closed those radiant eyes that vainly roll:
Eyes, Love's bright Stars, but doomed *in vain* to shine;
For, ah! what Youth shall say, "Those Orbs are mine?"
Then what are Eyes, alas! the *brightest* eyes,
Forbid to languish on a Lover's sighs?
The pouting Lip, the soft luxuriant Breast,
If coldly fated *never* to be press'd?
Ah! vainly *those* like dew-clad Cherries glow;
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine Snow.
The Breath that gives of Araby the gales,
The Voice that sounds enchantment, what avails?
The Juno Form, the purple Bloom of May,
Gifts of the Graces—*all* are thrown away.

But possibly some German Duke may move,
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love;
His wide Dominions, miles perhaps nine or ten;
His Myrmidonian Phalanx, fifty men.
But, lo! his *heart*, the fount whence Honour springs,
Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient Kings.
He comes not for high birth, his own before;
Great Duke, he comes to woo our golden ore,

And add (how truly happy Britain's fate!)
Another Leech to suck the sanguine State;
To join (composing what a goodly row!)
The place-broker old Schwellenberg *and Co.*

Now Morpheus (in compassion to Mankind,
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
Amused with Dreams man's ambulating soul,
To recompense him for the time he stole:
Bade the Beau dance; his Delia melt away,
Who boxed his ears so cruel through the day;
Of ancient Damsels eased the lovesick pains,
Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with Swains;
Gave placid Cuckoldom a constant Dame;
To brainless Authors, bread and cheese and fame;
Made drivelling Monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
And Nature's rankest Coward kill his man;
Gave to the chap-fall'n Courtier wealth and power,
Who felt no favour at the Levee-hour,
Though tip-toed, Hawk-like, watchful all the while,
To seize the faintest glimpse of Royal smile;
Bade happy Aldermen assume new airs,
Bechained with all the splendor of Lord May'rs;

And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
Re-gobble all the Turtle of the day;
Bade Gloucester think his might could match a Mouse,
And Chambers fancy he could build a House;
And Lady Mount, th' Antipodes of Grace,
Think that she does not *frighten* with her Face.

Now Silence in the Country stalk'd the dews,
As if she wore a Flannel pair of Shoes;
Lone listening, as the Poets well remark,
To falling Mill-streams, and the Mastiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouthed Cats, most mournful tales;
To hoot of Owls amid the dusky vales,
To hum of Beetles, and the Bull-frog's snore,
The Spectre's shriek, and Ocean's drowsy roar.—
Lull'd was each street of London to repose,
Save where it echoed to a Watchman's nose;
Or where a Watchman, with ear-piercing Rattle,
Roused his brave Brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the Cynthias of the night,
Sweet Nymphs whose sole Profession is Delight.
Thus the gaunt Wolves the tender Lambs pursue,
And Hawks in blood of Doves their beaks imbrue:
Thus on the Flies of evening rush the Bats,
And Mastiffs sally on the amorous Cats.

Still was the Palace, save where now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
Night-wandering Lords, soft patting on the floor,
Of Maids of Honour sought the chamber-door;
Obliging door, that, opening to the tap,
Admitted Lords to take a *social nap*,
And chase *most kindly* from each timid Maid
The Ghosts that *frightful* haunt the midnight shade:
For *very horrid* 'tis, we all must own,
For poor defenceless Nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raise in gentle breasts a world of *fear*.
Nay, were not Lords *ordained* for Ladies' charms;
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?
Yes; and like lock'd-up Gems those Charms to keep,
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
How wicked then to fly in Nature's face,
And deal damnation on a *kind* embrace!—
Pardon, ye grave Divines, this doctrine strange,
Who think my Morals may have caught the Mange.

Still was the Palace, save where some poor Fly,
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To show him one small drop of dead Small-beer;

Save where the Cat, for Mice so hungry watching,
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching;
Save where the Dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouthed a Mutton-bone;
Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
Crickets of Coughs and Rheumatisms complain'd,
Lamenting sore, " amid a Royal hold,
How hard that Crickets should be kill'd by *cold!*"

Now Fame to Discord's dreary Mansion flew,
To tell the Beldam *more* than *all* she knew,
Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:
Discord, a sleepless hag who never dies,
With Snipe-like nose, and Ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean sallow cheeks, long chin with beard supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old Drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow Heads to form her Skin;
Discord, who, pleased a universe to sway,
Is never half so blest as in a fray;
Discord, to deeds indeed most daring given,
Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in Heaven,
Stirr'd up the sweetest Angels to rebel,
And sunk the fairest Forms to darkest Hell;

Bade, by her din, the humblest Spirits rise,
Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the Skies;
For which they *very properly* were sent,
Unhappy legions! into banishment;
Doomed, for such most abominable sinning,
To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.

Discord, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
"Go crack thy Brother's box that holds his brain;"
Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
That foe to piety and Brother Abel:
Discord, who haunts poor Gloucester's maudlin Dame,
And makes her Duke of Wisdom cry out "Shame!"
Who, *after* dinner, for her Honours screams,
And grasps a British Crown in drunken dreams;
Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
The Duke had clapp'd a Broomstick to her nerves.

Discord, who also often doth profane
The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane;
Where Bawd meets Bawd, blaspheming, swearing, drunk,
Pimp knocks down Pimp, and Punk abuses Punk:
Discord, delighting in the wordy war,
The Pillar of the Senate and the Bar:

Discord, who makes a King delight in Ode,
Slight Square of Hanover* for Tottenham Road;
Where, with the taste *sublime* of Goth and Vandal,
He orders the worst Works of heavy Handel;
Encores himself till all the Audience gape†,
And suffers not a quaver to escape:
Discord, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
For ever warring with a World's repose.

When Fame arrived, the Shaving-tale to tell,
Pleased was the red-eyed Fury in her Cell,
Where Scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that noisy fowl
Known in Great Britain by the name of Owl;
Bats shriek'd, and Grilla-talpas join'd the sound,
Cats squall'd, Pigs whined, and Adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her Mansion lay,
Receding from the beam of cheerful day:
Hence on black wing the Hag was wont to roam,
And join the Witches 'mid the stormy gloom;

* Gallini's Rooms are in this Square, in which is performed the celebrated Professional Concert.

† This was a most ludicrous circumstance that happened not long since, when his Majesty and the Orchestra were left to themselves and *God save the King*.

Howl with delight amid the Thunder's roar;
Hang o'er the Wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;
See, 'midst each flash, the heads of Seamen rise,
And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.

Around her dwelling various Portraits hung,
Of those whose noisy names in history rung.
Here, with spread arms, whom Grace and Fury fill,
Thundering damnation, stared Stentorian Hill:
There curs'd, Sir Joseph Banks, in quest of fame,
At finding Fleas and Lobsters not the same.
Here, a prime favourite of a sainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand,
Lord George by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,
Burning poor Papists for the *love* of God;
Pleased as old Nero on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome.
There, in respect to Kings not over-nice,
That Revolution-sinner, Doctor Price:
Whose Labours, in a most uncourtly style,
Win not, like *gentle* Burke's, the Royal smile;
Gain not from *good* Divines both praise and thanks,
Called by the wicked "Gospel Mountebanks,
Mere quack Pretenders, from their lofty station
Puffing off idle *nostrums* of salvation;

Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
Like Rooks in Corn-fields, blackening all the Court."
Here, leading all her Bears so savage forth,
Wild raged the Amazonian of the North,
With Ruin leagued, t' attack the Turkish hive,
And leave not half a Mussulman alive.
There storm'd a *Vixen*, far and near renown'd
For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound;*
Her Sons abusing (in abuses old),
With all the fury of a German Scold.
These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame.

The form of Madame Schwellenberg she took,
Her broken English, garb, and Sin-like look;
Then sought the Palace and the Royal ear,
And whisper'd thus: "Mine God, Ser, nebber fear.
Oh, please your Majesty, you ver ver right:
Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.
Lord! Lord! how vill a mighty Monarch look,
Not able, O mine God, for shave a Cook?
Dat like a King, I say, what can't do dat?
Mine God! pray haf more spirit dan a Cat.
Ser, in mine Court de Prince be great as King:
He scorn to ax one word about a ting.

Mine God! de Cook muss nebber dare make groan;
Nor dare to tell a Prince, der soul der own:
'Tis de dam Englis only dat can say,
'Boh! fig for King! by God, I'll haf my way.'

"I haf see Court enough, a Prince and Dook,
But nebber wish on sush as dis to look.
I say ver often to myself: 'Goode God!
I nebber vish a Crown mine head for load.
I do not vish myself more greater efils:
A King of Englis be a King of Defils.'
To punishment de lousy rascal bring,
And show dem all vat 'tis for be a King.
America haf cover us vid shame;
Jack Wilkes too be a dam, dam uglish name;
And sal de paltry Cook be conqueror too?
No, God forbid! as dat vill nebber do.
De Hair muss fall before your Royal eye:
'Tis someting, fegs! to triumph 'pon poor Fly."

Pleased with her voice, the King of Nations smil'd,
For Power with Monarchs is a favourite child.
"What! what! not shave 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em,
shave 'em?
Not all the World, not all the World, shall save 'em.

I'll shear 'em, shear 'em, as I shear my Sheep."—
Thus spoke the mighty Monarch in his sleep:
Which proves that Kings in *sleep* a Speech may make,
Equal to what they utter broad awake.

Charm'd with the mischief, full on Fancy's view,
Quick to the Major's room the Fury flew;
Put off the form of Schwellenberg, and took
Of Madame Haggerdorn the *milder* look:
A woman in whose soul no guile is seen,
The Mistress of the Robes to our good Queen;
A Queen who really has not got her peer;
A Queen to this our Kingdom wondrous *dear;*
Which shows, however folks are apt to sport,
That *all* the Virtues may be found at Court.
Now in the Major's ear the Beldam said:
" Yan Dixon, Yan, you must not, man, be fraid.
I like mush your Peteeshon to de King:
Though George will swear 'tis dam, dam saucy ting;
And swear, dat, as his soul is to be save,
Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave.
Yan Dixon, rader your dear Life lay down,
Dan be de Laugh (mine Gote!) of all de Town.
De ver, ver littel Boy and Girl you meet,
Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de street.

De same (mine Gote!) vill Chimney-sweep behave,
And cry, 'Dere go de Blockhead dat vas shave:'
'Dere go von poor shave fellow!' cry de Trull,
'Because he had de Louse upon his scull.'
I know he say, dat you sal lose your Lock,
Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.
I tink dere may be battel: nebber mind;
I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.
What if de King make noise about de house,
For noting but his dam confounded Louse?
He be but *von*, you know; an den for you,
Mine Gote! Yan Dixon, you is *fifty-two:*
Tink, Yan, how George vas frighten by de Mob,
When Lord George Gordon make dat burnin job.
Mine Gote, Yan, mind me, rader lose dy Place,
Dan suffer such dam nasty dam Disgrace.
I tell you true indeed, ver true, dear Yan,
His Majesty be ver goot sort of man;
But ver ver like indeed as oder men,
Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.

"Tink, Yan, of dat ver ugly ting, a Wig,
For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig.
Boh! filty ting, enough de deffil for scare;
An made perhap of dismal dead man's hair:

I sal not wonders if, dy soul for shock,
A Ghost come seize upon der stolen Lock;
No, fegs! nor wonders if dey come an pull
De Vig vid mush mush fury from dy scull.
Pon som poor Strumpet head perhap dat grow'd,
Dat die of dam disorder, nasty Toad!"

Thus saying, lo! the Fury made retreat,
And left the Lord of Saucepans in a sweat.
Just like King Richard in his tent, John rear'd,
And verily a Man of Woes appear'd.
Now handling his small Pig-tail, "Now you're here,"
Exclaim'd the Major; "but not long, I fear:
Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
And resolution mar this Shaving-scheme.
Curs'd be the Louse that so much mischief bred,
And yields to Barber's Boys the harmless Head:
Curs'd be the Razor-maker; curs'd the prig
Who thought upon that greasy thing, a Wig.
Sure, 'twas some mangy Beast, some scabby Rogue,
Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue.
Had Nature meant the scarecrow to be worn,
Infants with Wigs had certainly been *born*;
But, lo! with little Hair, and that uncurl'd,
But not with Wigs, they come into the World.

What shame, that Sheep, that Horses, Cows, and Bulls,
Should club their Tails, to furnish Christian sculls!
But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
Can't keep, poor souls, their Locks upon their head!
What shame the Spectres, in the midnight air,
Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd Hair!
Curs'd be the Shaving-plan, I say again,
Although the bantling of a Royal brain!"

Thus curs'd the Major to Night's listening ear,
Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear:
Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
Will Men and Women run their souls in sin.
Now paus'd the Major, with a thoughtful air;
And now soliloquied with solemn stare:
"Drunk with dominion, gorged with vicious thoughts,
With folly teeming, dozed by flattery's draughts,
Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,
And think their brains' dull mudpools Wisdom's streams,
Too many a Monarch lives, but, lo! not ours;
A King who Wisdom's very self devours;
Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,
With all the fire of Boys at Butterflies.
Such cannot, surely, own a *little* heart;
Therefore our Locks and we *may* never part."—

Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck;
And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
The sparks inflamed the tinder in the box;
Which, by a match which John did sagely handle,
Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
We see hard Pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
Light through a Scholar's scull ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, Dixon stole
Where lay a Master-cook within his hole:
From whence, to all th' inferior Cooks they went,
Inclined to Opposition's big intent;
But not so fierce, alas! for Opposition,
As in the threatening bullying Petition;
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour
Less on the field of battle, than on *paper*.
Thus, in the history of each *dire* campaign,
More carnage loads the Newspaper than Plain.

And now, the Cooks and Scullions left each nest;
And now, behold, they one and all were drest.
Lo! sullen to the Kitchen moved the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue:

How much like crape-clad Mourners round a Bier!
But, ah! impress'd with sorrow more sincere;
For oft at tombs with joy the *bosom* burns;
There, 'tis the sable *back alone* that mourns.—
Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
They sullen sat, their grief commix'd with ire;
Sad ruminating all around the flame,
Like Harry and his Band, of deathless name,
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
A fray that threaten'd his poor little Band,
To sweep it, just like Spiders, to that land
Terra incognita yclep'd, which stretches
Afar;—of which, imperfect are our sketches;
Since all who have surveyed this distant bourn,
So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.
Thus did the Cooks expect the fatal morn
When, Sheep-like, every Head was to be shorn.

Now to the whitening East they cast their sight,
And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night.
Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
The Wretch condemn'd hard Nature's Debt to pay;
Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;
To stretch, for Justice' sake, the fatal Cord:

Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame),
A meat, drink, snuff and diamond loving *Dame*,
When told, that "if poor Hastings went to pot,
Away went Pearls, and Jewels, and what not?
Torn from the Stomacher so fine, yet foul,
Which Avarice thirsted for, and Rapine stole."
Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
Poor Eglintoun beheld a youthful Wife
(Forced, on a Bed of Ice, sweet Flower, to bloom;
Ah! forced to shine a Sun-beam on a Tomb),
That blooming youthful wife, inclined to stray
With Hamilton, all in a billing way;
Just like two Turtles, or a pair of Lambs,
Or Ewes so playful with the frisky Rams.

Not with less glee an Old and hopeless Maid
Surveys the Sun ascending from the shade;
A sun that gives a younger Sister's charms,
So hated, to a Bridegroom's happy arms.
Not with less joy, that raging chaste Old Maid
Sees the frail Fair-ones in the Cyprian trade
Escape the whip and jail, and hemp beside,
By means of *gentle* Mister Justice Hyde.
Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aspic eye,
And glance disdainful, Prudery pass them by,

ith mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
though their looks alone contagion shed;
view each pallid Wretch with grief sincere,
id call on Pity for her tenderest tear;
on their cheeks the blush of Virtue burn;
ar from their souls the sigh of Ruin mourn;
ew, veil'd in Horror's gloom, their swimming eyes,
aming with hopeless wishes to the skies,
e the pale Moon's dim solitary form,
app'd in the darkness of the midnight Storm.
o oft, by Treachery's winning smile betray'd,
o fondly trusting, falls the simple Maid:
o many a Thurlow walks the world of woe,
foul of Innocence the sacred snow.
love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
w hard a lesson for the *partial* heart!
o hard a lesson for the female soul,
ere Love no partner owns, and scorns control.

Not with less pleasure doth a Poet look
cruel Criticism, which damns his Book,
recommends it to that peaceful shore
ere Books and Bards are never heard of more:—
an look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,
that sad morn which doom'd them to be shear'd,

Not with less pleasure, likewise let me say,
A hungry Author sees his dying Play;
Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
Just as Mankind shall view the tumbling Ball;
When Sun, Moon, Stars, and all the distant Spheres,
Burst in one general Wreck about their ears.
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's* eye
See Somerset's bold Wing desert its sky;
A fall at which the Nation's Purse exclaims,
That thundering crush'd the back of roaring Thames.
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's ear
A *second* Crash of this famed Fabric hear;
When poor Sir Joshua, with his Painting band,
Swore the dread Day of Judgement just at hand.
Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,
Ross† started (Reader, not the Man of Ross),

* This Gentleman still retains the place of Controller of the Board of Works, to the Kingdom's surprise; but *demerit* in Building, as well as in Painting, is a sufficient *recommendation* to a *certain species* of *Patrons*, particularly if the Professors are despised by the People at large. It is the *money* of this Nation, that is sought for; not the *merit*. The circumstance of being a Foreigner too (for this same Sir William Chambers is a Swede), carries with it another *strong claim* to Favouritism.

† The present Bishop of Exeter; who, when his Majesty visited that ancient City lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his Royal Master, by billeting him upon Dean Buller. The following Lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one John Ploughshare, called the

n Majesty, to rest his Royal head,
d of the Church's mitred Son a bed;
· man! who proving, like his Sovereign, *poor*,
;'d him to knock at good Dean Buller's door:

Progress, we think, will elucidate this part of our Epic, and not be unac-
ıle to our Readers:—

In comm'd the King at laste to town,
With doust and zweat az Nutmeg brown,
The Hosses all in smoke;
Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
Zo mad zeem'd all the voke.

Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
All over doust we spied Squire Rolle,
Close by the King's coach trattin;
Now shoving in the coach his head,
Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
"Squire Rolle and George be chattin."

Now went the Aldermen and Mayor,
Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
The Royal Voke to ken;
When Measter Mayor, upon my word,
Poked to the King a gert long Sword,
Which *he* poked back agen.

Now thoose that round his Worship stood,
Declar'd it clumsily was dood;
Yet Squirt, the people zay,
Brandish'd a gert hoss Glyster-pipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Buller, who took his wandering Master in,
And stuffed with corn and oil his scrip and s
For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)
The Monarch gave—a *tumbler* worth a groat

Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
Zum hallowin, and screeching zum:
Now trudg'd they to the *Dean's;*
Becaze the *Bishop* zent mun word,
"A could not meat and drink avord;
A had not got the means."

A zed, that "az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot or pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;
That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom drade a cork."

Indeed, a is a moderate man,
And zo be all the Clargy clan
That with un come to chatter;
Who, when they're ax'd to a glass of wine,
To one the wother they tip the sign,
And beg my Lord's fine water.

Then az vor rooms; why there agen,
"A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
They were zo small," a zed:
"And, az vor beds, they wudn't do;
In number about one or two,
Vor self and Joan the maid."—

In voolish things a wudn't be cort;
'Twas stoopid to treat Vokes for nort:

rious act, an act how seldom seen!
hat a day of gladness for the Dean!
ft *so* rare, *so* noble, *so* sublime,
stupefy the sons of distant Time.
let the Buller family record;
brittle Treasure let the Bullers hoard;
how, exulting, upon gala days,
id some favoured Guest *admire* and *praise.*

ow did the Major hum a tune so sad,
matic, in the robes of sorrow clad;
lo! the Ballad could not fear control,
exorcise the Barbers from his soul.

No; twazn't heese desire.
Prefarment too waz to an eend;
The King woud never more vor'n zend,
To lift un one peg higher.

And yet vokes say's a man o' sense,
Honest and good; but hoardth his Pence,
Can't peart with Drink nor Meat.
"An then why vore?" the peepel rail:—
"To greaze a vat ould Pig in the tail—
Ould Weymouth o' Long Leat."

Well, to the Dean's, bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin too, no doubt;
And while the *Gentry* drink'd *within*,
The *Mob*, with brandy, ale, and gin,
Got roaring drunk *without*.

And now his lifted eyes the cieling sought;
And now he whistled, *not* "for want of thought."
A mournful Air the whistling Major chose:
Still on his rolling eye the Razors rose.
From grave to sprightly now he changed, a jig:
Still o'er his haunted fancy waved the Wig;
Still saw his eye alarm'd the Scratch* abhorr'd,
Like wild Macbeth's the visionary Sword.—
Thus, from what Kings, alas! may fancy *fun*,
Their loving Subjects may be glad to run:
Thus, when Saint Swithin from his fountain pours
(Saint Swithin, tutelary Saint of Showers),
Beaus skip, Belles scamper, fly the Cocks and Hens
With drooping plumage, to the sheltering pens;
While, lo! the waddling Ducks *Te Deum* utter,
Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter

Sing, Muse, (or, lo! our *canto* not complete,)
What Air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
Homer of every thing minutely speaks,
From Heaven's Ambrosia to a camp's Beef-steaks:
Then let us, Muse, adopt a march sublime,
And try to rival Homer with our Rhyme;

* A small Wig, or rather an Apology for a Wig, so called, and generally w by our most amiable and august Monarch.

Who, had a Nit, in Juno's tresses bred,
Dropp'd on divine Minerva's wiser head;
Or Cook-like Flea, exploring some new track,
Hopp'd from the clouds to Agamemnon's back;
The Bard had sung the fall in Verse divine,
And Critics heard the sound along the line.
Jove called his Juno only *saucy bitch;*
The Poet thought it would his Song enrich:
Jove, too, just threatened, with some Birchen Rods
To whip her publicly before the Gods;
The Bard, though but a flogging-bout at most,
Deemed it indeed, too *sacred* to be lost:
Jove called his Daughter only Bitch and Fool
(Poor Pallas, treated like a Girl at School),
Threatened to ham-string her six favourite Nags,
And tear her bran-new Phaëton to rags;
The Bard who never wrote an idle word,
Made his bold Verse the God's bold Speech record:
And had the Thunderer but broke wind, the Song
Had, imitative, borne the Blast along.—
Then be it known to all the World around,
To Folks above, and People under ground,
To Fish and Fowl, and every Creeping Thing,—
Lillibullero, and *God save the King*,
Were actually the very Airs he chose;
But wherefore, God Almighty only knows.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning and Majesty get out of Bed together—A most solemn and pathetic Address to the Muse, with respect to Omens—A serious Complaint against the Omens for their Non-appearance on so *important* an Occasion—The Wives and Daughters of the Cooks seek the Palace, to encourage their Husbands—A beautiful Comparison of Cocks and Hens—The Dismay of the Cooks—The Natural History of Eyes—Mister Ramus enters the Kitchen—Mister Ramus is praised for Dexterity in shaving Majesty—Mister Ramus's Consequence with Majesty superior to that of great Ministers—Mister Ramus's namby-pamby name *Billy*, given by Majesty—The Dread occasioned by Mister Ramus's Appearance among the Cooks—Mister Secker, Clerk of the Kitchen, enters in a Passion—Mister Secker threatens tremendously—A Wife of one of the Cooks *nobly* answers Mister Secker, and vows Opposition—Mister Secker replies with Astonishment, Vociferation, and Threat—The Heroine's Rejoinder to Mister Secker, with much Sarcasm—Mister Secker groweth very wroth—Studieth Revenge—Prudence appeareth to him, and administereth great and wholesome Advice—Prudence becalmeth the Clerk of the Kitchen—A second Heroine appeareth, speechifieth, and threateneth—slily alludeth to the immense Wealth of *male* Majesty, and the Heaps of Diamonds belonging to *female* Majesty—praiseth her Husband's Cleanliness, and denieth a Louse-Existence in his Head; and squinteth at Mister Secker as the probable Owner of the Animal—Mister Secker rageth a second Time—One of the finest Comparisons in the World, between Mister Secker in a Passion, and a Leg of Mutton and Turnips in the Pot—The Poet pauseth, moraliseth, and trembleth at that Devil, lately introduced to the World, called Equality, the Enemy of Majesty—Some of the sweetest Lines in the World on the Occasion—Prudence re-entereth to becalm Mister Secker, by clapping her

THE ARGUMENT.

Hand on his Mouth—An inexpressibly apt Bottle-of-small-beer Comparison—The Cook-major riseth in Wrath, and is very satirical on Mister Secker—The Clerk of the Kitchen replies with Intrepidity—A great deal of *good Company* rushes into the Kitchen—Mister Secker commands Silence, and announces the Will of his Sovereign—The Sovereign eloquently announceth also his own Will—A sweet and sublime Comparison, equal to any thing in Homer.

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

With beauteous Lambert's Blush, and Russel's Smiles,
Aurora peeped upon the First of Isles;
And, lo! to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
Uprose the Sun,—and uprose George the Third,
Who left his Queen so charming, and her room,
To talk of Hounds and Horses with the Groom.
Say, Muse, what! not *one* Cloud with louring looks,
To gloom compassion on the Heads of Cooks?
What! not *one* solitary Omen sent;
Not *one* small Sign, to tell the great event?
On Cato's danger, Clouds of every shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal Crape;
Aurora wept, poor girl, with sorrow big;
And Phœbus rose without his golden Wig:
But now the Skies their usual manners lost,
The Sun and Moon, and all the Starry Host.

No Raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings;
No Horses neighed, no Bullocks roared so stout;
No Sheep, like sheep be-devil'd, ran about;
No Lightnings flash'd, no Thunder deign'd to growl;
No walls re-echoed to the mournful Owl;
No Jack-ass brayed affright; no Ghost 'gan wail;
No Comet threaten'd empires with his Tail;
No Witches, wildly screaming, rode the Broom;
No Pewter Platters danced about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menaced Head,
As though the Omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid slur!),
As though the Monarch meant to shave a Cur.

Now to the Kitchen of the Palace came
Full many a Damsel sweet, and daring Dame,
The Wives and Daughters of those Cooks forlorn
Whose luckless Heads were threaten'd to be shorn:
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their Husbands, poured the boastful Band.
Thus, when the ancient Britons rushed to battle,
Their Wives intrepid joined the general rattle;
Encouraging their Husbands in the fray,
For fear some pale-nosed rogues might run away:

O glorious act, repelling coward fear!
Thus Cocks fight bravest when the Hens are near.

Now on the Band of Ladies stared the Cooks,
And seemed to show Hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of Eyes indeed:
Much history in those tell-tale orbs we read.
What though no bigger than a Button-hole?
Yet what a wondrous Window to the soul!
The bosom's joy and grief, and hope and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here.

Now to the crowded Kitchen Ramus springs,
Ramus, called *Billy* by the Best of Kings;
Who much of Razors and of Soapsuds knows,
Well skilled to take great Cesar by the nose:
Much by his Sovereign loved, a trusty Page,
Who often puts great Statesmen in a rage;
Poor Lords! compell'd against their will to *wait*,
Though Ass-like laden with Affairs of State,
Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes
On Buckskin Breeches, or a Pair of Boots.

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!
Thus formal *Patrick* is transformed to *Paddy*;
And *father*, by the children christened *daddy*:

And *Oliver*, who could even Kings control,
By many a thousand is baptized *Old Noll.*

Speak, Reader, didst thou ever see a Ghost?
If so, thou stoodest staring like a Post:
Thus did the Cooks on Billy Ramus stare,
Whose frightful presence porcupined each Hair.
Now enter'd Secker*, and now thus he spoke:
"This Louse-affair's a very pretty joke!
Arn't you ashamed of it, you dirty dogs?
Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?
But mind: you'll be, to all your great delight,
Bald as so many Coots before 'tis night.
No murmurs, Gentlemen; 'tis all in vain:
When Monarchs order, who shall dare complain?"

Now, from the Female Band, a Heroine raved:
"God curse me if my Husband *shall* be shaved!
You shan't, you shan't the fellow's Head disgrace:
I say, the man shall sooner lose his Place.
Wigs, like the very Devil, I loath, I hate;
And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate."—
"How, *impudence!*" the wrathful Secker cried,
With horror staring, and a mouth yard-wide:

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

"Where, where's my stick, my cane, my whip, my switch?
Who taught rebellion t'ye, you saucy bitch?"—
"*Myself*," with hands akimbow cried the Dame:
"I tell ye, Mister Secker, 'tis a shame;
I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,
To suffer Razors to come *near* their sculls.
Bitch too, forsooth; the language of a hog!
If I'm a Bitch, then *somebody's* a Dog."

Now all th' internal man of Secker boiled;
From thought to thought of turbulence he toiled:
Now, resolution-fraught, he wished to stick her;
Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.
But Prudence in that very moment came,
And sweetly whispered to the Man of Flame:
"Fie, Secker! kick a *woman?* Secker, fie!
On matters more *sublime* thy prowess try:
No glory springs from kicking Wives of Cooks.
Strive to surpass great Kings in binding Books;
Transcend great Kings in forcing stubborn Kine
To breakfast on Horse-chesnuts, sup, and dine;
In educating Pigs, be thou as deep;
And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of Sheep.

Go, triumph at the market-towns with Wool:
Go, breed for Lady-cows the bravest Bull;
Tower o'er the sceptred *great* in fat of Lambs,
And rise a rival in the breed of Rams.
These be thine acts: from hence fair Glory flows,
Whose beam a Bonfire round a Monarch glows.
Surpass in Charity towards the poor;
Nor bully starving Merit from the door.
Behold, for patronage lean Genius pant:
What though the wealthy Great a *taste* may want?
Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining Merit,
Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.
The *fool* may lift the Mourner from the tomb,
And bid the buried seeds of Genius bloom.
Yes, Fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
To look on humble Worth, might bid her shine:
Thus tallow Candles, in a Chandelier,
Make the keen Beauties of the Glass appear,
Call into note a thousand trembling Rays,
And share the merit of the mingled Blaze.
The Great should Sun-like bid their treasures flow,
Whose beams wide-spreading no distinction know;
But equal bid the Crab and Pine be ripe,
And *light* at once a System and a Pipe."—

Thus Prudence spoke; when Secker to the Dame
Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.

Now stormed a *second* Heroine from the Band,
Called Joan, and full at Secker made a stand:
" I say, Tom shan't be shaved; he shan't, he shan't:
Leek-porridge, Stir-about, we'll sooner want;
We'll rather hunt the Gutters for our meat,
Cry Mackrel, or sing Ballads through the street;
Foot Stockings, mend old China, or black Shoes,
Sooner than Tom, poor soul, his Locks shall lose.
Humph, what a pretty hoity-toity's here!
Thomas, I say, shan't lose his Locks, poor dear.—
Shaved too, 'cause people happen to be *poor!*
I never heard of such a trick before.
Folks think they may take freedoms with a Cook:
Go, ask your Master if he'd shave a *Duke.*
No; if he dared to do it, I'll be curst:
No, Secker, he would eat the Razor first.
Good Lord, to think *poor* people's Heads to plunder!
Why, Lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
What! shall my poor dear Husband lose his Locks
Because *a* han't Ten Millions in the Stocks?
Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow
A Diamond Petticoat, to make a show?

Marry come up, indeed; a pretty joke!
Any thing's good enough for humble folk:
Shoved here and there, forsooth; called Dog and Bitch
(God bless us well!) because we are not rich.
People will soon be beat about with sticks,
Forsooth, because they han't a coach and six.
A shan't be shaved, and I'm his lawful Wife:
The man was never lousy in his life.
Ax what his Mother says, his nearest kin:
'Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,
But when *a* had the measles and small-pox.'
What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his Locks?
'She never in her life-time saw,' she says,
'A tidier, cleanlier lad, in all her days;
And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,
A finer boy was never seen with *eyes*.'
So, Mister Secker, let's have no more *touse:*
Hunt further for the owner of the Louse.
Sir, 'tis a burning *shame*, I'm bold to say,
To take poor people's character away.
Who knows the Varmin isn't your own, odsfish?
You're fond of peeping into every *dish*."

Again of Secker boiled th' internal man;
Thought urging thought, again to rage began:

Huge thoughts of different sizes swelled his soul;
Now mounting high, now sinking low, they roll;
Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about;
So wild the mob, so terrible the rout.
How like a Leg of Mutton in the pot,
With Turnips thick surrounded all so hot!
Amid the Gulf of Broth, sublime, profound,
Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around!
Now up the Turnips mount with skins of snow,
While restless labouring Mutton dives below:
Now lofty soaring climbs the Leg of Sheep,
While Turnips downwards plunge amid the deep.—
Strange such resemblances in things should lie!
But what escapes the Poet's piercing eye?
Just like the Sun; for what escapes his ray,
Who darts on deepest shade the golden day?

Muse, let us pause a moment. Here we see
A Woman, certainly of low degree,
Reviling *folk* of elevated station;
Thus waging war with mild Subordination.
Should sweet Subordination chance to die,
Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men so high:
Then will that imp Equality prevail,
Who knows no difference between Head and Tail:

Then Majesty, the lofty nose who lifts,
With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;
To darn her stockings, from her height descend;
Which now are given to Mackenthun* to mend;
Turn her fair *fingers* into vulgar *paws*,
And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
Then dimm'd are Coronets that awe inspire;
And Sceptres stuff'd, like Faggots, in the fire.
Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,
When Female Majesty shall *wash* her *smocks:*
Such humbled Grandeur let me never see;
Soapsuds and Sovereignty but ill agree:
Malkin and Majesty but ill accord:
Rubbers and Royalty are kin abhorr'd.
Strange union! 'tis the Vulture and the Bat;
A Gulf and Mudpool; Elephant and Rat;
A great Archbishop, and an Undertaker;
The Muse of Epic, and a Riddle-maker;
A roaring King in Tragedy sublime,
And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;
The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
Firm in the fair support of freedom's cause;

* A Lady Attendant on the Princesses.

And that same Lord behind the Scenes, a Snail,
Who, crawling, of an actress holds the tail;
Marchesi on the Stage with steel and plume,
And that Marchesi in a Lady's Room;
Sir Joseph*, Jove-like, with his Hammer'd Arm,
Who thundering breaks of sleep the opiate charm;
And that Sir Joseph, with a simple look,
Collecting Simples near the simple brook.

Again came Prudence, Quaker-looking form,
Sweet-humoured Goddess, to suppress the storm,
Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
Full on the gaping hole of Secker's mouth;
Compressing thus a thousand iron Words,
Sharp every soul of them as Points of Swords:
But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin,
Who owned the Goddess, and but gave a grin.
Thus from a fretful Bottle of Small Beer,
If mad the Cork should leap with wild career;
Lo, to the Bottle's Mouth the Butler flies,
And with dexterity his hand applies!
In vain the Liquor bustles 'mid the dome;
John quells all fury, and subdues the foam.

* Sir Joseph Banks. A part of his Royal Insignia is a Hammer, to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

Now rose the Major: "Mister Secker, Sir,
You make in this affair a pretty stir!
'Twere doubtless a *fine* present in a *box*,
To offer to our Sovereign Lord the Locks:
Some *vast* reward would follow, to be sure;
A pretty little, sweet, snug *sinecure*.
Yes, Master Secker well can play his cards:
Sublime Achievements claim *sublime* Rewards.
I humbly do presume, Sir, that his Grace
Has promised ye a warm Exciseman's place:
Some folks are *jacks-in-office*, fond of power!"—
Thus spoke the Cook, like Vinegar so sour.

"No matter, Master Major, *what* I get:
All that I know, is this; your Heads shall sweat.
I'll see the business done, depend upon't;
I'll order matters, damn me if I don't:
Yes, Master Dixon, you shall know *who's who;*
Which is the better *Gemman*, I or you."
Thus answers Secker to the Man of Woes,
And points his satire with a cock'd-up nose.—
Scarce had he utter'd, when a noise was heard;
And now, behold, a motley band appear'd:
With Babel sounds at once the Kitchen rings,
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the Best of Kings.

And lo! the Best of Queens must see the *fun;*
And lo! the Princesses so beauteous run;
And Madame Schwellenberg came hobbling too,
Poor *lady*, losing in the race a shoe.
But, in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
The World would lose a Leg, to please a Spite.

And now for Peace did Secker bawl aloud;
And lo! Peace came at once among the Crowd.
In Courts of Justice thus, to hush the hum,
" Silence," the Crier calls, and all is mum.—
" Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
Attend, and learn our Monarch's will from *me*.
Our Sovereign Lord the King, whose word is fate,
Wills in his wisdom to see shaved each Pate:
Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
And let each Barber fall upon his sconce."
Thus thunder'd Secker with a Mars-like face,
And struck dire terror through the Roasting Race.
Thus roared Achilles 'mid the martial fray,
When every frighted Trojan ran away.

Calm was the Crowd; when *thus* the King of Isles,
Firm for the Shave, but yet with *kingly* smiles:

" You must be shaved; you shall, you must indeed:
No, no, I sha'nt let slip a single Head.
A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick:
The thought on't turns my stomach; makes me sick.
Louse, louse! a nasty thing: a Louse I hate:
No, no, I'll have no more upon my Plate.
One is sufficient: yes, yes; quite a store—
I'll have no more; no more, I'll have no more."

Thus spoke the King, like every King who gives
To trifles lustre that for ever lives.
Thus stinking Vapours, from the oozy Pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies, full,
Bright Sol sublimes, and gives them golden wings;
The Cloud on which, *some* say, the Cherub sings.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO V.

Finis coronat opus.

THE ARGUMENT.

The humane Petition of the Princess Royal—His Majesty's rebukeful Reply, full of *Grandeur*, and favourable to the *Wig Interest*—The Princess retires—As sublime a Comparison as ever entered the Head of Man, as *Addison said* of his Angel-simile in his famous and long-forgotten Campaign—The Princess Augusta petitioneth with *equal* Success—A most beautiful Comparison also on the Occasion—The Bard again addresseth the Muse—The Cooks turn rank Cowards, as well as their Wives and Daughters; overpowered by the Blaze of Majesty, and a golden Coat—A Bible Simile—A sensible Exclamation of the Poet, on the unexpected Cowardice of the Cooks—A fine West Indian Comparison—The Poet pathetically mourneth over the gradual Decay of Royalty—The Impudent and foolish Speech of the Mob in regard to Royalty and the Great—The Poet's short and judicious Reflection on the Speech of the Mob—The Cook-Major's pathetic Speech to the King—Madame Schwellenberg most scornfully and angrily replieth to the Cook-Major's Speech—Another *Great Lady's* Speech, composed of less Acrimony than Madame Schwellenberg's—His Majesty adviseth the Cooks to be quietly shaved, and promiseth them Wigs *gratis*—Dame Avarice remonstrateth to Majesty on the Folly of the *Present* of Wigs, with strong and economical Reasons—Dame Avarice abuseth some of the Quality; and applaudeth her Majesty for the many Instances of her saving Powers—His Majesty becometh a *Convert* to the Speech of Dame Avarice—The Poet's fine Reflection on Generosity—His Majesty ordereth the Cooks to be seated for the Shave—The King speaketh Marvels in favour of Majesty—Deep Reflections of the Poet on Ambition, with the various Examples of her Power—The Cooks at length *submit* to be shaved—An American Comparison on the Occasion, perhaps not pleasing to certain *Great People*—The Poet addresseth the Muse on the Want of a Battle, so necessary to an Epic Poem—The Poet, glorying in Honour, refuseth to *make* a Battle where there was none; proclaiming at the same Time his *Ability*, were a Battle necessary—His Majesty exulteth in his Victory over the

THE ARGUMENT.

Cooks—His Majesty endeavoureth to prove by *Assertion* the *Property* of the Louse—also the Certainty of its being a *real* Louse, by his great Acquaintance with Natural History—The King, in his great Justice, *sheweth* the little Animal, by way of *Conviction*—The Poet exhibiteth Biblical and Classical Knowledge in an Account of Animals that have *spoken*, in order to reconcile the Reader's revolting Mind to the Speech of the Louse—The Louse *speechifieth*; and giveth a wonderful History of Himself, his Family, and Misfortune—Louse proveth the superior Antiquity of *his* Race to that of Kings—The King, in Wrath, giveth Louse the *Lie*, and endeavoureth his Destruction—Zephyr, trembling at his Danger, suddenly beareth him off to the celestial Regions; and, after twice changing his Mind, converteth him into a *Star*, discovered soon after by the *great* Doctor Herschell and his Spy-Glass; which, in Compliment to his Majesty, the Doctor baptizeth the Georgium Sidus.

THE LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Now, with the sweetest Lips that love inspire,
The Princess Royal thus addressed her Sire:
" O Sir, for once attend a Daughter's prayer;
Restrain your fury from your people's Hair:
A thousand blessings will their mouths bestow,
And every heart with gratitude o'erflow.
For *such* a victory, who would give a fig?
Pray, Sir, don't make them wear a nasty Wig."—
Such sounds, so sweet, nay so divinely broke,
As might have mollified the sturdy Oak,
Were doom'd in vain on Royal ears to fall:
Yet Music drove the Devil out of Saul!
To her the King, with most astonish'd eyes,
And surly wrinkled brow, so stern replies:
" What, what? not shave 'em, shave 'em, now they're
caught?
What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought?*

No, no, Girl; no, Girl; no, Girl; no, Girl; no:
Beg on till Doomsday, Girl, it shan't be so.
How, how, pray, would it look; how, how, pray, look?
People would swear I *could not* shave a Cook.
You call Wigs *nasty*, Miss? Fine speech, indeed!
Don't, don't you see I've one upon my head?
Go back, go back, Miss Pert," he bluntly cried;
Then with his elbow pushed the Nymph aside.
Although he did not box her lovely ears,
He drowned the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful King the Maid withdrew,
And veiled her modest beauties from his view.
Thus when the virgin Morn her blushes spreads,
And paints with purest ray the mountain-heads;
Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,
The surly Boreas gathers every cloud;
Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling east,
And blot the lustre of her crimson vest.
From pole to pole extends the blackening band;
Cloud pressing cloud obeys his rude command:
In tears she moves away, the heavenly Maid,
And leaves him Monarch of the mighty Shade.

Now o'er his lofty shoulder, with a sigh,
The fair Augusta cast a pitying eye;

And whispered, ah! so soft, so sweet a prayer,
To save from Razor-rage the heads of Hair!
When lo, the King:
"What, *you* too, Miss, petition for each knave?
You, you too, Miss, an enemy to *shave*?"

Mute was the Maid; when lo! with modest looks,
Distressed, she shrunk away from King and Cooks:
Thus, o'er a shouldering Cloud the Moon so bright
Oft gives a peep of momentary light;
Much as to say, "I wish my smiles to grant,
To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't."

Sing, heavenly Goddess, how the Cooks behaved,
Who swore they'd all be damned ere they'd be shaved;
Who penn'd to Majesty the bold Petition,
And daring fumed with rebel Opposition.

Cowed, cowed, alas! the Lords of Saucepans feel;
Each Heart so valorous sunk into the Heel;
And then, each threatening Amazonian Dame,
Her spirit drooping, and extinct her flame:
For lo! of Majesty the powerful Blaze,
His Coat's bright Gold, and Eyeball's rolling Gaze,
Just like the Light that covered sad Saint Paul,
Flashed on their visages, and smote them all.—

Who could have thought that things would thus have ended?
Fate seemingly a dreadful crash intended;
Such stately resolution in the Cooks,
Such fierce demeanour in their Spouses' looks!
But thus in Western India Jove ordains
At times an aspect wild of Hurricanes:
Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threatening red;
All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead;
Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing still,
Expectant of the Tempest's mighty will:
Tremendous pause! when lo, by small degrees,
Light melts the mass; with life returns the breeze;
And Danger, on his cloud, who scowled dismay,
Moves sullen with his threatening glooms away.

There Royalty succeeded; but, alas!
In foreign climes this Gold will scarcely pass.
Sorry am I indeed, and grieved to hear,
That Royalty is falling from its sphere;
War's mighty *first-rate*, dwindling to a *skiff*;
The knees of Adoration waxing stiff,
That bent so pliantly to *folk* of State;
Cock-turkey Grandeur verging to his fate.
But thus exclaims the Mob: "In folly far,
Folk deemed a Beam from Bogs a Falling Star;

And fancied Thunder, all so dread, ador'd,
The Voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord;
The Lightning his swift Vengeance: never dreaming
That mortals, ever poring, ever scheming,
Should find that in a phial they should lock it,
And bear *Heaven's vengeance* in their Breeches-pocket.
See France: lo! Homage much has lost her awe,
And blushes now to kiss the Lion's paw;
Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade)
Emperors and *Thrones* of *like materials* made;
Nay, fancy too (on bold Rebellion's brink),
That Subjects have a *right* to *speak* and *think;*
Revileth Kings, for praise and wonder born;
Calleth Crowns Fools' Caps, that *their* heads adorn;
And sacred Sceptres, which we *here adore*,
Mean Picklocks for the houses of the poor.
Thus Curiosity no longer springs,
And wide-mouthed Wonder gapes no more at Kings.
Heavens! if Equality all ranks confounds,
No more shall we be whistled to, like Hounds;
Freedom will talk to Kings in dauntless tone,
And Female Majesty be just plain Joan.

Now taking courage, to his honest breast
His hand the Major energetic press'd;

Clothed with humility's mild beam his eye,
He thus address'd the Monarch with a sigh:
" O King! you've call'd me an old fool, to whine:
But I'm not *old;* still many a year is mine.
So white, as though from Time, my temples grow,
Ingratitude's cold hand hath formed their snow:
Grief dims these eyes, and whitens every hair;
And, lo! my wrinkles are the tracks of Care.
To tread Life's wild, unwounded by a thorn,
Was ne'er the lucky lot of woman-born.
Man should be kind to man, O Best of Kings,
And try to blunt the ills that Nature brings;
Not bid the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
And to her thousands add another woe.
Ah! if a *trifle* can a smile employ,
How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy!
How faint of happiness the scattered ray,
That cheers of life, alas, the little day;
While Care and Sorrow's imp-like host invade,
And fill a sighing universe with shade!
Then bid your noble indignation cease,
And suffer our poor Locks to rest in peace."

He ended.—Now, with scorn so keen inspired,
And anger, uninvited, undesired,

Did Madame Schwellenberg, devoid of grace,
O'er the Queen's shoulder poke her Cat-like face;
And thus: "Mine Gote den, vat a saucy vretch!
How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
Bring him de polepit; dat he sal be pote in:
Jan beat de Mettodisses all as notin."

Now spoke the Spouse of our *most glorious* King,
Who deemed a Louse a very nasty thing:
For *folk* of *Strelitz* are so neat and clean,
They think on vermin with abhorrent mien;
For cleanliness so much in *Strelitz* thrives,
Folks never saw a Louse in all their lives.
"Mine Gote! 'mong men an women, an de boys,
Dis shave indeed make very pretty noise.
Goote Gote! make rout about a leetel Hair!
Wig be de fashion; Dixon, take de shair:
Sheet down, and don't make hubbub shust like Pig;
Dere's noting terrible about a Wig.
Mine Gote! de tremblin fellow seem afred,
As if we put a Tiger 'pon his head:
De Ladies now wear Wig upon der crown;
So sheet you down, Jan Dixon, sheet you down.
Cook tell his King and Queen he von't be shave?
Egote! de Englis don't know how behave.

Let Cook say so in Strelitz, ah mine Gote!
Dere would be Soldiers dat would cut der troat.
You know dat King an Queen, you rebel Jan,
Can cut your Head off in a moment, man:
Lord! den you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,
An only cut off goote-for-notin Hair.
You know dat in our History you read,
How King of Englond cut off Subject's head."

Now silence broke the King: "Sit down, sit down;
Come, come, let every Barber take his crown:
I'll show some mercy t'ye, ye nasty Pigs;
For mind, mind, mind, I'll *pay* for all the Wigs."

At these last words, forth crawled an ancient Dame,
Sharp-nosed, half-starved, and Avarice her name;
With wrinkled Neck and Parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarsest kerchief seldom knew;
With Hawk-like Eyes that glisten'd o'er her gold,
And raptured every hour her treasure told;
Who of her Fingers form'd a Comb so fair,
And with a Garter filleted her hair;
Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of Brown Sugar from the Flies;
Made a sad Candle from a dab of Fat,
And stole a stinking Fish-head from a Cat;

Saves of the mustiest Bread the Crumbs, and sees
A Dinner in the *scrapings* of a Cheese.
Whiffing a stump of Pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the stomach Smoke, poor thing! for Meat,
Forth hobbled this old Dame, with shaking head,
Like, in her crooked Form, the letter Z;
The Palace-watch, and Guardian most severe
Of drops of dying and of dead Small-beer:
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,
And trembled at a rumpus of the rats;
Nay, listen'd, jealous of a scratching *mouse*,
Afraid the imp might *swallow* the *whole house:*
The province hers, to sell old palace-shoes,
Old hats, old coats, and breeches, to the Jews;
And drive, with Dog-like fury, from the door,
The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd poor:
The Dame who bade the great Sir Francis sell
The sacred pulpit, and the good old bell*.
Forth hobbled she; and, in a quick shrill tone,
Thus to the King of Nations spoke the Crone:

* Sir Francis Drake. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately disposed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nutwell, in Devonshire, built by his immortal Ancestor. The annual Interest of Four Shillings was too fascinating to be withstood.

" God bless us, Sir; why give me leave to say,
Your Majesty is throwing things away.
What! *give* the fellows Wigs for every head?
A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
Let them *buy* Wigs *themselves*, a dirty Crew:
An't please your Majesty, what's that to you?
You buy the rascals Wigs indeed, so nice!
It only *gives encouragement* to Lice.
Marry come up indeed, I say; new Wigs!
No: let them *suffer* for't, the nasty Pigs.
Lord! they can well afford it: Sir, their Hair
Costs (Heaven protect us!) what would make you stare.
Hours in the Barber's hands, forsooth, they sit
Reading the newspapers, and books of wit;
Just like our Men of Quality, forsooth,
Each full-aged gentleman, and dapper youth;
Newmarket now, and now the *Nation*, studying,
In clouds of Flour sufficient for a Pudding.
Lord, what extravagance I see and hear!
Unlike your Majesty, and Madam there,
Our Great consume and squander, fling away:
'Tis rout and hubbub; spend, spend, night and day.
Such racketing, that people's peace destroys;
As if the world was only made for noise.

Would every Duchess copy our good Queen,
More money in their purses would be seen.
Her Majesty to things can condescend,
Which our fine Quality, with nose an end,
Behold with *such* contempt, and *such* a grin,
As though a little Saving was a Sin.
Her Majesty, God bless her! does not scorn
To see a stocking and a shoe *well worn;*
To mend, or darn, or clean, a lutestring gown,
So mock'd indeed by all the Great in town.
Her Majesty at Frogmore*, day and night,
Can to their labour keep her Pupils tight;
See that to Milliners no trifle goes,
That may be done beneath *her own* great nose.
Her Majesty can buy a hat, or cloak,
In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk:*
She will not be imposed upon, she says;
Oh what a good example for *our* days!
When Prudence dictates, lo! no pride she feels:
Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels.
Yes, Majesty could nobly *pride* renounce,
And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce;*

* A Farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young Women, the *protégées* of Majesty, are constantly employed in working beds; and very well know the meaning of the phrase, "Working one's fingers to the stumps."

'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend to humble *crape;*
And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape;*
Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,
And clean a tarnish'd spangled shoe with bread;
A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,
And into pockets cut an upper coat;
Cut shifts to night-caps, satin cloaks to muffs,
And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:
Blest with the rarest economic wits,
Transform an old silk stocking into *mits;*
Transform too (so convertible are things)
E'en flannel petticoats to caps for Kings.
And then *your* Majesty, whom God long keep;
How fond indeed of every thing that's *cheap!*
'Best is best cheap,' you very wisely cry;
And so, an't please your Majesty, say I.
Lord bless us! why should people spend and riot,
When people can *so save* by living quiet?
Give to the *poor*, forsooth? a rare exploit!
Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.
To Saving, every one should go to school:
To my mind, Generosity's a fool.
Give, Sir, no Wigs to Cooks; for, as I say,
'Tis kindness and good money flung away."

Thus ended Avarice, at last, her Speech;
With praise of King, and Queen, and Saving, rich.
Such words, delivered with a solemn air,
Gave to the King of Men's great eye a stare.
" Right, right, 'tis very right," the Monarch cries,
And on his millions rolls his mental eyes:
" Right, Mistress Avarice; right, right, indeed;
I won't buy Wigs for every nasty Head.
No, no; they'll save it, save it, as you say:
I won't, I won't, I won't fling pence away."

Here let us pause again, and think how hard
That good intentions should be quickly marr'd.
Ah! Generosity's a tender plant,
Its root so weakly, and its bearings scant.
Self-love, too near it, robs it of each ray,
And thirsty sucks the rills of life away;
Vile Weed (like Docks, in coarsest soil which start)
That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart.

"Come, come, sit down," the Monarch deign'd to rave;
" Cooks, Cooks, sit down. Come, Barbers, shave,
shave, shave.
Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and just:
Indeed you must be shaved; you must, you must.

Cooks must not over their Superiors tower:
We must, must show the World that we have power."
Thus, by ambition fired, the Monarch ended
A Speech to be transcended, but not mended.—
What different roads to Fame, Ambition takes!
What hubbub in this under-world she makes!
Ambition, the Queen-passion of the soul:
Even Love, sweet Love, indeed has less control.
Ambition makes the *wise*, a *fool* at Court;
Ambition drowns an Alderman in Port;
Ambition spurs our Great, in Plays to spout;
Spurr'd Sir John Dick to gain a star by Crout;
Bade Lady Mary for a Eunuch sigh;
And Richmond unto Battles turn his eye,
To beam the Cynosure of Bagshot Wars,
And give Posterity a British Mars.
Ambition bade sour Johnson lick the Throne,
And blink at every Merit but his own;
Boswell with Praise a Hottentot besmear,
And give his Country up to lead a Bear.
Ambition bade Sir Will make new-old Jugs,
And bake an immortality in Mugs;
Bade round the World the famed Sir Joseph float,
To kiss Queen Oberea in the boat;

And spurs him now his blood's last drop to shed,
In quest of Butterflies without a Head.
Ambition nobly spurr'd the King of Men
To walk through Herschell's Tube, and back agen;
A deed whose lustre Envy must allow,
Deep plann'd at Windsor, and perform'd at Slough.*—
Ambition spurr'd a *man* of Royal birth,
To humble Madame Schwellenberg to earth.
Thus, to the gardens of imperial Kew
When Madame Schwellenberg for health withdrew,
And round the alleys of that famed abode,
Sweet ambling, jigging, on a Jackass rode;
Lo, Majesty so sly, with stick and pin,
Drove the sharp mischief through Jack's frighten'd skin!
At once the Beast, with sudden start and bound,
Wild plunging, hurl'd the Lady to the ground;
Where, lo, *such things* appeared (her *legs* I mean),
As never ought by mortals to be seen;
Legs that ne'er saw, ye Gods, the sun before;
Such legs, as set great Cesar in a *roar*.—
Ambition bids the Man of Ropes, or Figs,
Or Fish, or Brass, or Foolscap, Peas, or Pigs,

* A village near Windsor, the residence of Dr. Herschell.

Sigh for the Golden Chain, and Coach so fair;
In short, to shine the City's Sun, Lord May'r:
Blest man! in pomp to visit at St. James,
And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
Devour with Nobles in th' Egyptian Hall,
And trip it with a Duchess at the ball.
Rich honours! but what pity my Lord May'r
Should lose *at length* his Chain and Coach so fair,
And gorgeous Gown, and Wig, and bright Attire,
And Converse sweet of lord, and knight, and squire,
Sheriffs, and councilmen, and common-hunt;
To sweat with Candles, or with Hogs to grunt;
Bid *wax*, for *greasy mutton-lights*, adieu;
Drop wigs for night-caps; robes, for apron blue;
And quit of Justice the celestial scales,
To weigh cheese, sugar, tallow, or hobnails!
Instead of questions from the Best of Kings,
On *solid* matters, consequential things,
To hear a Ragamuffin in his shop,
"Soap, Master Guttle, quick, a pound of soap;"
With such a careless, broad, irreverent stare,
As though the Chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r.
But so it is; poor Merit oft complains:
Blest is the mortal born with *goose's* brains.

What signifies the Wisdom of the schools,
If Fortune only will make love to *fools?*

Now to the Cooks, O wandering Muse, return,
For, lo! our Readers with impatience burn.
Awed by the voice of King, and Queen, and Page,
And Madame Schwellenberg's relentless rage,
Down sat the Cooks, amid a wondering host;
The Barbers laboured,——and the Locks were lost!—
Thus when Burgoyne, opposing all the Fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, General Gates;
Sudden the *Hero* dropp'd his threatening fist,
And wisely deem'd it folly to resist;
Dropp'd in the *victor's* arms (unlucky lot!),
And saw his Legions sink without a shot.—

Speak, heavenly Goddess; was there then no Fray,
No drops of Blood effused to mark the day?
No fisticuffs, no Eyes as black as Night,
No Cat-like scratches, no revengeful bite?—
Nor fisticuffs, nor Eyes as black as Night,
Nor Cat-like scratches, nor revengeful bite,
The Palace witness'd. Thus the Muse divine
Must close, without one drop of Blood, the line;

And Readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
Perhaps shall, grumbling for their money, frown.
What can we do, if Fate produced *no* fray?
The Poet dares not *make* a murderous day.
Should Falsehood's tale my sacred Song defile,
Which damneth half th' historians of our isle;
How could I hold aloft my tuneful head,
Or proudly hope at Doomsday to be read;
The glowing wish of every Son of Rhyme,
To live a favourite to the end of time?
Yet nought were easier than to *form* a Fray,
And bring a dozen Gods to aid the day:
Yet nought were easier than to raise a Battle;
Make iron head-piece against head-piece rattle;
Nails nails oppose, and grinders grinders greet,
Nose poke at nose, and stomachs stomachs meet;
Wild-rolling eye-balls against eye-balls glare;
The dusty floor be strewed with teeth and hair;
Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs, load the ground;
The trembling roofs with mingled cries resound;
Legs of joint-stools, and chairs, their vengeance pour;
And blocks and mopsticks fly, a wooden show'r;
Raise Clamours equal to an Indian Yell,
Transcended only by the Cries of Hell;

And bid old Erebus, in sulphur strong,
Display his flaming cauldron in our song.—

Proud of the *shave*, the King of Nations smil'd;
Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild.
But still, to show his *justice*, thus he said:
"Mind, mind me, Gentry with the Shaven Head;
Know, know, the Louse belongs to some of *you*:
It is a Louse, it is; 'tis very true:
Yes, yes, belongs to some one of the house;
I've read Buffon; yes, yes, I know a Louse."
A pill-box then he oped, with eager look,
And showed the Crawler, to convince each Cook.—
The long-eared Beast of Balaam, lo, we find,
Sharp to the *beast* that rode him spoke his mind:
The mournful Xanthus* (says the Bard of old),
Of Peleus' warlike Son the fortune told:
Thus to the captive Louse was language given;
Which *proves* what interest Justice holds in Heaven.
The Vermin, rising on his little rump,
Like Ladies' Lap-dogs that for muffin mump,
Thus, solemn as our Bishops *when* they preach,
Made to the Best of Kings his *maiden* Speech:

* The Horse of Achilles.

" Know, mighty Monarch, I was born and bred
Deep in the burrows of a Page's head;
There took I sweet *Lousilla* unto Wife,
My soul's delight, the comfort of my life:
But on a day, your Page, Sir, dared invade
Cowslip's sweet lips, your faithful Dairy-maid;
Great was the struggle for the short-lived bliss,
At length he won the long-contested Kiss:
When, 'mid the struggle, thus it came to pass;
Down dropp'd my Wife and I upon the Lass;
From whence we crawled (and who's without ambition?
Who does not wish to *better* his condition?)
To *you*, dread Sir; where, lo, we loved and fed,
Charmed with the fortune of a *greater* Head;
Where, safe from nail and comb, and blustering wind,
We nestled in your little Lock behind;
Where many a beauteous Baby plainly proves,
Heaven, like a King's, can bless a Louse's loves;
Where many a time, at Court, I've joined your Grace,
And with you gallop'd in the glorious chase;
Lousilla too, my Children, and my Nits,
Just frighten'd sometimes out of all their wits.
It happen'd, Sir (ah luckless, luckless day!),
I foolish took it in my head to stray:

(How many a father, mother, daughter, son,
Are oft by Curiosity undone!)
Dire wish! for, 'midst my travels, urged by Fate,
From You, O King, I fell upon your Plate.
Sad was the Precipice; and now I'm here,
Far from Lousilla and my Children dear;
Who now, poor souls! in deepest mourning all,
Groan for my presence, and lament my fall.
Nitilla now, my eldest Girl, with sighs
Bewails her Father lost, with streaming eyes;
And *Grubbinetta*, with the loveliest mien,
In state, in temper, and in form, a Queen;
And sturdy *Snap*, my Son, a child of grace,
His Father's image both in form and face;
And *Diggory*, poor lad! and hopeful *Scratch*,
Boys that Lousilla's soul was proud to hatch:
And little *Nibble* too, my youngest Son,
Will ask his Mother where his Father's gone;
Who (poor Lousilla!) only will reply
With turtle-moan, and tears in either eye.
Thus, Sir, are you mistaken all this while,
And Queen and Pages that our race revile;
As though our species could not life *adorn*,
And that th' Almighty made a Louse in *scorn*.

Yet, if to Genealogy we go,
The Louse is of the *elder house*, I trow.
Ere God (so Moses says*) did Man create;
Lo, our first Parents walked the World in *state*.—
Such is the history of your loyal Louse,
Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house:
Thus, Sir, you see no blame to Cooks belong;
Thus Majesty, for *once*, is in the wrong."

Thus, in the manly tones of Fox and Pitt,
To George intrepid spoke the Son of Nit:
Firm in his language to the King of wrath,
As little David to the Man of Gath;
Ordain'd, in oratory, to surpass
The Speech, th' immortal Speech, of Balaam's Ass.

"Lies, lies, lies, lies!" replied the furious King;
"'Tis no such thing: no, no, 'tis no such thing."
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the Louse's scull.
But Zephyr, anxious for his life, drew near,
And sudden bore him to a distant sphere;

* The Louse shows great Biblical knowledge.

In triumph raised the Animal on high,
Where Berenice's Locks adorn the Sky;
But now he wished him *nobler* fame to share,
And crawl for ever on Belinda's Hair.
Yet to the Louse was *greater* glory given;
To roll a Planet on the splendid Heaven,
And draw of deep Astronomers the ken,
The *Georgium Sidus* of the Sons of Men.

A

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ON

HIS JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

WITH THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

——Τρώεσσιν ἐζούλετο Κυδος ὀρέξαι. HOMER.

A CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce*, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty Shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou Jackall, leading Lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson† 'midst his native North;
To frighten grave Professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore:
All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page,
Is amply gratified; a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprise.
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wondered that thy bones were never broken.

* *Vide* note, page 16 of his "Journal."

† The Translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the Author) of the Poems attributed to Ossian.

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The Pilot of our Literary Whale;
Close to the Classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple Courtier to a King:
Fate shall not shake thee off, with all its power;
Stuck, like a Bat to some old ivied Tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had bless'd thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yes; his broad wing had raised thee (no bad hack),
A Tom-Tit twittering on an Eagle's back.

Thou, curious Scrapmonger, shalt live in song
When Death has still'd the rattle of thy tongue;
E'en future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the Spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time.
Sweet is thy page*, I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,
March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Those gracious show'rs that fraught with fragrance flow,
And *gild*, like Gingerbread, the World below.
How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
" I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark!"

Alas! Historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in every scull:
Mere Beasts of Burden, broken-winded, slow,
Heavy as Cart-horses, along they go;
While thou, a Will-o'-th'-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruscations every where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod, o'er thy enlivening Prose?
To others' Works, the Works of thy inditing
Are downright Diamonds to the Eyes of Whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know that Flattery would offend:
Yet honest Praise, I'm sure, thou wouldst not shun,
Born with a stomach to digest a tun.
Who can refuse a smile, that reads thy page
Where surly Sam, inflamed with Tory rage,
Nassau *bescoundrels*; and, with anger big,
Swears Whigs are Rogues, and every Rogue a Whig?
Who will not too thy pen's *minutiæ* bless,
That gives Posterity the Rambler's Dress*?
Methinks I view his full plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig that graced his crown,

* Vide page 9.

Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Rambler* on a large bay Mare,
Just like a Centaur, every danger dare;
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
The Colt and Bozzy scampering close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy† with what glee we read,
Who offered Sam, for breakfast, cold Sheep's Head;
Who, press'd and worried by this Dame so civil,
Wish'd the *sheep's* head and *woman's* at the Devil!

I see you sailing both in Buchan's Pot‖:
Now storming an old woman and her cot‡;
Who, terrified at each tremendous Shape,
Deemed you two Demons ready for a rape.
I see all marvelling at Macleod's together,
At Sam's remarks on whey and tanning leather§.

At Corrichatachin's*, the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's Sow,
And begging, with raised eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heaven not to damn thee for the deadly sin.
I see too the stern Moralist regale,
And pen a Latin Ode to Mistress Thrale†.
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam in the Pretender's bed‡.
I hear (what's wonderful), unsought by studying,
His classic Dissertation upon Pudding‡:
Of Provost Jopp I mark the marvelling face§,
Who gave the Rambler's Freedom with a grace.
I see too, travelling from the Isle of Egg‖,
The humble servant of a horse's leg¶;
And Snip the Taylor, from the Isle of Muck‖,
Who stitch'd in Sky with tolerable luck.
I see the Horn that Drunkards must adore;
The Horn, the mighty Horn, of Rorie More**;
And bloody Shields that guarded Hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from Rats the milk and butter Barrels.
Methinks the Caledonian Dame I see
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee;

* Vide page 317. † P. 177. ‡ P. 216. ‡ P. 440. § P. 39.
‖ P. 275. ¶ A Blacksmith. ‖ P. 275. ** P. 254.

Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling Sage;
Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age;
Like Sol, who darts at times a cheerful ray
O'er the wan visage of a Winter's Day.
" Do it again, my dear," I hear Sam cry:
" See who first tires, my Charmer, you or I."
I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dried Whiting in thy Johnson's mouth;
And lo! I see, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the Whiting out again.
Rare Anecdotes! 'tis Anecdotes like these
That bring thee glory, and the Million please:
On these shall future times delighted stare,
Thou charming Haberdasher of Small Ware.
Stewart and Robertson from thee shall learn,
The *simple* charms of History to discern:
To thee, fair History's palm shall Livy yield,
And Tacitus to Bozzy leave the field:
Joe Miller's self, whose page such Fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's Jokes.
How are we all with rapture touched, to see
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallowed Tea;
How once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came Haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat!

Pleased, on thy Book thy Sovereign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a Gossip's Story from his soul.
Blest with the memory of the Persian king*,
He every body knows, and every thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor Girl beguil'd
Hath lost a paramour and found a child;
Which Gardener hath most cabbages and peas,
And which Old Woman hath most hives of bees;
Which Farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkeys, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows;
Which Barber best the Ladies' locks can curl;
Which house in Windsor sells the finest Purl;
Which Chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array,
His brush and shovel, on the first of May;
Whose Dancing-dogs in rigadoons excel;
And whose the Puppet-show that bears the bell;
Which clever smith the prettiest Man-trap makes†,
To save from thieves the Royal ducks and drakes,
The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,
And catch his loving Subjects by the legs.
Oh! since the Prince of Gossips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look?

* Cyrus.

† His Majesty hath planted a number of those trusty Guardians around his Park at Windsor, for the *benefit* of the Public.

The sunshine of *his* Smile may soon be thine:
Perchance, in Converse thou mayst hear him shine:
Perchance, to stamp thy merit through the Nation,
He begs of Johnson's Life thy Dedication;
Asks questions of thee, O thou lucky elf,
And *kindly* answers every one himself *.
Blest with the classic learning of a College†,
Our King is *not* a Miser in his *knowledge:*
Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty;
No Razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty:
Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
Free as Election Beer from tubs it flows;
Yet, ah! *superior* far, it boasts the merit
Of *never* fuddling people with the *spirit.*

* Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain Great Personage, in the Queen's Library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the Royal intellect. "His Majesty seems to be possessed of some good-nature and much curiosity," replied the Doctor: "as for his *wit*, it is far from contemptible. His Majesty indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions;* but, thank God, he answered them all *himself.*"

† This is a very *extraordinary* circumstance, as the late Princess Dowager *retained* three parts of the money ordered for the education of her Children. The effect of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her Daughter Matilda, that the letters received from her during her residence in Denmark were absolutely unintelligible.

Say, Bozzy, when, to bless our anxious sight,
When shall thy Volume* burst the gates of light?
Oh! clothed in *calf*, ambitious Brat, be born;
Our *kitchens*, parlours, libraries, adorn.
My Fancy's keen anticipating eye,
A thousand charming Anecdotes can spy:
I read, I read, of George the learn'd display
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray†;
Of George, whose Brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopedia of wit;
That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
And *frightens* all his Workmen and his Pages.
O Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue:
The World is wondrous fond of something new;
And let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his grave:
Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,
And, like a *damned good Christian*, pull him out.

* The Life of Dr. Johnson.

† His Majesty's commentary on the Quarrel in which the Bishop and the Doctor pelted one another with dirt so gracefully, will be a treasure to the Lovers of Literature. Mr. Boswell hath as good as promised it to the Public, and we hope means to keep his word.

Without a fear, on families harangue;
Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
Publish the demireps, and punks; nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife will be a whore.
Thy brilliant brain *conjecture* can supply,
To charm through every leaf the eager eye.
The Blue Stocking society* describe,
And give thy comment on each joke and jibe:
Tell what the Women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy streams of immortality.

Let Lord Macdonald threat thy breech to kick†,
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick:
Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord;
'Tis History's province, Bozzy, to *record.*
Though Wilkes abuse thy Brain, that airy Mill,
And swear poor Johnson murdered by thy quill;
What's that to thee? Why, let the Victim bleed;
Thy end is answered, if the Nation *read.*

* A Club chiefly composed of *most learned* Ladies, to which Mr. Boswell was admitted.

† A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr. Boswell; who, in consequence, omitted in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the Public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this Nobleman.

The fiddling Knight*, and tuneful Mistress Thrale,
Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam in ale,
Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires),
To write his jokes and stories by their fires;
Then why not thou each joke and tale enrol,
Who, like a watchful Cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflamed with letter'd pride)
Didst *mousing* sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able,
A very Lazarus at the Rich Man's table?
What though against thee Porters bounce the door†,
And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;
With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,
That, given to Printers' Devils (a precious load!),
On wings of print comes flying all abroad?
Watch then the venal Valets, *smack* the Maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades.
Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent;
Fly to thy fertile genius, and *invent:*

* Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madame Piozzi) threatens us with a Life of the Lexicographer.

† This is literally true; "nobody is at home." Our Great People want the *taste* to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a Desert.

Like old Voltaire, who placed his greatest glory
In cooking up an entertaining story;
Who laughed at Truth, whene'er her simple tongue
Would snatch Amusement from a tale or song.

Oh! while amid the Anecdotic mine
Thou labour'st hard to bid thy Hero shine,
Run to Bolt Court*, exert thy Curll-like soul†,
And fish for *golden* leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and sneezed;
Let all his *motions* in thy Book be squeezed:
On tales, however strange, impose thy claw;
Yes, let thy Amber lick up every Straw:
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For *all* that breathes of Johnson *must* be *great*.

Blest be thy labours, most adventurous Bozzy,
Bold rival of Sir John and Dame Piozzi;
Heavens, with what Laurels shall thy head be crown'd!
A Grove, a Forest, shall thy ears surround.
Yes: while the Rambler shall a Comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with its rays,
Thee too that world with wonderment shall hail,
A lively *bouncing* Cracker at his tail.

* In Fleet-street, where the Doctor lived and died.

† Curll the Bookseller frequently bribed people to hunt the Temples of Clea-cina for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

POSTSCRIPT.

As Mr. Boswell's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the Great Moralist's opinions of men and things, during his Northern Tour; it will be adding greatly to the Anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr. Boswell happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson, and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day: had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of shoes ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the Philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh-shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?"

Johnson. " Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bos expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region literature: he seems strongly affected by the *cacoet scribendi;* wishes to be thought a *rara avis,* a in truth so he is—your knowledge in Ornithology, S will easily discover to what species of Bird I allude.

(Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughed.)

P. P. " What think you, Sir, of his Account Corsica?—of his character of Paoli?"

Johnson. " Sir, he hath made a Mountain of Wart. But Paoli *has* virtues. The Account is farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanit

P. P. " I have heard it whispered, Doctor, t should you die before him, Mr. Boswell mean write your Life."

Johnson. " Sir, he cannot mean me so irrepa an injury. Which of us shall die first, is only l to the Great Disposer of events; but were that James Boswell would write *my* Life, I know whether I would not anticipate the mea taking *his.*"

(Here he made three or four strides across t and returned to his chair with violent emotion

P. P. " I am afraid that he means to d

Johnson. " He dares not: he would make a Scare-crow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me.* Sir, I heed not *his* αυτος εφα. Boswell write my Life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the Life of an *ephemeron.*"

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

OR THE

BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

———— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Virgil.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the Death of Doctor Johnson, a Number of People, ambitious of being distinguished from the *mute* Part of their Species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bons-mots of that celebrated Moralist. Among the most *zealous*, though *not* the most *enlightened*, appeared Mr. Boswell and Madame Piozzi, the Hero and Heroine of our Eclogue. They are supposed to have in Contemplation the Life of Johnson; and, to *prove* their biographical Abilities, appeal to Sir John Hawkins for his Decision on their respective Merits, by Quotations from their printed Anecdotes of the Doctor. Sir John hears them with *uncommon* Patience, and determines *very properly* on the Pretensions of the contending Parties.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHEN Johnson sought (as Shakspeare says) that bourn
From whence, alas! no travellers return
(In *humbler* English, when the Doctor died),
Apollo whimper'd, and the Muses cried;
Parnassus moped for days, in business slack,
And, like a Hearse, the Hill was hung with black;
Minerva, sighing for her favourite Son,
Pronounced, with lengthen'd face, the World undone;
Her Owl too hooted in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the Bird a mile:
Jove wiped his eyes so red; and told his Wife,
He ne'er made Johnson's equal in his life;
And that 'twould be a long time ere, if ever,
His art could form a fellow half so clever:
Venus, of all the little Loves the Dam,
With all the Graces, sobb'd for *Brother Sam;*
Such were the heavenly howlings for his death,
As if Dame Nature had resigned her breath.

Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidst the natives of our earthly scene:
From Beggars, to the Great who hold the helm,
One *Johnso-mania* raged through all the Realm.

"*Who*," cried the World, "can match his Prose or Rhyme?
O'er Wits of modern days he towers sublime:
An Oak, wide-spreading o'er the Shrubs below,
That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;
A Pyramid amidst some barren waste,
That frowns o'er Huts the sport of every blast;
A mighty Atlas, whose aspiring head
O'er distant regions cast an awful shade.
By Kings and Beggars, lo! his tales are told,
And every Sentence glows a Grain of Gold.
Blest who his philosophic Phiz can take,
Catch even his weaknesses, his Noddle's shake,
The lengthen'd Lip of scorn, the forehead's Scowl,
The louring Eye's contempt, and Bear-like Growl.
In vain the Critics aim their toothless rage;
Mere Sprats, that venture war with Whales to wage:
Unmoved he stands, and feels their force no more
Than some huge Rock amidst the watry roar,
That calmly bears the tumults of the deep,
And howling tempests that as well may sleep."

Strong 'midst the Rambler's Cronies was the rage
To fill with Sam's Bons-mots and Tales the page;
Mere Flies, that buzz'd around his setting Ray,
And bore a splendour on their wings away:
Thus round his orb the pigmy Planets run,
And catch their little lustre from the Sun.

At length, rush'd forth two Candidates for fame;
A Scotchman one, and one a London Dame:
That, by th' emphatic Johnson christened Bozzy;
This, by the Bishop's licence, Dame Piozzi;
Whose widowed name, by Topers loved, was Thrale,
Bright in the annals of Election Ale;
A name, by marriage that gave up the ghost,
In *poor* Pedocchio (no; Piozzi) lost*.
Each seized with ardour wild the grey-goose Quill:
Each set to work the intellectual Mill;
That Pecks of Bran so coarse began to pour,
To one poor solitary Grain of Flour.

Forth rush'd to light their Books; but who should say,
Which bore the palm of Anecdote away?

* The Author was nearly committing a blunder: fortunate indeed was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contempt-

This to decide, the rival Wits agreed
Before Sir John their tales and jokes to read;
And let the Knight's opinion in the strife,
Declare the properest pen to write Sam's Life:
Sir John, renowned for Musical palavers*;
The Prince, the King, the Emperor, of Quavers:
Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest Needle;
Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;
Of Music's College formed to be a Fellow,
Fit for *Mus. D.* or *Maestro di Capella;*
Whose Volume, though it here and there offends,
Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
High-placed the venerable Quarto sits,
Superior frowning o'er Octavo wits
And Duodecimos: ignoble scum,
Poor prostitutes to every vulgar thumb;
While, undefiled by literary rage,
He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like School-boys, lo! before a two-armed chair
That held the Knight wise-judging, stood the Pair:
Or like two Ponies on the sporting-ground,
Prepared to gallop when the drum should sound,

The Couple ranged; for victory both as keen,
As for a tottering Bishopric a Dean;
Or *patriot* Burke, for giving glorious bastings
To that *intolerable fellow* Hastings.
Thus with their songs contended Virgil's Swains,
And made the valleys vocal with their strains,
Before some Greybeard sage, whose judgement ripe
Gave Goats for Prizes to the prettiest pipe.

"Alternately in Anecdotes go on;
But first begin you, Madam," cried Sir John.
The thankful Dame low curtseyed to the Chair,
And thus, for victory panting, read the Fair:—

Madame Piozzi*.

Sam Johnson was of Michael Johnson born;
Whose shop of books did Litchfield town adorn:
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a halter'd Ram;
In short, the model of our Hero Sam:
Inclined to madness too; for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
For fear the thieves might steal the vanish'd store
He duly went each night and lock'd the door.

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 3.

BOZZY*.

While Johnson was in Edinburgh, my Wife,
To please his palate, studied for her life:
With every rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the Doctor, for his dinner, grouse.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

Dear Doctor Johnson was in size an Ox;
And from his uncle Andrew learn'd to *box:*
A man to Wrestlers and to Bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in Smithfield a whole year.
The Doctor had an uncle too, ador'd
By jumping gentry, called Cornelius Ford;
Who jump'd in Boots, which Jumpers never choose,
Far as a famous Jumper jump'd in Shoes.

BOZZY‡.

At supper rose a dialogue on Witches,
When Crosbie said there could not be such bitches;
And that 'twas blasphemy to think such Hags
Could stir up storms, and on their broomstick Nags
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in God Almighty's face:

* Bozzy's Tour, p. 38. † Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5. ‡ P. 39.

But Johnson answer'd him, "There *might* be Witches;
Nought proved the non-existence of the bitches."

Madame Piozzi*.

When Thrale, as nimble as a Boy at School,
Leap'd, though fatigued with hunting, o'er a Stool;
The Doctor, proud the same grand feat to do,
His powers exerted, and jump'd over too;
And, though he might a broken back bewail,
He scorn'd to be eclips'd by Mister Thrale.

Bozzy†.

At Ulinish, our Friend, to pass the time,
Regaled us with his Knowledges *sublime;*
Showed that all sorts of Learning fill'd his knob,
And that in Butchery he could bear a bob.
He sagely told us of the different feat
Employed to kill the Animals we eat.
"An Ox," says he, "in country and in town,
Is by the Butchers constantly *knock'd down;*
As for that lesser animal, a Calf,
The knock is really not so strong by half;
The beast is only *stunn'd;* but as for Goats,
And Sheep, and Lambs, the Butchers cut their throats.

* P. 6. † P. 300.

Those fellows only want to keep them quiet,
Not choosing that the brutes should breed a riot."

Madame Piozzi*.

When Johnson was a child, and swallowed pap,
'Twas in his Mother's old maid Catherine's lap.
There while he sat, he took in wondrous Learning;
For much his bowels were for Knowledge yearning:
There heard the story which we Britons brag on,
The story of Saint George and eke the Dragon.

Bozzy†.

When Foote his leg, by some misfortune, broke,
Says *I* to Johnson, all by way of joke,
" Sam, Sir, in Paragraph will soon be clever,
And take off Peter better now than ever."
On which says Johnson, without hesitation,
" George‡ will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation.*"
On which says *I* (a penetrating elf!),
" Doctor, I'm sure you coin'd that word yourself."
On which he laugh'd, and said I had divin'd it,
For *bonâ fide* he had really coin'd it:

* P. 15. † P. 141.

‡ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the cha

"And yet, of all the words I've coin'd," says he,
"My Dictionary, Sir, contains but three."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The Doctor said, "In literary matters
A Frenchman goes not deep; he only smatters:"
Then ask'd what could be hoped for from the dogs;
Fellows that lived eternally on Frogs.

BOZZY *.

In grave procession to St. Leonard's College,
Well stuff'd with every sort of useful knowledge,
We *stately* walk'd, as soon as supper ended:
The Landlord and the Waiter both attended.
The Landlord, skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
Before us march'd, and held a tallow Candle;
A Lantern (some famed Scotchman its creator)
With *equal* grace was carried by the Waiter.
Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

In Lincolnshire, a Lady showed our Friend
A Grotto, that she wish'd him to commend.

* P. 55. † P. 203.

Quoth she, " How *cool* in summer this abode!"—
" Yes, Madam," answer'd Johnson; " for a *toad.*"

Bozzy*.

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,
The wind was vastly boisterous in our faces:
'Twas glorious, Johnson's figure to set sight on;
High in the boat, he looked a noble Triton.
But, lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,
For Joe (the blockhead!) lost his Master's spurs:
This for the Rambler's temper was a rubber,
Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

Madame Piozzi†.

I ask'd him if he knock'd Tom Osborne‡ down;
As such a tale was current through the town.
Says I, " Do tell me, Doctor, what befell."—
" Why, dearest Lady, there is nought to tell:
I ponder'd on the *properest* mode to treat him;
The dog was impudent, and so I beat him.
Tom, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
Others that I belaboured, held their tongues."

* P. 185. † P. 232. ‡ The Bookseller.

Did any one, " that he was happy," cry;
Johnson would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie.
A Lady* told him she was really so;
On which he sternly answer'd, " Madam, no.
Sickly you are, and ugly; foolish, poor;
And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.
'Twould make a fellow hang himself, whose ear
Were, from *such creatures*, forced such stuff to hear."

Bozzy†.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of Mull,
The megrims got into the Doctor's scull;
With such bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to Icolmkill:
But, lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were banish'd all by tea, and bread and butter.

Madame Piozzi.

Quoth I to Johnson: " Doctor, tell me true,
Who was the *best* man that you ever knew?"
He answer'd me at once, " George Psalmanazar,
Keen in the English language as a Razor."—
Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,
That raised the whites of both my wondering eyes;

* P. 285. † P. 386.

As this same George, in imposition strong,
Beat the first Liars that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

BOZZY*.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one John Hay,
Who served as *cicerone* on the way,
Should fly a man of war, a spot so blest,
A fool! nine months too after he was prest.
Quoth Johnson, " No man, Sir, would be a Sailor,
With sense to scrape acquaintance with a Jailor."

MADAME PIOZZI†.

I said, I liked not Goose, and mention'd why:
" One smells it roasting on the spit," quoth I.—
" *You*, Madam," cried the Doctor with a frown,
" Are always gorging, stuffing something down:
Madam, 'tis very natural to suppose,
If in the pantry you will poke your nose,
Your maw with every sort of victuals swelling,
That you *must* want the *bliss* of *dinner-smelling*."

BOZZY.

As at Argyle's grand house my hat I took,
To seek my alehouse, thus began the Duke:

"Pray, Mister Boswell, won't you have some tea?"
To this I made my bow, and did agree.
Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,
Where Lady Betty Hamilton was seated
Close by the Duchess; who, in deep discourse,
Took no more notice of *me* than a Horse.—
Next day, *myself* and Doctor Johnson took
Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.
Next to himself the Duke did Johnson place;
But I, thank God, sat *second* to his Grace.
The place was due most surely to my merits;
And, faith, I was in very pretty spirits.
I plainly saw (my penetration such is),
I was not yet in favour with the Duchess.
Thought I, "I am not disconcerted yet;
Before we part, I'll give her Grace a *sweat*."
Then looks of intrepidity I put on,
And ask'd her if she'd have a plate of mutton.
This was a glorious deed, must be confess'd;
I knew I was the *Duke's* and not *her* guest.
Knowing (as I'm a man of tip-top breeding)
That *great folks* drink no healths while they are feeding;
I took my glass, and, looking at her Grace,
I stared her like a Devil in the face;

And in respectful terms, as was my duty,
Said I, " My Lady Duchess, I salute ye."
Most audible indeed was my salute,
For which some folks will say I was a Brute:
But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it would;
But then, I knew that I was flesh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Once at our house, amidst our *Attic* feasts,
We liken'd our Acquaintances to Beasts;
As for example—some to calves and hogs,
And some to bears and monkeys, cats and dogs.
We said (which charm'd the Doctor much, no doub
His Mind was like of Elephants the Snout,
That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour
For trimming well the jacket of a Tiger.

BOZZY†.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mister Scott
Did breakfast with us: when upon the spot,
To him, and unto Doctor Johnson, lo!
Sir William Forbes, so clever, did I show;
A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
A charming Christian, *though* by trade a Banker;

Made too of good companionable stuff;
And this, I think, is saying full enough.
And yet it is but justice to record,
That when he had the Measles, 'pon my word,
The people seemed in such a dreadful fright,
His house was all surrounded day and night,
As if they apprehended some great evil;
A General Conflagration, or the Devil.
And when he better'd, oh! 'twas grand to see 'em
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing *Te Deum.*

Madame Piozzi*.

Quoth Johnson, "Who d'ye think my Life will write?"
"Goldsmith," said I. Quoth he, "The dog's vile Spite,
Besides the fellow's monstrous love of Lying,
Would doubtless make the Book not worth the buying."

Bozzy†.

That worthy gentleman, good Mister Scott,
Said, 'twas our Socrates's luckless lot
To have the Waiter, a sad nasty blade,
To make, poor Gentleman! his Lemonade;
Which Waiter, much against the Doctor's wish,
Put with his *paws* the sugar in the dish.

* P. 31. † P. 13.

The Doctor, vexed at such a filthy fellow,
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung
The liquor out of window on the dung:
And Doctor Scott declared, that, by his frown,
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Dear Doctor Johnson left off Drinks fermented;
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented:
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man! he poured a flood of melted butter.

BOZZY.

With glee the Doctor did my Girl behold;
Her name Veronica, just four months old.
This name Veronica, a name though quaint,
Belonged originally to a Saint:
But to my old Great-grandam it was given,
As fine a woman as e'er went to Heaven;
And, what must add to her importance much,
This Lady's genealogy was Dutch.
The Man who did espouse this Dame divine,
Was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine;

Who poured along my Body, like a Sluice,
The noble, noble, noble blood of Bruce:
And who that own'd this blood could well refuse
To make the World acquainted with the *news?*
But to return unto my charming Child:—
About our Doctor Johnson she was wild;
And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,
Squawl for him to begin again, and sputter;
And to be near him a strong wish express'd:
Which proves he was not *such* a horrid Beast.
Her fondness for the Doctor pleased me greatly;
On which I loud exclaimed in language stately,
Nay, if I recollect aright, I *swore*,
I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more.*

Madame Piozzi*.

One day, as we were all in talking lost,
My Mother's favourite Spaniel stole the toast;
On which immediately I screamed, "Fie on her."
"Fie, Belle," said I, "you used to be on honour."—
"Yes," Johnson cried; "but, Madam, pray be told,
The reason for the vice is, Belle grows *old.*"
But Johnson never could the Dog abide,
Because my Mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.

* P. 256.

The truth on't is, Belle was not too well bred,
But always would *insist* on being fed;
And very often too, the saucy Slut
Insisted upon having the *first cut*.

BOZZY.

Last night much care for Johnson's Cold was used,
Who hitherto without his nightcap *snooz'd*.
That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,
Sweet Miss Macleod did make a Cap of Flannel;
And, after putting it about his head,
She gave him Brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,
When thus I said, as I had said before:
" Don't forget Dicky, Doctor; mind poor Dick."
On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick;
" Madam," quoth he, " and when I've served *that* elf,
" I guess I then may go and *hang* myself."

BOZZY†.

At night, well soak'd with rain, and wondrous weary,
We got as wet as Shags to Inverary.

* P. 204. † P. 483.

We supp'd most *royally;* were vastly frisky:
When Johnson order'd up a gill of Whisky.
Taking the glass, says I, " Here's Mistress Thrale."—
" Drink her in Whisky not," said he, " but Ale."

MADAME PIOZZI*.

The Doctor had a Cat, and christen'd Hodge,
That at his house in Fleet-street used to lodge.
This Hodge grew old, and sick; and used to *wish*
That all his dinners might be form'd of Fish.
To please poor Hodge, the Doctor, all so kind,
Went out, and bought him Oysters *to his mind.*
This every day he did; nor ask'd Black Frank†,
Who deemed himself of much too high a rank,
With *vulgar* fish-fags to be forced to chat,
And purchase Oysters for a *mangy* Cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake stay each Anecdotic scrap;
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap.
With one half-hour's restoring slumber blest,
And Heaven's assistance, I may *bear* the *rest.*
Aside.]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord,
That thus my ears with nonsense should be bored?

* P. 102. † Dr. Johnson's servant.

Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The Devil and all his Brimstone I defy:
No punishment in *other* worlds I fear;
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When, raised to *consequence* that all adore,
I sat each session, King-like, in the Chair,
Awed every rank, and made the Million stare;
Lord-paramount o'er every Justice riding,
In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding.
Yes, like a noble Bashaw of *three tails*,
I spread a fear and trembling through the Jails.
Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,
And *blasted* on them, like the last day's Trumpet.
I know no paltry weakness of the soul;
No snivelling pity dares my deeds control:
Ashamed, the weakness of my King I hear;
Who, childish, drops on every death a tear*.
Return, return again, thou glorious hour
That to my grasp once gavest my idol, Power;
When at my feet the humble knaves would fall,
The thundering Jupiter of Hicks's Hall†.——

* Such is the report concerning his most tender-hearted Majesty, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals. How unlike the Great Frederic of Prussia, who delights in a Hanging!

† Sir John wishes in vain: his hour of insolence returns no more.

The Knight thus finishing his speech so *fair*,
Sleep pulled him gently backward in his chair;
Oped wide the mouth that oft on Jail-birds swore,
Then raised his nasal organ to a roar
That actually surpassed in tone and grace
The grumbled ditties of his favourite Base*.

* The Violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

PART II.

Now from his sleep the Knight affrighted sprung,
While on his ear the words of Johnson rung;
For, lo! in Dreams the surly Rambler rose,
And, wildly staring, seemed a Man of Woes.
" Wake, Hawkins," growled the Doctor with a frown,
" And knock that Fellow and that Woman down.
Bid them with Johnson's Life proceed no further:
Enough already have they dealt in murther.
Say, to their tales that little truth belongs:
If *fame* they mean me, bid them *hold their tongues.*

" In vain at glory Gudgeon Boswell snaps:
His Mind's a Paper Kite, composed of scraps;
Just o'er the tops of Chimneys formed to fly,
Not with a wing sublime to mount the Sky.
Say to the dog, his Head's a downright Drum,
Unequal to the History of Tom Thumb:
Nay, tell of Anecdote that thirsty Leech,
He is not equal to a Tyburn Speech*.

* Composed for " the unfortunate Brave" of Newgate, by different His-

"For that Piozzi's Wife, Sir John, exhort her
To draw *her* immortality from Porter;
Give up her Anecdotical inditing,
And study Housewifery instead of Writing:
Bid her a poor Biography suspend;
Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
I know no business Women have with Learning:
I scorn, I hate, the mole-eyed half-discerning;
Their wit but serves a Husband's heart to rack,
And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

"Tell Peter Pindar, should you chance to meet him,
I like his genius; should be glad to greet him.
Yet let him know, Crowned Heads are *sacred* things,
And bid him reverence more the Best of Kings*;
Still on his Pegasus continue jogging,
And give that Boswell's back another Flogging."

* This is a strange and almost incredible Speech from Johnson's mouth; as not many years ago, when the age of a *certain* Great Personage became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question: "Of what importance to the present company is his *age*? Of what importance would it have been to the World, if he had *never existed*?" If we may judge likewise from the following Speech, he deemed the present Possessor of a *certain* Throne as much an Usurper as King William; whom, according to Mr. Boswell's account, he *bescoundrels*. The Story is this:—An Acquaintance of Johnson's asked him if he could not sing. He replied, "I know but *one* song; and that is, The *King* shall enjoy his *own* again."

Such was the Dream that waked the sleeping Knight,
And 'oped again his eyes upon the light:
Who, mindless of old Johnson and his frown,
And stern commands to knock the Couple down,
Resolved to keep the peace; and, in a tone
Not much unlike a Mastiff o'er a Bone,
He grumbled, that, enabled by a nap,
He now could meet *more* Biographic scrap;
Then, nodding with a *magistratial* air,
To farther Anecdote he called the Fair.

Madame Piozzi*.

Dear Doctor Johnson loved a Leg of Pork,
And hearty on it would his grinders work:
He liked to eat it so much overdone,
That one might shake the flesh from off the bone.
A Veal-pie too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,
Was wondrous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
Though used from morn to night on Fruit to stuff,
He vowed his belly never had enough.

Bozzy†.

One Thursday morn did Doctor Johnson wake,
And call out, "Lanky, Lanky," by mistake;

But recollecting, " Bozzy, Bozzy," cried:
For in Contractions Johnson took a pride.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Whene'er our Friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Mister Thrale and I were in a fright:
For, blinking on his book too near the Flame,
Lo! to the foretop of his Wig it came;
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and small,
Down to the very net-work, named the Caul.

BOZZY†.

At Corrachatachin's, in *hoggism* sunk,
I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk:
Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet;
But, like a stupid Blockhead, breed a riot.
I scarcely knew how 'twas I reeled to bed.—
Next morn I waked with dreadful pains of head,
And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me;
For much I feared the Moralist would *mob* me.
But, as I lay along, a heavy Log,
The Doctor entering called me " drunken dog."
Then up I rose with Apostolic air,
And read in Dame Mackinnon's Book of Prayer;

* P. 237. † P. 317.

In hopes for *such* a sin to be forgiven,
And make, if *possible*, my peace with Heaven.
'Twas *strange*, that in that Volume of Divinity
I oped the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read these words: "Pray be not drunk with wine,
Since drunkenness doth make a Man a Swine."—
"Alas," says I, "the sinner that I am!"
And, having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

Madame Piozzi *.

One day, with spirits low and sorrow fill'd,
I told him that I had a Cousin kill'd.
"My Dear," quoth he, "for Heaven's sake hold your canting;
Were all your Cousins kill'd, they'd *not* be *wanting;*
Though Death on each of them should set his mark,
Though every one were spitted like a Lark,
Roasted, and given that dog there for a meal,
The *loss* of them the World would never feel:
Trust me, dear Madam, all your dear Relations
Are Nits, are Nothings, in the eyes of Nations."

Again† says I, one day, "I do believe,
A good Acquaintance that I have will grieve

To hear her Friend hath lost a large estate."—
" Yes," answer'd he; " lament as much her fate
As did your Horse (I freely will allow)
To hear of the miscarriage of your Cow."

BOZZY *.

At Enoch, at Macqueen's, we went to bed;
A coloured handkerchief wrapp'd Johnson's head.
He said, " God bless us *both;* good night;"—and then,
I, like a Parish-clerk, pronounced " Amen."
My good Companion soon by sleep was seized,
But I by lice and fleas was sadly teazed.
Methought a Spider, with terrific claws,
Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws;
But slumber soon did every sense entrap,
And so I sunk into the sweetest nap.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

Travelling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on
Where, at Leweny, lives Sir Robert Cotton.
At table, our great Moralist to please,
Says I, " Dear Doctor, arn't those charming Peas?"
Quoth he, to contradict, and *run his rig,*
" Madam, they possibly might please a Pig."

* P. 103. † P. 70.

Bozzy*.

Of Thatching, well the Doctor knew the art;
And with his Threshing-wisdom made us start:
Described the greatest secrets of the Mint,
And made folks fancy that he had been in't.
Of Hops and Malt 'tis wondrous what he knew;
And well as any Brewer he could brew.

Madame Piozzi†.

In Ghosts the Doctor strongly did believe,
And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's sleeve.
He said to Doctor Lawrence, " Sure I am,
I heard my poor dear Mother call out, ' Sam.'
I'm sure," said he, " that I can trust my ears;
And yet my Mother had been dead for years."

Bozzy‡.

When young ('twas rather silly, I allow),
Much was I pleased to imitate a Cow.
One time, at Drury Lane with Doctor Blair,
My Imitations made the playhouse stare.
So very charming was I in my *roar*,
That both the Galleries clapped, and cried, " *Encore.*'

* P. 324. † P. 192. ‡ P. 499.

Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh,
I tried to be a Jackass and a Calf;
But who, alas, in *all things* can be *great?*
In short, I met a terrible defeat:
So vile I brayed and bellowed, I was hiss'd;
Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *miss'd.*
Blair whisper'd me, " You've lost your credit now:
Stick, Boswell, for the future, to the Cow."

Madame Piozzi*.

Th' affair of Blacks when Johnson would discuss,
He always thought they had not souls like us;
And yet, whene'er his family would fight,
He always said Black Frank † was in the right.

Bozzy ‡.

I must confess that I enjoyed a pleasure,
In bearing to the North so great a *treasure.*
Thinks I, I'm like a Bulldog or a Hound,
Who, when a lump of Liver he hath found,
Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,
To gobble dôwn his piece of meat in quiet.
I thought this good as all Joe Miller's jokes;
And so I up, and told it to the folks.

* P. 212. † The Doctor's man-servant. ‡ P. 259.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Some of our friends wished Johnson would compose
The Lives of Authors who had shone in Prose;
As for his power, no mortal man could doubt it.
Sir Richard Musgrave, he was warm about it;
Got up, and soothed, entreated, begg'd, and prayed,
Poor man! as if he had implored for bread.
" Sir Richard," cried the Doctor with a frown,
" Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *sit down*."

BOZZY.

Of Doctor Johnson having given a sketch,
Permit me, Reader, of *myself* to preach.
The World will certainly receive with glee
The slightest bit of history of *me*.
Think of a *Gentleman* of ancient blood,
Prouder of *title* than of being *good;*
A Gentleman just thirty-three years old;
Married four years, and as a Tiger bold;
Whose bowels yearn'd Great Britain's foes to tame,
And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flame;
To get his limbs by broad-swords carved in wars,
Like some old Bedstead, and to boast his scars;

* P. 295.

And, proud immortal actions to achieve,
See his Hide bored by bullets like a Sieve.
But, lo! his Father, a *well-judging* Judge,
Forbade his Son from Edinburgh to budge;
Resolved the French should not his backside claw;
So bound his Son apprentice to the Law.—
This Gentleman had been in foreign parts,
And, like Ulysses, learnt a world of Arts:
Much Wisdom his vast travels having brought him,
He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him.
Of Prudence this same Gentleman was such,
He rather had too little than too much.
Bright was this Gentleman's Imagination,
Well calculated for the highest station:
Indeed so *lively*, give the Devil his due,
He ten times more would utter than was *true*;
Which forced him frequently, against his will,
Poor man! to swallow many a bitter pill.
One bitter pill among the rest he took,
Which was, to cut some *scandal* from his Book.—
By Doctor Johnson he is well portray'd:
Quoth Sam, "Of Bozzy it may well be said,
That through the most inhospitable scene,
One never can be troubled with the spleen,

Nor even the greatest difficulties chafe at,
While *such an animal* is near to *laugh at.*

MADAME PIOZZI*.

For *me*, in Latin Doctor Johnson wrote
Two lines upon Sir Joseph Banks's Goat;
A goat that round the World so *curious* went;
A goat that now eats grass that grows in Kent.

BOZZY†.

To Lord Monboddo a few lines I wrote,
And by the servant Joseph sent this note:

"Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,
With Mister Samuel Johnson I am come.
This night, by us must *certainly* be seen
The very handsome town of Aberdeen.
For *thoughts* of Johnson, you'll be not applied to:
I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I do.*
So near we are, to part I can't tell how
Without so much as making you a bow:
Besides, the Rambler says, to see Monbodd
He'd go at least *two miles* out of his road,

Which shows that he admires (whoever rails)
The pen which proves that Men are born with *tails*.
Hoping that as to health your Lordship does well,
" I am your servant at command,
" JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME PIOZZI*.

On Mister Thrale's old hunter Johnson rode,
Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode;
And as on Brighton Downs he dash'd away,
Much was he pleased to hear a Sportsman say,
That at a chase he was as tight a hand
As e'er a sporting Lubber in the land.

BOZZY†.

One morning Johnson, on the Isle of Mull,
Was of his Politics excessive full.
Quoth he, " That Pulteney was a rogue 'tis plain;
Besides, the fellow was a Whig in grain."
Then to his principles he gave a banging,
And swore no Whig was ever worth a hanging.
" 'Tis wonderful," says he, " and makes one stare,
To think the Livery chose John Wilkes Lord Mayor;

* P. 72. † P. 494.

A dog, of whom the World could nurse no hopes;
Prompt to debauch their Girls, and rob their Shops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that Anecdote a Lie:
But grant that Johnson said it; by the by,
As Wilkes *unhappily* your *friendship* shared,
The dirty Anecdote might well be spared.

BOZZY.

Madam, I stick to Truth as much as you,
And damme if the Story be not true.
What you have said of Johnson and the Larks,
As much the Rambler for a *savage* marks.
'Twas scandalous, even candour must allow,
To give the history of the Horse and Cow.
What but an enemy to Johnson's fame,
Dared his vile prank at Litchfield Playhouse name;
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
To fling the man and chair into the pit?
Who would have register'd a speech so odd
On the dead Stay-maker and Doctor Dodd*?

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 51, first edition.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnson's Threshing-knowledge and his Thatching,
May be your own inimitable *hatching*.
Pray, of his *wisdom* can't you tell *more* news?
Could not he make a Shirt, and cobble Shoes,
Knit Stockings; or, ingenious, take up Stitches,
Draw Teeth, dress Wigs, or make a pair of Breeches?
You prate too of his knowledge of the Mint,
As if the Rambler really had been in't:
Who knows, but you will tell us (truth forsaking)
That each Bad Shilling is of Johnson's *making;*
His, each vile Sixpence that the World hath cheated;
And his, the art that every Guinea *sweated?*
About his Brewing-knowledge you will prate too,
Who scarcely knew a Hop from a Potatoe;
And, though of Beer he joyed in hearty swigs,
I'd pit against his taste my husband's Pigs.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the Youth
Who, in your book, of Doctor Johnson begs
Most seriously to know if Cats laid Eggs?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Mistress Montague the lie,
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, fy!

BOZZY.

Who, maddening with an Anecdotic itch,
Declared that Johnson called his Mother *bitch*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from Macdonald's rage to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of Defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who would have said a word about Sam's Wig;
Or told the story of the Peas and Pig?
Who would have told a tale so very flat,
Of Frank the Black, and Hodge the mangy Cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded tender;
Of Doctor Johnson's fame a fierce defender:
I am sure you've mentioned many a pretty Story
Not much redounding to the Doctor's Glory.
Now for a *saint* upon us you would palm him;
First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

BOZZY.

Why truly, Madam, Johnson cannot boast;
By your acquaintance he hath *rather lost*.
His Character so shockingly you handle,
You've sunk your Comet to a Farthing Candle.
Your vanities contrived the Sage to hitch in,
And bribed him with your cellar and your kitchen:
But luckless Johnson play'd a losing game;
Though Beef and Beer he won, he lost his Fame.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your Book had Johnson read,
Fist-criticism had rattled round your head.
Yet let my satire not too far pursue;
It boasts *some* merit, give the Devil his due.
Where Grocers and where Pastry-cooks reside,
Thy Book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;
Preach to the Pattypans sententious stuff,
And hug that Idol of the nose called Snuff;
With all its stories Cloves and Ginger please,
And pour its *wonders* to a pound of Cheese.

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is wondrous fine;
Sense in each thought, and wit in every line:

Yet, Madam, when the leaves of *my* poor Book
Visit the Grocer or the Pastry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the just reward,
May aid the Trunk-maker of Paul's Church-yard;
In the *same* alehouses together used,
By the *same* fingers they may be amused;
The greasy *snuffers* yours perchance may wipe,
While mine, high-honoured, lights a toper's *pipe*.
The praise of Courtenay* *my* Book's fame secures:
Now who the devil, Madam, praises *yours*?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you Blockhead: no one now can doubt it;
For not a soul in London is without it.
The folks were ready Cadell to devour,
Who sold the first edition in an hour.
So, Courtenay's praises save you? Ah! that Squire
Deals, let me tell you, more in Smoke than Fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has praised me in the sweetest line—

* The lively Rattle of the House of Commons, indeed its Momus; who seems to have been selected by his Constituents more for the purpose of laughing at the misfortunes of his Country, than healing the wounds. He is the Author of a Poem lately published, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to prove that Doctor Johnson was a *brute* as well as a *moralist*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay, ay; the Verse and Subject *equal* shine.
Few are the mouths that Courtenay's wit rehearse;
Mere *cork* in Politics, and *lead* in Verse.

BOZZY.

Well, Ma'am, since *all* that Johnson said or wrote
You hold so sacred, how have you forgot
To grant the wonder-hunting World a reading
Of Sam's Epistle just before your Wedding;
Beginning thus (in strains not form'd to flatter),
" MADAM,
If that most ignominious matter
Be not concluded,"—
Farther shall I say?
No; we shall have it from yourself some day,
To justify your passion for the Youth
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my Marriage, Sir, to you or him?
He tell me what to do! a pretty whim!
He to *propriety* (the beast) resort!
As well might Elephants preside at Court.

Lord! let the World to damn my Match agree;
Good God, James Boswell, what's that World to me?
The folks who paid respects to Mistress *Thrale*,
Fed on her Pork, poor souls! and swill'd her Ale,
May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten;
Turn up the nose of scorn: good God! what then?
For me, the Devil may fetch their souls so *great:*
They keep their Homes; and *I*, thank God, my Meat.
When they, poor Owls! shall beat their Cage, a Jail,
I unconfined shall spread my Peacock Tail;
Free as the Birds of air, enjoy my ease,
Choose my own food, and see what climes I please.
I suffer only, if I'm in the wrong:
So now, you prating Puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For shame, for shame! for Heaven's sake, both be quiet;
Not Billingsgate exhibits such a riot:
Behold, for Scandal you have made a feast,
And turn'd your Idol, Johnson, to a Beast.
'Tis plain that tales of Ghosts are arrant lies,
Or instantaneously would Johnson's rise;
Make you both eat your paragraphs so evil;
And, for your treatment of him, play the devil.

Just like two Mohawks, on the man you fall;
No Murderer is worse served at Surgeons' Hall.
Instead of adding Splendour to his name,
Your books are downright Gibbets to his fame.
Of those your Anecdotes, may I be curst
If I can tell you which of them is *worst*.
You never with Posterity can thrive:
'Tis by the Rambler's *death* alone you *live;*
Like Wrens (as in some volume I have read)
Hatch'd by strange fortune in a Horse's Head.
Poor Sam was *rather fainting* in his glory,
But now his fame lies foully *dead* before ye:
Thus to some dying man (a frequent case)
Two Doctors come and give the *coup de grace*.
Zounds, Madam! mind the duties of a Wife,
And dream no more of Doctor Johnson's Life:
A happy knowledge in a Pie or Pudding
Will more delight your friends than all your Studying;
One Cut from Venison, to the heart can speak
Stronger than ten Quotations from the Greek;
One fat Sirloin possesses more sublime
Than all the airy castles built by Rhyme;
One nipperkin of *Stingo* with a toast,
Beats all the Streams the Muses' Fount can boast;

Blest, in one Pint of Porter, lo! my belly can
Find raptures not in all the Floods of Helicon.
Enough those Anecdotes your *powers* have shown:
Sam's Life, dear Ma'am, will only damn *your own.*

For thee, James Boswell, may the hand of Fate
Arrest thy Goose-quill and confine thy Prate:
Thy Egotisms the World disgusted hears;
Then load with vanities no more our ears,
Like some lone Puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet, should it lie beyond the powers of Fate
To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;
To live in solitude, oh! be thy luck,
A chattering Magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge; then, leaping from the chair,
He left, in consternation lost, the Fair:
Black Frank* he sought, on Anecdote to cram,
And vomit *first* a Life of Surly Sam†.

* Doctor Johnson's Negro Servant.

† The Knight's Volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable Competitors.

Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,
The Rivals marvelling mark'd his sudden flight;
Then to their pens and paper rush'd the Twain,
To *kill* the mangled Rambler o'er *again.*

[N. B. *The Quotations from Mr. Boswell are made from the second edition of his Journal; those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the first edition of her Anecdotes.*]

ODE UPON ODE,

OR

A PEEP AT SAINT JAMES'S,

OR

NEW YEAR'S DAY,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes. HORACE.

JUST as the maggot bites, I take my way:
To Painters now my court *respectful* pay;
Now, ever welcome, on the Muse's wings,
Drop in at Windsor on the Best of Kings;
Now, at Saint James's, about Handel prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and Squires, and *smile* at State.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I THINK it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. Warton's Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him: I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an amplification of the ingenious Laureat's idea.

PROËMIUM.

KNOW, Reader, that the Laureat's post *sublime*
Is destined to record, in handsome Rhyme,
The Deeds of British Monarchs, twice a year:
If great, how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If pitiful, (as Shakspeare says) the Song
Must "suckle Fools, and chronicle Small Beer."

But Bards must take the *up-hill* with the *down;*
Kings cannot *always* Oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a Crown;
Therefore, like those in Cheese, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader, if by God's good grace,
Or (what's more sought) good interest at Court,
Thou gett'st of Lyric Trumpeter the place,
(And hundreds are, like Gudgeons, gaping for't;)
Hear, at a Palace if thou mean'st to thrive;
And of a steady Coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employed to celebrate a King,
Let *Fancy* lend thy Muse her loftiest wing;
Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere:
Bid thy Voice thunder like a hundred Batteries;
For *common* sounds, conveying *common* flatteries,
Are Zephyrs whispering to the Royal ear.

Know, Glutton-like, on Praise each Monarch crams;
Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature:
Alas! the stomach parch'd by burning Drams,
With mad-dog terror starts at simple Water.

Fierce is each Royal mania for applause;
And, as a Horse-pond wide, are Monarch-maws,
Form'd therefore on a pretty ample scale:—
To sound the *decent* panegyric note,
To pour the *modest* flatteries down their throat,
Were offering Shrimps for dinner to a Whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strikest the Lyre to Kings,
To touch to Abigails of Courts the strings:
Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handsome sop,
And swear she always has more grace
Than even to sell the *meanest* place;
Swear too the Woman keeps *no* Title-shop;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard their ware,
Who on each Passenger for custom stare;
And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,
"*Sher, vat you buy, Sher? Madam, vat you buy?*"—

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode.
The true-bred Courtiers wonder while I preach;
And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,
Pronounce my Sermon a *most impious* speech.—
With all my spirit: let them damn my lays;
A Courtier's Curses are exalted Praise.

I hear a startled Moralist exclaim,
"Fie, Peter, Peter! fie for shame!
Such counsel disagrees with my digestion."
Well, well, then, my old Socrates; to please thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,
I'll nobly take the *other side* the question.

Par exemple:

Fair Praise is sterling Gold; all should desire it:
Flattery, base coin, a Cheat upon the Nation;
And yet our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

Flattery's a sly insinuating Screw;
The World, a Bottle of Tokay so fine:
The Engine always can its Cork subdue,
And make an easy conquest of the Wine.

Flattery's an Ivy wriggling round an Oak;
This Oak is often honest blunt John Bull:
Which Ivy would its great supporter choak,
While John (so thick the walls of his dark scull)
Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts,
Till Master Ivy creeps into John's guts;
And gives poor thoughtless John a set of gripes:
Then, like an Organ opening all his pipes,
John roars; and, when to a consumption drained,
Finds out the Knave his folly entertained.

Praise is a modest unassuming Maid,
As simply as a Quaker-beauty drest:
No ostentation hers, no vain parade;
Sweet nymph! and of *few* words possest:
Yet heard with reverence when she silence breaks,
And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

Flattery's a pert French Milliner; a jade
Cover'd with rouge, and flauntingly array'd:
Makes saucy love to every Man she meets,
And offers even her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of heeding public hisses,
Divines so grave, Philosophers, can bear her;
What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her;
Nay, court the smiling Harlot's very *kisses*.

ODE.

RICH as Dutch Cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or Custard-pudding at a City Feast,
Tom's Incense greets his Sovereign's hungry nose:
For, bating Birth-day torrents from Parnassus,
And New-year's spring-tide of divine Molasses,
Fame in a *scanty* rill to Windsor flows.

Poets, quoth tuneful Tom, in ancient times,
Delighted all the Country with their Rhymes;
Sung Knights and barbed Steeds with valour big:
Knights who encounter'd Witches, murder'd Wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards;
Rogues with no more religion than a Pig:—

Knights who illumin'd poor dark Souls,
Through pretty little well-formed eyelet-holes,
By *pious* pikes and *godly* Lances made,
Tools that worked wonders in the Holy trade;

With Battle-axes fit to knock down Bulls,
And therefore qualified, I wot, full well,
With force the Sacred Oracles to tell
Unto the thickest unbelieving Sculls:—

Knights who, so famous at the game of Tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,
To plant with Swords, in Hearts, the Gospel Seeds;
Just as we hole for Cucumbers hot-beds,
Or pierce the bosom of the sullen Earth
To give to Radishes or Onions birth:—

Knights who, when tumbled on the hostile field,
And to an enemy obliged to yield,
Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor knob stir:
Poor Devils! who, like Alligators hack'd,
At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd,
Were dragg'd from coats of armour—like a Lobster.

Great, says the Laureat, were the Poet's puffings
On idle daring Red-cross Ragamuffins,
Who, for their Childishness, deserved a Birch:
Quoth Tom, a *worthier* subject now, thank God,
Inspires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
Than Blockheads battling for Old Mother Church.

Times, quoth our courtly Bard, are alter'd quite:
The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the sight;
  Goths, Vandals, castles, horses, mares:—
The polish'd Poet of the present day
Doth in his tasty Shop display,
  Ah! vastly prettier-coloured Wares.

The Poet "moulds his harp to manners mild,"
(Quoth Tom;) to Monarchs who, with rapture wild,
Hear their *own* Praise with mouths of gaping Wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day Thunder:
Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly;
Though not most *musical*, most *melancholy*.
Ah! crotchets doomed to charm our ears no more,
Although by Mister Parsons set in *score*;
Drear and eternal silence doomed to keep,
Where the dark waters of Oblivion sleep;
To speak in humbler English—doomed to rest,
With Court Addresses, in a musty Chest.

  Yet all the Lady *amateurs* declared,
  They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard:
As for example—all the Angels Gideons;
  That is, my Lady, and her Daughters fair,
  With coal-black eyebrows, and sweet Hebrew air;
The lovely Produce of the *two* Religions:

Thus in their virtues Fox-hounds best succeed,
When Sportsmen very wisely cross the breed;
And thus, with nobler lustre shines the Fowl
Begot between a Game-hen and an Owl.

Sir Samson too declared, with voice divine,
"*Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat Hog,*
He nebber did hear Mooshic half sho fine:
No, nebber shince he lefs de Shinnygogue."

His Grace of Queensbury too, with eyes though dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd;
Listening, in attitude of Corporal Trim,
He raised his thin grey curl to catch the sound:

Then swore the Airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal Glees and Catches*.—
Yet were those Crotchets all condemned to rest
In the dark bosom of a musty Chest:

Crotchets that formed into so sweet an air,
As charmed my Lady Mayoress and Lord Mayor;
Who thought (and really they were true believers)
The Music equall'd Marrowbones and Cleavers.

* Though not a Purcell, his Grace is admitted, by many of his musical guests, to be a very pretty Catch-maker.

Strains that the reverend Bishops had no qualms
In saying, that they equall'd David's Psalms;
But *not* surpass'd in melody the Bell
That mournful soundeth an Archbishop's Knell:
Strains that Sir Joseph Mawbey deem'd *divine*,
Sweet as the Quavers of his fattest Swine.

Even great Lord Brudenell's self* admired the strain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain;
Who, winking, beat with Duck-like nods the time,
And called the Music and the Words *sublime*.

Yes, this most lofty Peer admired the Ode;
A Peer who, too, delights in Opera-dancing;
Thus sagely both those *useful* Arts advancing,
And *nobly* spreading Britain's Fame abroad.

So much by Dancing is his Lordship won,
Behind the Opera Scenes he constant goes,
To kiss the little finger of Coulon†,
To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too all the other Lords, with whispers swarming,
Cried "Bravo, bravo! charming! bravo! charming!"

* A prodigious *amateur*: without his Lordship there can be no Rehearsal.

† A First Dancer at the Opera

And Majesty itself, to music bred,
Pronounced it, "Very, very good, indeed!"
Indulging perhaps the *very natural* dream,
That all its Charms were owing to the *Theme.*

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure
Might in the brace of Royal bosoms rise,
To think they heard it without waste of treasure;
As *sixpences* are *lovely* in their eyes.

For, not long since, I heard a forward Dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim:
"Good God, how Kings and Queens a song adore,
With what delight they order an *encore,*
When that same song *encored* for *nothing* flows!
This Madame Mara to her sorrow knows.

"To Windsor oft, and eke to Kew,
The Royal mandate Mara drew.
No cheering drop the Dame was ask'd to sip;
No bread was offer'd to her quivering lip:
Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down;
Such was the *goodness, grandeur,* of the Crown!

"Now tell me, will it ever be believed,
How much for Song and Chaise-hire she received?
How much pray, think ye?"—Fifty guineas.—"No."
Most surely forty.—"No, no."—Thirty.—"Poh!

Pray, guess in reason; come, again."
Alas! you jeer us: twenty at the least;
No man could ever be so great a beast
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—
" To keep you then no longer in suspense;
For Mara's Chaise-hire and unrivall'd Note,
Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,
Their bounteous Majesties gave—not a groat."

" Aye," cried a second Slanderer, with a sneer,
" I know a story like it: you shall hear.
Poor Mistress Siddons, *she* was ordered out,
To wait upon their Majesties, to *spout;*
To read old Shakspeare's *As you like it* to 'em,
And how to mind their stops and commas shew 'em.
She read: was told 'twas very, very fine;
Excepting here and there a line,
To which the Royal wisdom did object;
And which, in all the pride of emendation,
And partly to *improve* her *reputation,*
His Majesty thought proper to correct.
Then, turning to the Partner of his Bed,
On tiptoe mounted by self-approbation,
A very modest elevation,
He cried, 'Mind, Charly, *that's* the way to r

" The Actress reading, spouting, out of breath,
Stood all the time; was nearly tired to death;
While both their Majesties, in Royal style,
At perfect ease were *sitting* all the while.
Not offer'd to her was one drop of beer,
Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:
Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
But for a Child that at the hardship shrunk,
A little Prince, who mark'd her situation,
And, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation:

'La! Mistress Siddons is quite faint indeed;
How pale! I'm sure she cannot longer read:
She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair;
And would, I'm sure, be happy in a *chair*.'

" What followed? Why, the Royal pair arose;
Surly enough, one fairly may suppose:
And to a room adjoining made retreat,
To let her, for one minute, *steal* a seat.

" At length the Actress ceased to read and spout,
Where Generosity's a crying Sin:
Her curtsey dropp'd, was nodded to; came out
So rich!"—How rich?—" As rich as she *went in*."

Such are the Stories twain. Why, grant the fact,
Are *Princes*, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should Mara call it cruelty, and blame
Such Royal conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To Mistress Siddons freely say the same:
Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour*.

Even I, the Bard, expect no gifts from Kings,
Although I've said of them such *handsome* things:
Nay, not their Eye's attention, whose bright ray
Would, like the Sun, illumine my poor Lay;
And, like the Sun, so kind to procreation,
Increase within my brain the maggot nation.

So much for idle Tales. Now, Muse, thy strain
Digressive, turn to Drawing-rooms again.
There too was Pitt, who scraped and bowed to ground;
And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine:
Then wish'd such *harmony* could once be found
Where *he*, each day, was treated like a Swine
By that arch-fiend Charles Fox, and his vile party;
Villains, in nought but black Rebellion hearty;

Fellows who had the impudence to place
The *sacred* Sceptre underneath the Mace;

And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,
To hamper or to hang the Lord's Anointed.

To whom a certain Sage so earnest cried,
" Don't mind, don't mind; the rogues their aim have miss'd:
Don't fear your place, while I am well supplied;
But mind, mind poverty of Civil List.

" Swear that no King's so poor upon the globe;
Compare me, yes, compare me to poor Job.
What, what, Pitt? hæ? we must have t' other grant;
What, what? You know, Pitt, that my old dead Aunt
Left not a sixpence, Pitt, these eyes to bless,
But from the Parish saved that fool at Hesse.

" But mind me, hæ! to plague her heart when dying,
I was a constant hunter, Nimrod still;
And when in state as dead's a Mack'rel lying,
I cared not, for I knew the Woman's *will*.

" And three days after she was dead,
Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,
I took it, yes, I took it in my head
To order Sir John Brute at Drury Lane.
Had she respected *me*, I do aver,
I should have staid at home, and thought of *her*.

"And mind; keep George as poor as a Church Mouse;
Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton House:
This may appear like wonderful barbarity;
But mind, Pitt, mind, he gains in popularity.

"I see him o'er his Father try to rise,
And mount an Eagle to the skies;
But poverty will check his daring flight:
Besides, should George receive a grant,
He gets the golden orbs *I want;*
Then, Civil List deficiencies, good night!

"And hæ! that wicked son-in-law of Brown*,
Losing all sort of *reverence* for a Crown,
Hath sent me in a Bill so dread:
What's very strange too, Pitt, I'll tell ye more;
The rascal came into my house, and swore
'Twas a just Bill, and that he *must* be paid;
Yes, that he would, he swore (how saucy, Pitt!),
Or send a Lawyer to me with a *writ.*

* Mr. Holland, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown; and who hath several times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thousand pounds, due for work done by his Father-in-law in the Royal Gardens.

" Down sent I Ramus to him o o'er,
To say that Brown had *gain'd* enough;
And bid him to the Palace come no more
To *pester* Majesty with Bills and *stuff*.

" What, Pitt? pray don't you think I'm right, quite right?"—
On which the Premier, with a faltering bow,
Stared in the face by Truth, looking I don't know how,
Hemm'd out a faint assent. Heavens, how polite!

How pretty 'twas in Pitt, what great good sense,
Not to give Majesty the least offence!—
Whereas the Chancellor, had *he* been there,
Whose Tutor, one would think, had been a Bear;
Thinking a Briton to no forms confin'd,
But born with privilege to speak his mind;
Had answer'd with a thundering tongue,
" I think your Majesty damnation wrong;
I know no moral or prescriptive right
In Kings, to rob a Subject of a mite:

" Give him his just demand, it is but fit;
Such littlenesses look extremely odd:
Before *me* should the matter come, by God,
Your Majesty will cursedly be *bit*.

Kings by a sense of honour should be sway'd:
Holland *must*, *will*, by God he *shall*, be paid."

Lord Rochford too, the gentle youth, was there,
Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported
In Glees and Catches; so that all who hear,
Believe a pretty *Semivir* imported.

Anxious to please the Royal Pair,
Lord Salisbury praised the words and air;
My Lord who boasts a pretty tuneful palate;
Who kindly teaches Coblers how to sing,
Instructs his Butler, Baker, on the string,
And with Apollo's Laurel crowns his Valet*.

"A Cobler, Baker, changed to a Musician,
Butlers, and Lick-trenchers!" my Reader roars;
"The sacred Art is in a sweet condition—
A pretty way of rubbing out old scores!

"God bless his generosity and purse:
Soon probably his Grandmother, or Nurse,

* His Lordship made some sad appointments to his Majesty's Band; ignorant unmusical rogues, who receive the salary, and thrum by proxy: however, he hath behaved better lately; and made atonement, by giving Shield, Dance, Blake, Parke, and Hackwood, to the Band.

May to the happy Band unite their notes;
Perchance, the List *respectable* to grace,
His Lordship's favourite Horse may show his face,
And earn, as Chorus-singer, all his *oats*."

There too that close attendant on the King,
Sir Charles*, the active, elegant, and supple,
Joined with the happy *beings* of the ring,
And bowed and scraped before the Sceptred Couple;
Poured high *encomium* on the Birth-day din,
And won the meed of many a Royal grin.

Sir Charles, the most polite, devoted man,
Formed perfectly upon the Courtier plan;
Watches each motion of the Royal lips,
And round his Majesty so lively skips:

Keen as a Hawk, observes his Sovereign's Eye,
Explores its wants, and dwells upon its stare;
As if he really was to live or die
According to th' appearance of the Glare:
Hops, dances, of true courtliness the type,
Just like a Pea on a Tobacco-pipe.

Oft will his Sacred Majesty look down,
With aspect conscious of a *glorious* Crown;

* Sir Charles Thompson.

Look down with surly grandeur on the Knight,
As if such servile homage was his right;
And, by a stare, inform the fearful *thing*,
The *difference* 'twixt a Subject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful Puppy meets
A noble Newfoundland Dog in the streets,
He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty Brute;
Curls round him, falls upon his back; and then
Springs up and gambols, frisks it back agen,
And crawls in dread submission to his foot;
Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t' intreat him,
With every mark of terror, not to *eat* him.

The Newfoundland Dog, conscious of his might,
Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show;
Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite),
And almost *drowns* the Supplicant below:

Then seems, in full-blown majesty, to say,
"Great is my power; but, lo! I'll not abuse it:
I'm Cesar! paltry Creature, go thy way;
But mind, I can *devour* thee if I choose it."

Sir Charles at Theatres oft shows his mien:
Skips from his Majesty behind the scene,

To make a famous Actress *blest*, by saying
How pleased the Monarch is, how oft he clapp'd,
How oft the Queen her fan so gracious tapp'd,
In approbation of her charming playing.

Then will the Knight, with motions all so quick,
Rush *back again* o'erjoyed, through thin and thick,
And to their Sacred Majesties repair,
Loaded with curtseys, speeches, thanks, fine things!
Proud as some old Dame's Nag with Queens and Kings
Of Gingerbread, to grace a country-fair.

Then will Sir Charles race *back*, with bold career,
With something *new* the Royal mouths shall utter;
Sweet to the Actress's astonish'd ear,
As Sugar-plums to brats, or Bread and Butter.

Then *back* to Majesty Sir Charles will fly
With the great Actress's *sublime* reply;

As for example: "Dear Sir Charles, dear friend,
Pray thank their Majesties' extreme good-nature,
Who in their goodnesses can condescend
To honour thus their poor devoted Creature:
Whose patronage gives glory to a name,
Whose smiles *alone* confer immortal fame.

I beg, Sir Charles, you'll say the *humblest* things:
Commend me to the Best of Queens and Kings."

Back with the messages Sir Charles will run,
And with them charm of Majesty the Sun:
And bid him, like his Brother in the skies,
Dart smiling radiance from his mouth and eyes.
Thrice-happy Knight, all parties formed to please;
Blest porter of such messages as these!

Thus 'midst the Battle's rage, like Lightning, scours
An Aide-de-camp, his General's orders carrying;
Bravely he gallops through the bullet-showers,
But scarce a single minute tarrying;
Then to the General back with answer comes,
'Midst the deep thunder of great guns and drums;

Now forth again with more command he sallies;
Then back, then forth again, behold him hurry;
To *this* who runs away, to *that* who rallies,
All bustle, uproar wild, and hurry-scurry.

Yet was there *one* who much the day decried;
Old Lady Mary Duncan, says report.
" What! no dear dear *Castrato* here?" she sigh'd;
" Why then, pox take the Roarings and the Court:

Then Lord have mercy on my tortured ears,
And shield me from the shouts of such He-bears!

" Are such the *pretty* Notes to please?
Then may I never more hear sounds like these.
In days of yore they might have had their merit;
Among the Rams'-horns to have borne a bob
That did at Jericho the wondrous job,
Knock'd down the wall with so much *spirit*.

" The sounds may answer to play tricks
Among a pack of drunken Asses;
To break, as if it were with Sticks,
The bones of Bottles and poor Glasses.

" Where, where is Pacchierotti's heart-felt strain,
Where Rubinelli's *sostenuto* note,
That tickled oft my sighing soul to pain,
That bade my senses in Elysium float?
Avaunt, you vile *black-bearded* rogues; avaunt!
'Tis *smoother* Chins, and *sweeter* Tones, *I* want."

My Lord of Exeter was also there,
Who marvelling cock'd his time-discerning ear
To strains that did *such honour* to a Throne.
There Uxbridge taught the Audience how to think;
With much significant and knowing wink,
And speeches clad in Wisdom's critic-tone:

Who look'd Musicians *through* with half-shut eyes;
Most solemn, most chromatically wise.

Sandwich, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This Fiddler now, now *that*, so kindly greeting,
Appeared, and shrewdly pour'd his *hahs* and *hums*:
Great in Tattoo my Lord, and Cross-hand Roll;
Great in the Dead-march stroke sublime of Saul;
He beats old Assbridge* on the kettle-drums.

What pity, to our military host
That such a charming Drummer should be lost;
And feel through life his *glories* overcast
At that dull Board† where never could he learn,
Of Ships the difference between Stem and Stern,
Hen-coops and Boats, the Rudder and the Mast!

Say, 'midst the tuneful tribe was Edmund Burke?
No: *Mun* was cutting out for Hastings work;
Writing to Cousin Will and Co.‡, to league 'em
Against that rogue who, like a Ruffian, rose,
And tweak'd a Bulse of Jewels from the nose
Of Dames in India, christen'd Munny Begum.

* A Kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

† The Admiralty.

‡ In India.

Edmund, who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
On that most horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold;
Vow'd, like a Sheep to flay that eastern thief;
Till strange good fortune *open'd* Edmund's *eyes:*
Oh! then he heard of *innocence* the cries,
And, like Jew Converts, damn'd his old belief.
Yet let *some* praise for Mun's *conversion* pass
To that great *wonder-worker*, Saint Dundas.

Edmund who battled hard for Powell's life,
And swore no man in Virtue e'er went further:
To *prove* which oath, this Powell took a knife,
And made the World *believe* it, by *self-murther.*—

Reader, suppose I give thee a small Ode,
Made when vile Tippoo Saib in triumph rode;
And play'd the devil on our Indian borders,
In person, or by vile Satanic orders:

When Mister Burke, so famous for fine speeches,
From trope to trope a downright Rabbit skipping,
Meant, Schoolboy like, to take down Hastings' *breeches*,
And give the noble Governor a Whipping.

If rightly, Reader, I translate thy phiz,
Thou smil'st consent. I thank thee: here it is.—

But mark my *cleanliness* ere I begin:
Know, I've not caught the *itch* of Party-sin;
To Pitt or Fox I never did belong;
Truth, truth I seek; so help me God of Song.

Perhaps to a *Heathen* oath thou mayst demur:
Well then; suspicion that I mayn't incur,
But like a *Christian* swear I do not sham;
By all the Angels of yon lofty sky,
Where burning Seraphim and Cherubs *cry*,
I'm of no Party; curse me if I am.

By all those *wonder-monger* Saints and Martyrs,
Cut, for the love of God, in halves and quarters;
By each black Soul in Purgatory frying;
By all those whiter Souls, though we can't see 'em,
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
On yon bright cloud; I swear I am not lying.

No: free as air the Muse shall spread her wing,
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing;
Though Privy Councils, jealous of her note,
Prescribed of late a *halter* for her throat *.

Let Folly spring; my Eagle, Falcon, Kite,
Hawk, Satire, what you will, shall mark her flight;

* This is a piece of *secret history*.

Through huts or palaces ('tis just the same),
With equal rage, pursue the panting Game;
And lay (by Princes or by Peasants bred),
Low at the *owner's* feet, the Cuckoo dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH *edified* am I by Edmund Burke;
Well-pleased I see his Mill-like Mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's good;
He gives of elocution such a feast;
He tells of such dread doings in the East;
And sighs, as 'twere for his own flesh and blood.

Shroff, *Chout*, *Lack*, *Omra*, *Dustuck*, *Nabob*, *Bunder*, *Crore*, *Choultry*, *Begum*, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchless pathos *Mun* describes the Gag
Employed by that vile Son of Hyder Naig,
Named Tippoo; Gags that British mouths detest:
Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,
That Hastings: oh! deserving all that's bad;
That villain, murderer, tyrant, dog, wild beast.

Poor Edmund sees poor Britain's setting sun:
Poor Edmund groans, and Britain is undone.—

Reader, thou hast, I do presume
(God knows though), been in a snug room,
By coals or wood made comfortably warm,
And often fancied that a Storm without
Hath made a diabolic rout,
Sunk ships, tore trees up, done a world of harm.

Yes; thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardst of Mariners the cries;
And sighed: "How wretched now must thousands be!
Oh, how I pity the poor souls at Sea!"—
When lo, this dreadful Tempest, and his roar,
A Zephyr in the key-hole of the door!

Now may not Edmund's Howlings be a Sigh
Pressing through Edmund's lungs for loaves and fishes,
On which he *long* hath looked with *longing* eye,
To fill poor Edmund's not o'er-burden'd dishes?

Give *Mun* a sop, forgot will be complaint;
Britain be safe, and Hastings prove a Saint.

Now for the Drawing-room, O Muse so madding,
Delighted in digression to be gadding.—

Hampden and Fortescue (brave *names!*) attended;
The last, in Catches wonderfully mended.
The lovely Lady Clarges too was there;
To all the Graces, as to Music, born:
Whose notes so sweetly melting soothe the ear,
Soft as the Robin's to the blush of Morn.

There too the rare Viol-di-gamba Pratt,
Whose Fingers fair the strings so nicely pat;
And Bow that brings out sounds unknown at Babel,
Though not so sweet as those of Mister Abel:

Dear Maid, the daughter of that Prince of Pratts
Who Music cons as well as Law; and swears
The Girl shall *scrub* no soul's but Handel's airs,
To whom he thinks our great Composers Cats:

Id est, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,
And twenty more who never had the luck
To please the nicer ears of *some* Crowned Folk;
Ears that, like other people's though they grow,
Poor creatures! really want the sense to know
Psalm-tunes so mournful from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too, *Mus. D.*,
Much-travel'd Burney, came to hear and see:

He, in his tour who found such *great* Protectors;
Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines, Electors,
Who asked the Doctor many a gracious question,
And treated him with marvellous hospitality;
Guessing he had as clever a digestion
For Meat and Drink, as Music of rare quality.

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode:
But turned his disappointed eyes to God;
And wished it his own setting, with a sigh:
For, ere to Salisbury's house the Doctor came,
To get as Ode-setter enrolled his name,
Behold, behold, the *wedding was gone by!*

Ah, how unlucky that the prize was lost!—
Parsons, who, daring, dash'd through thick and thin,
Eclipse the Second, got like Lightning *in*,
When Burney just had reached the *distance-post*.

Yet, gentle Muse, let candour this allow;
That, though his heart was mortified enow,
The Doctor did his Rival's art admire,
And owned his maiden crotchets full of fire:
Crotchets, though sweet, alas! condemn'd to lie,
Like Royal Virtues, *hid* from mortal eye:—

Crotchets that songful Mister Parsons ties
To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries;
Thrice-happy union to entrance the soul!
How like the notes of Cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Tied tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?
Why heard he not the Air and lofty Rhyme?
The sleek Welsh Deity, who music knows:
The Alexander of the Tottenham troops *;
Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
Do wondrous execution with their bows.

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,
Far in his Cambrian villa † sat alone;
To Mistress Walsingham ‡ he scrubb'd his base,
While anger swell'd the volume of his Face,
Flaming, like Suns of London in a fog.
Of Mistress Walsingham he sung with ire:
His Eyes as red as Ferret's eyes, with fire;
His mighty soul for vengeance all agog.

* Sir Watkin is a member of the Ancient Music concert in Tottenham Street; and much attended to, both for his art and science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,
His Sledge-like Fist o'er Agamemnon rear'd,
And down his throat would fain his words have ramm'd;
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley),
And rating the long Monarch for his folly,
Informed the King of Men he might be damn'd:
Then to his tent majestic strode, to strum,
And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Mistress Walsingham the Ode attended;
From Squire Apollo lineally descended:
A Dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings;
The Saint Cecilia, Queen of Wind and Strings;
Though scarcely bigger than a Cat, a Dame,
'Midst the *Bas Bleus*, a Giant as to Fame.

When fiddle, hautboy, clarionet, bassoon,
On Sunday (deemed by *us* good Christians, *odd*),
Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune
In *jiggish* gratitude to God:
Lo! if a witless Member should desire,
Instead of Handel, strains perchance of Haydn,
A fierce Semiramis she flames with fire,
This Amazonian crotchet-loving Maiden.

She looks at him with *such* a pair of eyes!—
Reader, by way of simile-digression,
Which to my subject happily applies,
Didst ever see Grimalkin in a passion;
Lifting her back, and ears, and tail, and hair;
Giving her two expressive Goglers
(Not in the sweet and tender style of Oglers),
A fierce, broad, wild, fixed, furious, threatening stare?

If so, thou mayst some *faint* idea have
Of this great Lady at her tuneful Club;
Who very often hath been heard to rave,
And with much eloquence the Members snub.

Some people by their souls will swear,
That if Musicians miss but half a bar,
Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother;*
And, in the violence of Quaver-madness,
Where nought should reign but harmony and gladness,
She knocks one tuneful head against another:
Then screams in *such* chromatic tones,
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted Sons;
Whose trembling tongues, when *hers* begins to sound,
Are, in the din vociferating, drown'd.

Thus when the Oxford Bell, baptized Great Tom,
Shakes all the City with his iron tongue,
The little Tinklers might as well be dumb
As ask attention to their puny song;
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome
By the deep thunder of the mighty Tom.

Handel, as famed for *manners* as a Pig,
Enraged, upon a time pull'd off his wig,
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,
Because the little Syren missed a grace:

Musicians therefore should beware;
Or, in the face of some unlucky Chap,
Although she cannot fling a load of Hair,
She probably may dart her Cap.

Oft when a Youth to some sweet blushing Maid
Hath slily whisper'd amatory things,
And, more by passion than by music sway'd,
Broke on the tuneful Dialogue of Strings;
Roused like a Tigress from a favourite feast,
Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman sprung,
With Lightning look, and thundering tongue,
Ready with out-stretch'd neck to eat the beast
That boldly dared, so blasphemously rash,
Mix with the air *divine* his lovesick *trash*.

Reader, attend her; she will so *enrich* ye
With Music-knowledges of every kind,
From that poor nothing-monger, old Quilici,
To Handel's lofty and capacious mind:

Run wild divisions on the various merit
Of *this* and *that* Composer's spirit;
On Gluck's Sublimities be all so chatty;
Talk of the *Serio-comic* of Piccini,
Compare the Elegance of sweet Sacchini
And Iron Melodies of old Scarlatti!

But not one word on *British* Worth, I ween:
Their very mention gives the Dame the *spleen;*
'Twere e'en *disgrace* to tell their mawkish Names:
Mere Cart-horses; poor uninventive fools,
Who neither Music make, nor know its rules;
Whose Works should only come to *light* in *flames.*

To depths of Music doth this Dame pretend;
Nought can her science well transcend,
If you the Lady's *own* opinion ask:
And when she talks of musical Inditers,
She shows a *vast* acquaintance with all Writers,
And takes them critically all to task.

Dear Gentlewoman! who *so* great, *so* chaste,
So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummish* taste,
Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,
The melting amoroso, Paisiello:
With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye;
Giordani, sweeter than the Hybla Honey;
Anfossi, Cimerosa, Bach, Bertoni,
Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi:

Can tell you that th' Italian School is airy,
Expressive, elegant, light as a Fairy;
The German, heavy, deep, scholastic;
The French, most miserably whining, moaning,
Oft like poor Devils in the Colic groaning,
Noisy and screaming, hideous, Hudibrastic.

The female Visitors around her gaze,
With wondering eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,
To hear her pompously demand the *key*
Of every piece Musicians play:
Astonish'd see this Petticoat-Apollo,
With stamping foot, and beck'ning hands
And head, time-nodding, issue high commands,
Beating the Tottenham-road Director* hollow.

* Joah Bate, Esquire.

Yes: they behold amazed this tuneful Whale,
And catch each crotchet of her *rich* discourse,
Utter'd with classic elegance and force,
On *diatonic* and *chromatic* scale:
Then stare to see the Lady wisely pore
On scientific zig-zag Score.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,
'Midst tuning instruments each other greeting,
Screaming as if they had not met for years,
So joyous, and so great their clatter; say,
Didst ever see this Lady striking *A*
Upon her harpsichord, with bending ears;
With open mouth, and stare profound,
Attention nailed, and head awry,
Watching each atom of the tuneful cry
Till *alamire* unison goes round?

Didst ever see her Hands outstretch'd like Wings*,
Towards the Band, though led by Cramer,
Wide-swimming for *pianos* on the strings;
Now sudden raised*, like Mister Christie's Hammer,
To bid the *forte* roar in sudden thunder,
And fill the gaping Multitude with wonder?—

* Motions established by the Cognoscenti for showing the light and shades of Music.

Thou never didst? Then, friend, without a hum,
I envy thee a *happiness* to come.

"He moulds his Harp," quoth Tom, "to manners mild;"
To Kings, for Babe-like manners *simple* styled,
And graced with Virtues that would fill a Tun.
To *him* the Poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, Goose-like, brooding o'er the favourite Egg
Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the Sun.

To *him* who for such Eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching;
Which makes the number offer'd to the Sun
So vast!—why, verily as thick as Peas:
That people may collect, with *equal* ease,
A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers Wisdom to his care hath given!
All hatch'd; some living, others gone to Heaven.
Thus in the Pinnick's* nest the Cuckoo lays;
Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
Due homage to the Eggs the Pinnick pays,
And brings the little Lubbers into light.

* A Bird so called in some counties, that attends the Wise Bird, and feeds him.

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of Monarchs who, with economic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tottenham Lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury*.

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,
That thus in anger Majesty should lock it?
Muse, are the Tottenham-street Subscribers poor?
Will Drury keep some *pence* from Tottenham's pocket?
Doth threatening Bankruptcy extend a gloom
O'er the proud walls of Tottenham's Regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's Song that gives offence;
Hinc illæ lacrymæ, I fear:
The Song that once could charm the Royal sense,
Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.
Gods! can a Guinea deaden every note,
And make the Nightingale's a Raven's throat?

* The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane this year, under the conduct of Mr. Linley and Dr. Arnold. Madame Mara was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How should the Pigmy be saved? By killing the Giant: and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed. By what power of the constitution? None. Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

But let me give his Majesty a hint,
Fresh from my brain's prolific mint.
Suppose we *amateurs* should, in a fury,
Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say
(And lo, 'tis very probable we *may*),
"We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?"

How must he look? Blank, wonderfully blank;
And think such Speech an insult on his rank.
What could he do?—oppose with ire so hot?
I think his Majesty had *better not**.

Pity a King should with his Subjects squabble
About an Oratorio or a Play:
It puts him on a footing with the Rabble;
And that's *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off Conqueror: alas!
For such a Victory he ought to *sigh*.
But, Lord! suppose it so should come to pass,
That Majesty comes off with a *black eye?*
Whether he lose or win the day,
The World will christen it a paltry fray.

* Indeed his Majesty hath prudently taken the hint. Drury, in spite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios performed, to the no small mortification of poor deserted Tottenham.

Kings *should be* never in the wrong*:
They never *are*, some Wiseacres declare.
Poh! such a speech may do for Birth-day Song,
But makes *us* philosophic people *stare*.

I know a *certain* Owner of a Crown,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,
Who harbour'd of his Neighbour horrid notions,
A Widow Gentlewoman; who, he said,
Popp'd from her window every day her head
Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

"What? what?" quoth Majesty: "I'll teach her eyes
To take my motions by surprise:

* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings. A *certain* King and Queen, instead of having Concerts at their Palace, in the style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a *private subscription* for a Concert in a pitiful Street. They pay their six guineas apiece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their Children, as we are told, *gratis*. What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a Bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair, fit for the reception of the King of the first Empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed? Marvelling Reader, of the poor Musicians' fund, which money might have been placed out to a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the Subscribers order a formal Rehearsal previous to every Concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money: undoubtedly to the vast *satisfaction* of the fingers of the happy Cramer, Bonghi, Shield, Cervetto, &c.; who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a Drayhorse.

One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,
But, whip! the Woman's head at once is out,
To see and hear what we are all about.
I'll cure her of that trick, and block her up."

Mad as his Military Grace*
For fortifying every place,
From Dock-yards to a Necessary-house;
The Monarch dreamt of nothing but the Wall:
The saucy Spy in Petticoats to maul,
And make her Eagle pride crawl like a Louse.

Now Workmen came, with formidable stones,
To block up the poor Widow Jones:
Who mark'd this dread Blockade; and, with a frown,
And to the cause of freedom true,
One of the old hen's chicks so blue,
Fast as the King built *up*, the Dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas up, 'twas down; 'twas up again, 'twas down;
Much did the Country with the Battle ring,
Between the valiant Widow and the King,
That admiration raised in Windsor town:
The mighty Battling Broughtons and the Slacks
Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

* Duke of Richmond.

Sing, heavenly Muse, how ended this affray.—
Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When Dames so spirited engage with Men;
That is, th' heroic Widow won the day:

The King could not the Woman maul,
But found himself most shamefully defeated;
Then, very wisely, he retreated,
And, very prudently, gave up the Wall.

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike Ammunition
Used by the Dame in her besieged condition,
That on the host of vile Invaders flew.
Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out "Shame!"
And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
From such a resolute and hostile crew?

Yes: Neptune, like her Guardian Angel kind,
Joined the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs;
Then fiercely caught up *certain* earthen wares,
And, pleased his favourite Element to find,
Bid on their heads the briny torrents flow,
And wash'd like Shags the Combatants below.

The goddess Cloacina too, so hearty,
Rush'd to the Widow's house, and join'd the party;

But say, what Ammunition fill'd *her* hand,
Fame for the Widow to acquire,
To bid the Enemy retire,
And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* Ammunition was, the Bard
Heard as a *secret*, therefore must not tell;
Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward
To Beaus reveal it, or the sweetest Belle.
Yet Nature possibly hath made a snout
Blest with sagacity to *smell* it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a Calf;
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh.
Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head shaved, poor fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my Story false or true,
I value not a rush.
Wilt have another?—"No."—Nay, prithee do.—
"I won't."—Thou shalt, by Heavens; so prithee hush.

But, ere I give the Tale, my tuneful Bride,
My Lady Muse, shall talk of Kings and Pride.—

Some Kings on Thrones, are Children on the Lap;
Children, that all of us see every day;
Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,
Tearing, and swearing they will have their way:
And, what too their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, just like Children, about *trifles*.

Moreover, 'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows
Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty Being,
Much pleased with people's scraping, bowing, kneeing,
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags:
Her Ladyship in nought can brook denial;
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,
And more especially from Men of Rags.

For Pride, such is her stateliness, alas!
Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse*,
Though pelting her with fifty times the force;
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER*.

A TALE.

A KING near Pimlico, with nose and state
Did very much a neighbouring Brick-kiln hate,
Because the Kiln did vomit nasty Smoke;
Which Smoke, I can't say very nicely bred,
Did very often take it in its head
To blacken the Great House, and try the King to choak.

His Sacred Majesty would sputtering say,
Upon a windy day,
"I'll make the Rascal and his Brick-kiln hop.
Pox take the smoke, the sulphur. Zounds!
It forces down my throat by pounds:
My Belly is a downright Blacksmith's Shop."

One day, he was so pester'd by a *cloud*,
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:
"Go," roar'd his Majesty unto a Page,
Work'd, like a Lion, to a devilish rage,

* A Mr. Scott.

" Go, tell the rascal who the Brick-kiln owns,
That if he dares to burn another brick,
Black all my House like Hell, and make me sick,
I'll tear his Kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off Billy Ramus set, his errand told:
On which the Brickmaker, a little bold,
Exclaim'd, " *He* break my bones, good Master Page!
He say my Kiln shan't burn another brick,
Because it blacks his house and makes him sick!
Billy, go, give my *love* to Master's rage,
And say, more bricks I am *resolved* to burn;
And if the Smoke his Worship's stomach turn,
Tell him to *stop* his mouth and snout.
Nay more, good Page; his Majesty shall find
I'll always take advantage of the Wind,
And, damme, try to *smoke* him *out*."

This was a shameful message to a King,
From a poor ragged Rogue that dealt in Mud;
Yet, though so impudent a thing,
The fellow's *rhetoric* could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor Hastings Edmund Burke,
This Brickmaker went tooth and nail to work,

And formed a true Vesuvius on the eye:
The Smoke in pitchy Volumes rolled along,
Rush'd through the Royal Dome with sulphur strong,
And, thick ascending, darken'd all the Sky.

To give the Smoke a nastier stink,
Indignant Reader, what dost think?
The Fellow scraped the filthiest stuff together,
Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs
Replete with many a colony of bugs,
Old shoes and boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus did the Cloud of Stink and darkness shade
The Building for the Lord's Anointed made,
And blacken'd it like Palls that grace a burying:
Thus was this Man of Mud and Straw employed,
And at the thought so wicked overjoyed,
Of smoking God's Vicegerent like a Herring;

Of serving him as we do parts of Swine,
Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine.
But, lo! this baneful Rogue of Brick
Fell, for his Sovereign *fortunately*, sick;
And, ere the Wretch could glut his spleen and pride
By turning Monarchs into Bacon, died.

The modern Bard, quoth Tom, sublimely sings
Of sharp and prudent economic Kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
And pigs of every sort of breed:

Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful sows;
Who sell skim-milk, and keep a guard so stout
To drive the Geese, the thievish rascals, out,
That every morning used to *suck* the *Cows** :—

Of Kings who cabbages and carrots plant†
For such as wholesome vegetables want;
Who feed too poultry for the People's sake;
Then send it through the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wondrous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of such as *only pay* for what they take.

The Poet now, quoth Tom's rare Lucubration,
Singeth Commercial Treaties; Commutation;
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,
Olympian dew, gloves, sticking-plaster, hats,
Quack medicines for sick Christians and sound Rats,
And all that charms our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

* Is it possible for this Story to be true? We would rather give it an epenphal.

† Mr. Warton says in his Ode, "Who plant the *civic bay*:" but he assuredly meant *cabbages* and *carrots*; the fact proves it.

The modern Bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
Who love their Wives so constant from their heart;
Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping,
Their heads so lovely into houses popping,
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should not Queens and Kings
Purchase a comb or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,
Or pins, or bobbin, *cheap* as other folks?

Reader, to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
I tell thee *farthings* claim the Royal care.
Farthings are helpless Children of a Guinea:
If not well watch'd, they travel to their cost;
For, lo! each copper-visaged little Ninny
Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dared defend:
The *greatest* Kings should save a Candle-end;
Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks *save*,
The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
Crown'd Heads of *saving* should appear examples;
And Britain really boasts two *pretty samples!*

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of sweet Excisemen, an *obliging* train;
Who, like our Guardian Angels, watch our houses:
And add another civil obligation
That addeth greatly to our reputation;
Hug, in our absences, our loving Spouses.

Reader, when tired, I'm fond of taking breath:
Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,
And *consequently* my immortal Rhyme,
'Tis clear thou never canst desire my death.

Swans, in their songs, most musically die:
If that's the case then, Reader, so might *I*.
Let me then join thy wishes; stay my rapture,
And nurse my lungs to sing a Second Chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

"GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,"
Says Pope (I don't know where), a little Liar;
Who if he praised a man, 'twas in a tone
That made his Praise like Bunches of Sweetbriar,
Which, while a pleasing fragrance it bestows,
Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.
Were *some folks* to exclaim who fill a Throne,
"Grant *me* an honest fame, or grant me *none*;"

Such Princes were upon the *forlorn hope*,—
Soon, very soon, to reputation dead:
Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up shop,
And bid their lofty Genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t' offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digression:
Plead not the Poet's *quidlibet audendi;*
For surely there are limits to th' expression:
Then cease to wanton thus in Episode,
And tell the World of Mister Warton's Ode.

The modern Poet, Laureat Thomas says,
To Botany's grand Island tunes his Lays,
Fixed for the Swains and Damsels of St. Giles,
Whose knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art
Bids them from Britain *somewhat sudden* start,
To teach to southern climes their *ministerial* wiles;

Improve the *wisdom* of the Commonweal,
And teach the *simple* Natives how to steal;
The picklock *sciences*, so dark, explain;
And to *ingenious* murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again: The modern Poet sings
Of sweet, good-natured, inoffensive Kings;

Who, by a *miracle*, escaped with life—
Escaped a Damsel's *most tremendous* Knife;
A Knife that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the Bowels of a Pie or Tart.——

Thus having given a full display
Of what our Laureat says, or *meant* to say;
I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my ears,
Why in his Verses he should call
The Knights who graced the high-arched Hall,
A set of Bears*:

Why the bold steel-clad Knights of elder days
Are not entitled to a *little* praise,
Who for God's cause did palace, house, and hut sell;
As well as Monarchs of the present date,
Whose dear Religion, of which Poets prate,
Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a Nutshell.

"What King hath small Religion?" thou repliest:
"If George the Third thou meanest, Bard, thou liest."
Hold, Thomas; not so furious: I know things
That add not to the Piety of Kings.
I've seen a King at Chapel, I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a Prayer:

* *Vide* the word "Savage," in the Laureat's Ode for the New Year.

When inward his sad Optics ought to roll,
To view the *dark* condition of his Soul;
Catch up an Opera-glass, with curious eye,
Forgetting God, some Stranger's phiz to spy,
As though desirous to observe if Heaven
Had Christian features to the visage given;
Then turn (for kind communication keen),
And tell some new-found wonders to the Queen.

Thus have these eyes beheld a Cock so stately
(Indeed these Lyric eyes beheld one lately),
  Labouring upon a dunghill with each knuckle:
When after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor Grub,
  On which the fellow did *so* strut and chuckle;
He peck'd and squinted, peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallooing lustily to Madame Hen;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he looked around,
And told what *noble* treasure he had found.

" Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat Thomas cries,
" Thou hast no fear of Kings before thy eyes;
Great, little, all with thee are equal jokes,
And mighty Monarchs merely common folks.
Ah wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—"
Know *what?*—" That Monarchs are not merely *show:*

Souls they possess, and on a glorious scale."—
To this I answer, Thomas, with a Tale.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*),
Thus on a certain time address'd a Poet:
" I'm much afraid of that same scribbling-itch:
You've wit, but pray be cautious how you show it;
Say nothing in your Rhymes about a King:
If Praise, 'tis *lies*; if Blame, a *dangerous* thing."—
That is, the Duke believed the King uncivil
Might kick the saucy Poet to the Devil.

T. W.

Peter, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad.

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no* Prince of common sense possest.

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest.
On Stanislaus the Muse could pour her strain,
Who, dying, sunk a Sun upon Lorraine:
Like too the parted Sun, with glory crown'd,
He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.

Frederic the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say:
We must not touch upon that King's *belief*,
Because I fear he seldom said his prayers;
Nor dare we say the Hero was no *thief*,
Because he plunder'd every body's wares.

I'm told the Emperor is vastly wise;
And hope that Madame Fame hath told no lies:
Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,
The Monarch's oratory was not much;
Full many a *trope* from Bayonet or Drum
He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wise are our gracious Queen's *superb* Relations,
The pride and envy of the German Nations;
People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state:
Lo, what demand for them in Heaven of late!

Lo! with his knapsack, even just now departed,
As fine a Soldier, faith, as ever started,
Whom Death did almost *dread* to lay his claws on,
Old Captain what's his name?—Saxehilberghausen*:

* Great-uncle to our most gracious Queen. He died in the Emperor's service.

For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning)
We once again are blackened up by mourning;
To show by glove, cloth, ribbon, crape, and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old Gentleman.

Ah me! what dozens dozens dozens
Our Queen hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins!
Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doomed to dismal black,
Must always bear a Hearse-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

Great is the Northern Empress, I confess;
Much, in her humour, like our Good Queen Bess;
Who keeps her fair Court Dames from getting drunk*:
And all so temperate herself, folks say,
She *scarcely* drinks a *dozen drams* a day;
And, in *love matters*, is a Queen of spunk.

Yet like I not such woman for a Wife:
Such Heroines, in a matrimonial strife,
Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:
I own, my delicacy is so great,
I cannot, in dispute, with rapture meet
Women, who look like Men in Petticoats.

* At an Assembly at Petersburgh, some years since, which was honoured with the presence of the Empress, one of the Rules was, that no Lady should come drunk into the room.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,
By way of *answer* one might have a *slap;*
Perhaps on a simple Petticoat or gown;
Nay, possibly on Madam's being *kiss'd.*
And really I would rather be knock'd down
By *weight* of Argument, than *weight* of Fist.

I like not Dames whose conversation runs
On Battles, Sieges, Mortars, and Great Guns:
The *milder* Beauties win *my* soften'd soul,
Who look for Fashions with desiring eyes;
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the conversations roll,
Cork-rumps, and Merry-thoughts, and Lovers' Sighs.

Love! when I marry, give me not an Ox:
I hate a Woman like a Sentry-box;
Nor can I deem that Dame a *charming* creature
Whose hard face holds an *oath* in every feature.

In Woman, Angel sweetness let me see:
No galloping Horse-godmothers for *me.*
I own I cannot brook such *manly* Belles
As Mademoiselle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells:
Yet men there are (how strange are Love's decrees!)
Whose palates even Jack-gentlewomen please.

How different, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,
That triumph in a love-inspiring Air;
Superior beaming even where thousands shine:
Thy form, where all the tender Graces play,
And, blushing, seem in every smile to say,
"Behold, we boast an origin divine!"

See too the Queen of France, a Gem I ween.
With reverence let me hail that charming Queen;
Bliss to her King, and lustre to her Race!
Though Venus gave of Beauty half her store,
And all the Graces bid a World adore,
Her *smallest* beauties are the charms of Face.

T. W.

Heavens! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, at home.

I beg your pardon; yes, the Prince of Wales
(Whose actions smile contempt on Scandal's tales)
Ranks in the Muse's favour high:
I wish *some folks* that I could name with ease,
Blest with *his* head, *his* heart, *his* pow'rs to please
Then Pity's soul would cease from many a sigh.

The crouching Courtiers that surround a Throne,
And learn to speak and grin from *one* alone,
Who watch like Dancing Dogs their Master's nod,
Are ready now, if horsewhipp'd from their places,
At Carlton House to show their supple faces;
And call the Prince they vilify, a God.

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cesar doth the Arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance: yes, Tom; yes, Tom; yes.

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cesar would each joy forego,
To make his Children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom; no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bless a Child, bestow?

P. P.

Heaven help thy folly! No, Tom; no, Tom; no.

The sordid souls that Avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their Guineas in their *graves;*
Like that old Greek, a miserable cur,
Who made Himself *his own* Executor.

A Cat is with her Kittens much delighted;
She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:
At every danger, Lord, how Puss is frighted!
She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins,
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of Curs
Who smell too curious to her Children's furs.

This happens while her Cats are *young* indeed;
But when *grown up,* alas, how changed their luck!
No more she plays at bo-peep with her Breed,
Lies down, and mewing bids them come and suck:

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs;
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs;
But, when they beg her blessing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty Vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor Lambkins fly,
She watches the dear Babes with squinting eye;
And, if she spies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.

No more a tender love she seems to feel;
The Devil for *her* may eat 'em at a meal,
With all *her* soul: the Jade, so wondrous saving,
Cries, "Off! you now are at your own beard-shaving."

So, to *some* Kings this evil doth belong;
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt;
Who really love their Offspring when they're young,
But lose that fond affection when they're stout:
Far off they send 'em, nor a sixpence give.
I wonder, Thomas, where *such* Monarchs live.

Should such a Monarch, Thomas, cross *thy* way,
And for thy flattery offer Butts of Sack;
Say plainly that he would disgrace thy Lay;
And, turning on him thy poetic back,
Bid, like a Porcupine, thine Anger bristle;
Nor damn thy precious soul to wet thy whistle.

CONCLUSION.

THINK not, Friend Tom, I envy thee thy Rhyme;
By numbers, I assure you, deemed *sublime;*
Or that thy Laureat's Place my spleen provokes:
The King (good man!) and I should never quarrel,
Even though his Royal Wisdom gave the Laurel
To Mister Tom-a-Stiles, or John-a-Nokes.

Old-fashioned, as if tutored in the Ark,
I never sighed for Glory's high degrees:
This very instant should our *Grand Monarque*
Say, "Peter, be my Laureat if you please;"—

"No, please your Majesty," should be my answer,
With sweetest diffidence and modest grace:
"The Office suits a more *ingenious* man, Sir;
In God's name therefore, let *him* have the place.
Unlike the Poets, 'tis my vast affliction
To be a miserable hand at *fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find some Lyric Undertaker,
Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum maker,
Who oft hath rode on Pegasus so fiery,
And won the sweepstakes in the *Lady's Diary*:
Such, Sire, in Poetry shall hitch your name,
And do *sufficient* justice to your fame."

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. HORACE.

THE Bard whose Verse can charm the Best of Kings,
Performeth *most extraordinary* things.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter nobly acknowledgeth Error, suspecteth an interfering Devil, and supplicateth his Reader—He boasteth, wittily parodieth, and most learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet—He showeth much Affection for Kings, illustrating it by a beautiful Simile—Peter again waxeth witty—Resolution declared for Rhyme in consequence of Encouragement from our two Universities—Peter wickedly accused of *King-roasting*; refuteth the malevolent Charge by a most apt Illustration—Peter criticiseth the Blunders of the Stars—Peter replieth to the Charges brought against him by the World—He displayeth great Bible Knowledge; and maketh a shrewd Observation on King David, Uriah, and the Sheep, such as no Commentator ever made before—Peter challengeth Courtiers to equal his Intrepidity, and proveth his Superiority of Courage by giving a delectable Tale of Dumplings—Peter answereth the Unbelief of a vociferous World—Declareth *totis viribus* love for Kings—Peter peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the Fortune of the Prince of Wales—He descanteth on the high Province of ancient Poets, and displayeth Classical Erudition—Peter holdeth Conference with a Quaker—Peter, as usual, turneth rank Egotist—He telleth strange News relating to Majesty and Pepper Arden—Peter apologiseth for Impudence, by a Tale of a French King—Peter, imitating Ovid, who was transported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his Ode—Suggesteth a Royal Answer to Odes and Ode-factors—Happily selecteth a Story of King Canute, illustrating the Danger of stopping the Mouths of Poets with Halters, &c., instead of Meat—Peter concludeth with a wise Observation.

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT.

READER, I solemnly protest
I thought that I had worked up all my Rhyme.
What stupid Demon hath my brain possess'd?
I prithee pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode;
'Tis not a vast extent of road,
Together let us gallop then along:
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my Hack, stir.
To drop the image, prithee hear more Song,
Some " More *last* words of Mister Baxter."

A wondrous favourite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are Peter's powers of Song:
His nerve of Satire too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What Horace said of Streams in easy lay,
The marvelling World of Peter's Tongue may say:
His Tongue, so copious in a flux of metre,
"*Labitur et labetur.*"

ODE.

WORLD, stop thy mouth; I am resolved to rhyme;
I cannot *throw away* a Vein sublime:
If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his Master a rank libel,
Conceal my Talent in a *rag*.
Kings must continue still to be my theme:
Eternally of Kings I dream:

As Beggars every night, we must suppose,
Dream of their Vermin in their beds;
Because, as every body knows,
Such things are always *running* in their *heads*.

Besides, were I to write of *common* folks,
No soul would buy my Rhymes so strange, and jokes:
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork;
How would my masticating Muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle:
But, like my Pegasus's Chops so stout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about;

So mine would work. "On what?" my Reader cries,
With a stretched pair of unbelieving eyes.—
Heaven help thy most unpenetrating wit!
On a *hard* morsel; Hunger's iron *bit*.

By all the rhyming Goddesses and Gods,
I will, I *must*, persist in Odes;
And not a Power on Earth shall hinder.
I hear both Universities exclaim,
"Peter, it is a glorious road to fame:
Eugè, Poeta magne; well said, Pindar!"*

Yet some approach with Apostolic face,
And cry: "O Peter, what a want of grace,
Thus in thy Rhyme to roast a King!"—
I roast a King! by heavens, 'tis not a fact;
I scorn such wicked and disloyal act:
Who dares assert it, says a slanderous thing.

Hear what I have to say of Kings.—
If, *unsublime*, they deal in childish things,

* The violence of the Universities on this occasion may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by his Majesty's sending the Royal Children to Gottingen for education. But have not their Majesties *amply* made it up to Oxford, by a visit to that celebrated seminary; and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
Each mighty Monarch straight appears to *me*
A *roaster* of *himself*, *Felo de se:*
I only act as Cook, and *dish him up.*

Reader; another simile as rare:—
My Verses form a sort of Bill of Fare,
Informing Guests what kind of flesh and fish
Is to be found within each dish;
That eating people may not be mistaken,
And take for Ortolan a lump of Bacon.

Whenever I have heard of Kings
Who place in gossiping and news their pride,
And knowing family-concerns, mean things;
Very judiciously indeed I've cried:
" I wonder
How their blind Stars could make so gross a blunder.

" Instead of sitting on a Throne,
In purple rich, of state so full;
They should have had an Apron on,
And, seated on a three-legged Stool,
Commanded of dead Hair the sprigs
To do their duty upon Wigs.

" By such mistakes is Nature often foiled;
Such improprieties should never spring:
Thus a fine chattering Barber may be spoiled,
To make a most indifferent King."—

" Sir, Sir," I hear the World exclaim,
" At too high game you impudently aim:
How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
Tread, like a Horse, on *kingly* kibes?"—

Folks who can't *see* their errors, can't *reform;*
No plainer axiom ever came from man:
And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,
To *save* his sinking Neighbour, if he can.
Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wisdom pen,
Because your Kings have souls like *common* Men.

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth,
Nor mealy-mouthed my tongue in silence keep:
Did not good Nathan tell that buckish youth,
David the King, that he stole Sheep;

Stole poor Uriah's little favourite Lamb?
An Ewe it chanced to be, and not a Ram;
For, had it been a *Ram,* the Royal Glutton
Had never meddled with Uriah's Mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face
To say to Majesty, " O King!
At *such* a time, in *such* a place,
You did a very foolish thing?"
What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publish of his King *this* simple Story?—

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

Once on a time, a Monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless Buck
(The Horse and Rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot
Where sat a poor Old Woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old Granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd Apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked Dumplings lay,
When, lo! the Monarch, in his *usual* way,
Like Lightning spoke: " What's this? what's this?
what? what?"

Then, taking up a Dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand,
And oft did Majesty the Dumpling grapple:
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cried:
"What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The Dame replied,
Low curtseying, "Please your Majesty, the Apple."—

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the Dumpling round, rejoined the King).
"'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is;
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a Dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the Seam?"—

"Sir, there's no Seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did Apple-dumplings *sew*."—
"No!" cried the staring Monarch with a grin:
"How, how the devil got the Apple in?"

On which the Dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the Apple lay so sly concealed;
Which made the Solomon of Britain start:
Who to the Palace with full speed repaired,
And Queen and Princesses so beauteous scared,
All with the wonders of the Dumpling Art.

There did he labour one whole week, to show
The wisdom of an Apple-dumpling Maker;
And, lo! so deep was Majesty in dough,
The Palace seemed the lodging of a Baker.

Reader, thou likest not my Tale; look'st *blue:*
Thou art a Courtier; roarest, "Lies, lies, lies!"—
Do, for a moment, stop thy cries:
I tell thee, roaring Infidel, 'tis *true.*

Why should it not be true?—The *greatest* men
May ask a foolish question now and then;
This is the language of all ages:
Folly lays many a trap; we can't escape it.
"*Nemo,*" says some one, "*omnibus horis sapit.*"
Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* Sages?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,
Provided *king-like* they behave:
Kings are an instrument we need;
Just as we Razors want, to shave;
To keep the State's Face smooth; give it an air
Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of Kings though freely I impart,
I hate not Royalty; Heaven knows my heart.
Princes and Princesses I like, so loyal:
Great George's Children are my great delight;
The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
Obtain my love by day, and prayers by night.

Yes, I like Kings: and oft look back with pride
Upon the Edwards, Harries, of our isle;
Great souls, in virtue as in valour tried,
Whose Actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse, let us also *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold, the sceptre Young Augustus sways!
I hear the mingled praise of millions rise:
I see upraised to Heaven their ardent eyes,
That for their Monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the brightest annals of renown,
Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown
With Laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold Dominion swell beneath his care,
And Genius, rising from a dark despair,
His long-extinguish'd fires relume!

Such are the Kings that suit *my* taste, I own:
Not those where all the *littlenesses* join;
Whose souls should start to find their lot a Throne,
And blush to show their noses on a Coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations.*

Poets (so unimpeached Tradition says)
The sole Historians were of ancient days;
Who help'd their Heroes, Fame's high hill to clamber:
Penning their glorious acts in language strong;
And thus preserving, by immortal Song,
Their names amidst their tuneful Amber.

What am *I* doing? Lord! the very same:
Preserving many a deed deserving fame,
Which that old lean devouring Shark called Time
Would without ceremony eat;
In my opinion, far too rich a treat.
I therefore merit *statues* for my Rhyme.

" All this is laudable," a Quaker cries;
" But let grave Wisdom, Friend, thy Verses rule;
Put out thine Irony's two squinting eyes;
Despise thy grinning Monkey, Ridicule."—

What! slight my sportive Monkey, Ridicule,
Who acts like Birch on Boys at School,
Neglecting lessons, truant perhaps whole weeks!
My Ridicule, with humour fraught and wit,
Is that *satiric* friend, a Gouty Fit,
Which *bites* men into Health and rosy Cheeks;

A moral Mercury, that cleanseth Souls
Of ills that with them play the devil;
Like Mercury, that much the power controls
Of presents gained from Ladies *over-civil.*

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please:
The Ancients did so, therefore why not *I?*
Lo! for my good Advice I ask *no* fees,
While other Doctors let their Patients die;

That is, such Patients as *can't pay* for cure—
A very selfish wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now though I'm Soul-physician to the King,
I never begg'd of him the smallest thing
For all the threshing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t'impart,
So *well* I know my Royal Patient's heart,
He would not give me *two-pence* for my pains.

But, hark! folks say the King is *very mad:*
The news, if true indeed, were very sad,
And far too serious an affair to mock it;
Yet how can this *agree* with what I've heard,
That so much by him are *my* Rhymes *revered*,
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket:

And when *thrown out* (which often is the case
In bacon-hunting, or of Bucks the race),
My Verse so much his Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my *honoured* Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike-roads,
Now under trees and hedges, now in ditches.

Hark! with astonishment a sound I hear,
That strikes tremendous on my ear:
It says, great Arden, commonly called Pepper,
Of mighty George's Thunderbolts the Keeper,
Just like of Jupiter the famous Eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a Beagle.

But, Eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty Master, Mister Jove,
And ask how it can square with his *religion*
To bid thee without mercy fall on,
With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing Pigeon?

By Heavens, I disbelieve the fact:
A Monarch *cannot* so unwisely act.

Suppose that Kings so rich are always *mumping*,
Praying and pressing Ministers for money;
Bidding them on our Hive (poor Bees!) be thumping,
Trying to shake out all our Honey;

A thing that *oft* hath happen'd in our isle:—
Pray, shan't we be allowed to *smile?*
To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our *plunder'd* Hive?

A King of France (I've lost the Monarch's name),
Had, avaricious, got himself bad fame,
By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
Into his Subjects' purses;
A deep manœuvre that obtain'd their curses,
Because it treated *gentlefolks* like *spunges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel seizing,
They publish'd Libels to display their hate;
To comfort, in some sort, their souls,
For such a number of large holes
Eat by this Royal Rat in each estate.

The Premier oped his gullet like a Shark,
To hear such satires on the *Grand Monarque*,
And roar'd: "Messieurs, you soon shall feel
My *criticism* upon your *ballads*,
Not to your taste so sweet as Frogs and Sallads;
A stricture *critical* yclep'd *Bastile*."

But first he told the tidings to the King,
Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding-stone their noses down:
No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive;
He'd flay them, like Saint Bartlemy, alive,
Villains, for *daring* to insult the Crown.

The Monarch heard *Monsieur le Premier* out,
And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
Replied, "*Monsieur le Premier*, you are *wrong*.
Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd:
You know how we have serv'd em; faith, 'tis hard
They should not for their *money* have a *song*."

Ovid, sweet Story-teller of old times,
Unluckily transported for his Rhymes,
Address'd his Book before he bade it walk;
Therefore *my Worship* and my Ode,
In imitation of such Classic mode,
May, like two Indian Nations, have a *talk*.

" Dear Ode, whose Verse the *true sublime* affords,
Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords;
And, if thy modest beauties they *adore*,
Inform them they shall speedily have more."—

But *possibly* a mighty King may say,
" Ode, Ode! What, what? I hate your Rhyme-haranguing;
I'd rather hear a Jackass bray:
I never knew a Poet worth the *hanging*.

" I hate, abhor them: but I'll clip their wings;
I'll teach the saucy knaves to *laugh* at Kings.
Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues their songs shall rue,
A ragged, bold-faced, ballad-singing crew.
Yes, yes, the Poets shall my power confess;
I'll maul that spawning Devil called the Press."

If furious thus exclaim a King of Glory,
Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story:—

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES;

A TALE.

CANUTE was by his Nobles taught to fancy,
That, by a kind of Royal necromancy,

He had the power Old Ocean to control.
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a *Solomon*, command—
Poor soul!

"Go back, ye Waves, you blustering rogues," quoth he:
"Touch not your Lord and Master, Sea;
For, by my *power almighty*, if you do——"
Then, staring vengeance, out he held a stick;
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
Should he even wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retired: the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
And *look'd* as if he'd drive him from the land:
But Sea, not caring to be *put upon*,
Made for a moment a bold stand.

Not only make a *stand* did Mister Ocean,
But to his honest Waves he made a *motion*,
And bid them give the King a hearty trimming:
The orders seem'd a deal the Waves to tickle;
For soon they put his Majesty *in pickle;*
And set his Royalties, like Geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;

His head and ears most handsomely they doused:
Just like a Porpus, with one general shout
The Waves *so* tumbled the poor King about,
No Anabaptist e'er was half so soused.

At length to land he crawled, a half-drowned thing,
Indeed more like a Crab than like a King,
And found his Courtiers making rueful faces:—
But what said Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

"My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
I've had with Mister Sea a pretty bustle;
My treatment from my foe *not over-nice*,
Just made a *jest* for every Shrimp and Muscle:

"A pretty trick for one of my dominion!—
My Lords, I thank you for your *great* opinion.

"You'll tell me perhaps, I've only lost *one* Game,
And bid me try another for the Rubber:
Permit me to inform you all with shame,
That you're a set of Knaves, and I'm a Lubber."

Such is the Story, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear, a sacred load
  Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great use:
Kings are in general obstinate as Mules;
Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
  And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools:—
  But this *unluckily* the simple fact is;
Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And, all so devilish *modest*, don't *desire*
  The *glory* of reducing them to *practice*.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO

A CELEBRATED LAUREAT,

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY,

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE,

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD'S BREWHOUSE.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi!—OLD SUN-DIALS.

FROM House of Buckingham, in grand parade,
To Whitbread's Brewhouse moved the Cavalcade.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter's Loyalty—He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking—Complimenteth the Poet Laureat—Peter differeth in Opinion from Mr. Warton—Taketh up the Cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V., and Queen Bess—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign—King Charles the Second half-damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping Company with *Gentlemen*—Peter praiseth *Himself*—Peter reproved by Mr. Warton—Desireth Mr. Warton's Prayers—A fine Simile—Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical Dealings—Peter expostulateth with Mr. Warton—Mr. Warton replieth—Peter administereth bold Advice—Wittily calleth Death and Physicians, Poachers—Praiseth the King for parental Tenderness—Peter maketh a natural Simile—Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say—Peter giveth a beautiful Example of Ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's Love for the Arts and Sciences, even in Quadrupeds—His Resolution to know the History of Brewing Beer—Billy Ramus sent Ambassador to Chiswell Street—Interview between Messrs. Ramus and Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's Bow, and Compliments to Majesty—Mr. Ramus's Return from his Embassy—Mr. Whitbread's *Terrors* described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus—The King's *Pleasure* thereat—Description of People of Worship—Account of the Whitbread Preparation—The Royal Cavalcade to Chiswell Street—The Arrival at the Brewhouse—Great Joy of Mr. Whitbread—His Majesty's *Ned*, the Queen's *Dip*, and a Number of *Questions*—A West-India Simile—The Marvellings of the Draymen described—His Majesty peepeth into a Pump—beautifully compared to a Magpie peeping into a Marrow-bone—The minute Curiosity of the King—Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprise Majesty—His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's Horse expresseth Wonder—also Mr. Whitbread's Dog—His Majesty maketh laudable Inquiry about

THE ARGUMENT.

Porter—Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—King noteth *notable* Things—Profound Questions proposed by Majesty—*As* profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread—Majesty in a Mistake—Corrected by the Brewer—A Nose Simile—Majesty's Admiration of the Bell—Good Manners of the Bell—Fine Appearance of Mr. Whitbread's Pigs—Majesty proposeth Questions, but benevolently waiteth not for Answers—Peter telleth the Duty of Kings—Discovereth one of his shrewd Maxims—Sublime Simile of a Water-spout and a King—The great Use of asking Questions—The Habitation of Truth—The Collation—The *Wonders* performed by the Royal Visitors—Majesty proposeth to take Leave—Offereth Knighthood to Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's Objections—The King runneth a Rig on his Host—Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty—Miss Whitbread curtseyeth—The Queen dippeth—The Cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth—Admonisheth the Laureat—Peter croweth over the Laureat—Discovereth deep Knowledge of Kings, and Surgeons, and Men who have lost their Legs—Peter reasoneth—vaunteth—even insulteth the Laureat—Peter proclaimeth his peaceable Disposition—Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a Prayer for *curious* Kings.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO

A CELEBRATED LAUREAT.

Tom, soon as e'er thou strikest thy golden Lyre,
Thy Brother Peter's Muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such *rare* folk;
Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to *believe* a line?
You Oxford Wits most dearly love a *joke*.

Son of the Nine, thou writest well on *nought*;
Thy thundering Stanza, and its pompous Thought,
I think, must put a Dog into a Laugh.
Edward and Harry were much *braver* men
Than this new-christen'd *Hero* of thy pen;
Yes, laurelled Odeman, braver far by half:

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
George keeps his hat off in a Shower of Rain;
Sees Swords and Bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a Volley winks, nor ducks his head:

Although at grand Reviews he seems so blest,
And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, Wife, and bolster;
Unlike his Officers, who, fond of cramming,
And at Reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holster.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess:
His present Majesty, whom Heaven long bless
With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
As that old Queen, though often call'd old Bitch,
In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles, that King
Indeed was never any mighty thing;
He merited few honours from the Pen:
And yet he was a devilish hearty fellow,
Enjoyed his Girl and Bottle, and got mellow,
And mind—kept company with *Gentlemen:*

For, like *some* Kings, in hobby Grooms,
Knights of the Manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight:
Nor joked by day with Pages, Servant-maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard, two-handed jades;—
Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night.*

Thomas, I am of *candour* a great lover:
In short, I'm Candour's self all over;
Sweet as a *candied* Cake from top to toe;
Make it a rule that Virtue shall be praised,
And humble Merit from her bum be raised:—
What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou criest, "Oh, how false! Behold thy King,
Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing;
That King has virtues that should make thee stare."—
Is it so? Then the sin's in *me;*
'Tis my vile Optics that can't see:
Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a prayer.

But perhaps, aloft on his imperial Throne,
So distant, O ye Gods! from every one,
The Royal Virtues are like many a Star,
From this our pigmy System rather far;
Whose Light, though flying ever since Creation,
Has not yet pitch'd upon our Nation*.

Then may the Royal ray be soon explor'd!
And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art not humming,
I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
The instant I behold it coming.——

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou not, thy Sovereign *smoking?*

How canst thou seriously declare
That George the Third
With Cressy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry?—'Tis too bad, upon my word:
George is a clever King, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the Throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, "God rot it! Peter, pray,
What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom.—
Sing how a Monarch, when his Son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying
By Abbey-company and Kettle-drum:
Leaving that Son to Death and the Physician,
Between two fires; a forlorn-hope condition;
Two Poachers who make man their Game,
And, special marksmen, seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the Monarch did *not see* his Son,
He kept aloof through *fatherly affection;*
Determin'd nothing should be done
To bring on *useless* tears, and *dismal recollection.*

For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are Sighs and Tears but Wind and Water,
That show the Leakiness of feeble Nature?

Tom, with my Simile thou wilt not quarrel:
Like Air and any sort of Drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each Chink,
That proves the Weakness of the Barrel.

Say, for the Prince when wet was every eye,
And thousands poured to Heaven the pitying sigh
Devout;
Say how a King, unable to dissemble,
Ordered Dame Siddons to his house, and Kemble,
To spout:
Gave them Ice-creams and Wines so dear,
Denied till then a thimblefull of Beer;
For which they've thanked the Author of this Metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender Peter,
Who, in his Ode on Ode, did dare exclaim,
And call such Royal Avarice a shame.

Say:—but I'll teach thee *how* to make an Ode;
Thus shall thy labours visit Fame's abode

In company with my immortal Lay.
And look, Tom; thus I fire away:—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth
Not to the *brightest* Monarch upon earth,
Because there are *some* brighter, and as big;
Who love the Arts that Man exalt to Heaven:
George loves them also, when they're given
To four-legg'd Gentry, christened Dog and Pig*,
Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting Nation
Prove what a charming thing is *education*.

Full of the art of Brewing Beer,
The Monarch heard of Mister Whitbread's fame:
Quoth he unto the Queen, "My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew;
Rich as us, Charly; richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame, we have not yet his Brewhouse seen."—
Thus *sweetly* said the King unto the Queen.

* The Dancing Dogs and Wise Pig have formed a considerable part of the Royal Amusement.

Red-hot with Novelty's delightful rage,
To Mister Whitbread forth he sent a Page,
To say that Majesty proposed to view,
With thirst of Knowledge deep inflamed,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads famed,
And learn the *noble* secret, how to *brew*.

Of such undreamt of *honour* proud,
Most reverently the Brewer bow'd;
So humbly (so the humble story goes),
He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his nose:
Then said unto the Page, hight Billy Ramus,
"Happy are we that our great King should name us,
As worthy unto Majesty to shew
How we poor Chiswell people *brew*."

Away sprung Billy Ramus, quick as Thought:
To Majesty the *welcome* tidings brought;
How Whitbread staring stood like any Stake,
And trembled: then the civil things he said:
On which the King did smile, and nod his head;
For Monarchs like to see their Subjects *quake*.

Such *horrors* unto Kings most *pleasant* are,
Proclaiming reverence and humility;
High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
Of kingly Grandeur and *great* Capability.

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler Sons of Earth
  Indeed in a most humble light, God knows.
High Stations are like Dover's towering Cliffs,
Where Ships below appear like little Skiffs;
  The People walking on the strand, like Crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mister Whitbread made;
Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid
  He should not charm enough his Guests *divine:*
He gave his Maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And, lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
  To make th' Apprentices and Draymen fine.

Busy as Horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation
To treat the lofty Ruler of the Nation.

Now moved King, Queen, and Princesses, so grand,
To visit the first Brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell-street;
But oftener, charm'd with *fashionable* air,
Amidst the gaudy Great of Portman-square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,
His Grace the Duke of Montague *likewise*,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the Raree-show,
And fixed all Smithfield's marvelling eyes:
For, lo! a greater *show* ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Maty roasted, just like Crabs, the Martyrs.

Arrived, the King broad-grinn'd, and gave a nod
To Mister Whitbread; who, had God
Come with his Angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met:
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the Brewer did the King revere.

Her Majesty *contrived* to make a dip:
Light as a Feather then the King did skip;
And ask'd a thousand Questions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread comprehended *half*.

Reader, my Ode should have a Simile:
Well, in Jamaica, on a Tamarind-tree,
Five hundred Parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I've seen; such noise the feather'd imps did make
As made my pericranium ache,
Asking and telling parrot-news.

Thus was the Brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
While Draymen, and the Brewer's Boys,
  Devoured the Questions that the King did ask:
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wondering to think they saw a *King* and *Queen*;
  Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some Draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
  And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
To view, and be assured, what sort of things
Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh.
And, lo! of all the gaping Puncheon clan,
Few were the Mouths that had not got a Man.

Now Majesty into a Pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass of Dollond peep,
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water.

  Thus have I seen a Magpie in the street,
  A chattering Bird we often meet,
A Bird for curiosity well known,
    With head awry,
    And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a Marrow-bone.

And now his curious Majesty did stoop,
To count the nails on every hoop;
And, lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
"What's this? hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this? what's
that?"
So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
As if each Syllable would break its Neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* while others crawl,
Our Sovereign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic Geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding Systems in a Pepper-corn.

Now Mister Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had Butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew.
On which the King with wonder swiftly cried,
"What, if they reach to Kew then side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?"
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend.

On which the King, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering Queen:

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The Brewer's Horse with face astonish'd neigh'd;
The Brewer's Dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for *other* Beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And, after talking of these different Beers,
Asked Whitbread if *his* Porter *equall'd theirs*.

This was a puzzling, disagreeing Question;
Grating like Arsenic on his Host's digestion:
A kind of question to the Man of Cask,
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now Majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty Memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write:—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the Grates,
For roasting Chesnuts or *Potates*.

Mem.

'Tis Hops that give a bitterness to Beer:
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no *cheaper* stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not Horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our Small-beer;
'Twill *save* us several pounds a year.

Mem.

To *remember* to *forget* to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.

Not to *forget* to take of Beer the Cask,
The Brewer offer'd me, away.——

Now having pencil'd his Remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the Point indeed of a new Pin;
His Majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses' skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
"Whitbread, are all your Horses fond of Hay?"

" Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes
The Brewer answer'd: " also, Sir, of Oats.
Another thing my Horses too maintains;
And that, an't please your Majesty, are Grains."

" Grains, grains," said Majesty, " to fill their crops?
Grains, grains? That comes from hops; yes, hops,
hops, hops."

Here was the King, like Hounds sometimes, *at fault.*
" Sire," cried the humble Brewer, " give me leave
Your sacred Majesty to undeceive:
Grains, Sire, are never made from Hops, but Malt."

" True," said the cautious Monarch with a smile:
" From malt, malt, malt: I meant malt all the while."—
" Yes," with the sweetest bow rejoined the Brewer.
" An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure."—
" Yes," answered Majesty with quick reply,
" I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now this was *wise* in Whitbread; here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As Monarchs never must be in the *wrong*,
'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue,
To tell a little fib or some such thing,
To save the sinking credit of a King.

Some Brewers, in the rage of information,
Proud to instruct the Ruler of a Nation,
Had on the folly dwelt, to seem damn'd clever.
Now what had been the consequence? Too plain,
The man had cut his *consequence* in twain;
The King had hated the *wise* Fool for ever.

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a Nose
That bright with many a Ruby glows;
That Nose, thou mayst pronounce, nay safely swear,
Is nursed on something better than Small-beer:

Thus, when thou findest Kings in *brewing* wise,
Or Natural History holding lofty station;
Thou mayst conclude with marvelling eyes,
Such Kings have had a *goodly* education.

Now did the King admire the Bell so fine,
That daily asks the Draymen all to dine;
On which the Bell rung out (how very proper!),
To show it *was* a Bell, and had a Clapper.

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and Children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting, in their sty,
Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handsome Pigs:

On which th' observant Man who fills a Throne,
Declared the Pigs were vastly like his own:

On which the Brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: "O Heavens! and can *my* Swine
Be deemed by Majesty so fine?
Heavens! can *my* Pigs compare, Sire, with Pigs Royal?"
To which the King assented with a nod:
On which the Brewer bowed, and said, "Good God!"
Then wink'd significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss;
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Cross'd her fair hands, a dear Old Maid,
And then her lowest curtsey made
For such *high honour* done her Father's Swine.

Now did his Majesty so gracious say
To Mister Whitbread, in his flying way,
"Whitbread, d'ye *nick* th' Excisemen now and then?
Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hæ, what? Miss Whitbread's still a Maid, a Maid?
What, what's the matter with the Men?

" D'ye hunt? hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too old.
You'll be Lord May'r, Lord May'r one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told:
Don't, don't the *fine* for Sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare:
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes; you shall be Lord May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye keep a Coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your *liveries* on the *Draymen*, hæ?
Hæ, Whitbread, you have feather'd well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, " May I be curst
If I know *what* to answer *first*;"
Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye:
But ere the Man of Malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, Majesty turn'd round,
Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the *pleasure* of *reply*.——

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong;
From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man *inquires*, the more he'll *know*.

Reader, didst ever see a Waterspout?
'Tis possible that thou wilt answer "No."
Well then, he makes a most infernal rout;
Sucks, like an Elephant, the waves below,
With huge Proboscis reaching from the sky,
As if he meant to drink the Ocean dry.
At length, so full he can't hold one drop more,
He bursts: down rush the Waters with a roar
On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,
And almost sink the Wanderer of the Deep.

Thus have I seen a Monarch, at Reviews,
Suck from the tribe of Officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wondrous* matter,
And souse it on the Queen with *such* a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions;
For truly, Questions are the Keys of Knowledge:
Soldiers who forage for the Mind's digestions,
Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at College;
Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,
E'en of the lowest Green-bag Drudges.

The Sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell
(Strange Mansion!) in the bottom of a Well:

Questions are then the Windlass and the Rope
That pull the grave old Gentlewoman up.
Damn jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
Reflecting upon Kings for asking Questions*.——

Now having well employed his Royal lungs
On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels and their bungs,
The King and Co. sat down to a Collation
Of flesh, and fish, and fowl, of every Nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of Knife and Fork,
That merciless fell like Tomahawks to work;
And fearless *scalp'd* the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
While Whitbread in the rear beheld the battle.

The *conquering* Monarch, stopping to take breath
Amidst the Regiments of Death,
Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer:
" Whitbread, is't true? I hear, I hear
You're of an ancient family renown'd.
What, what? I'm told that you're a limb
Of Pym, the famous fellow Pym†:

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's Library some years since.

† His Majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his Wife's relation.

What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?
Son of a Roundhead are you? hæ, hæ, hæ?

"I'm told that you send Bibles to your Votes,
A snuffling Roundheaded Society;
Prayer-books, instead of Cash to buy them coats;
Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:

"Your Bedford Votes would wish to *change their fare;*
Rather see Cash—yes, yes—than Books of Pray'r.
Thirtieth of January don't you *feed?*
Yes, yes; you eat Calf's Head, you eat Calf's Head."

. . . . . .

Now having *wonders* done on flesh, fowl, fish,
Whole *hosts* o'erturn'd, and seized on all supplies;
The Royal Visitors express'd a wish
To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes:

But first the Monarch, so polite,
Ask'd Mister Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight.*—
Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
Whitbread contemplated the Knights of Peg,
Then to his *generous* Sovereign made a leg,
And said, he was afraid he was *too old.*
He thank'd however his most gracious King,
For offering to make him *such a Thing.*

But, ah! a different reason 'twas, I fear:
It was not *age* that bade the Man of Beer
The proffer'd *honour* of the Monarch shun;
The tale of Margaret's Knife, and Royal Fright,
Had almost made him damn the *name* of Knight,
A tale that farrowed such a world of Fun.

He mock'd the Prayer too by the King appointed,
Even by himself the Lord's Anointed*:
A foe to *fast* too is he, let me tell ye;
And, though a Presbyterian, cannot think
Heaven (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly.

Now from the table with Cesarean air
Up rose the Monarch with his *laurel'd* brow;
When Mister Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a Bow.

Miss Whitbread now so quick her Curtseys drops,
Thick as her *honour'd* Father's Kentish Hops:
Which hop-like curtseys were return'd by Dips
That never hurt the Royal knees and hips;

* For the *miraculous* escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small Knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to clear.

For hips and knees of Queens are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days
Before the Best of Kings,
When Odes of Triumph sound his praise.

Now through a thundering peal of kind Huzzas,
Proceeding some from hired and *un*hired jaws*,
The Raree-show thought proper to retire;
While Whitbread and his Daughter fair
Survey'd all Chiswell-street with lofty air,
For, lo! they felt themselves some *six feet higher*.

SUCH, Thomas, is the way to write;
Thus shouldst thou Birth-Day songs indite:

* When his Majesty goes to a Play-house, or Brew-house, or Parliament, the Lord Chamberlain provides some pounds-worth of Mob to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Play-house, about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties' appearance, at two shillings and sixpence *per* head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These Stentors are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who, immediately on the Royal entry into the stage-box, set up their Howl of *loyalty*; to whom their Majesties, with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the *obligation* by a genteel bow, and an elegant curtsey. This congratulatory noise of the Stentors is looked on by many, particularly Country Ladies and Gentlemen, as an *infallible* Thermometer that ascertains the *warmth* of the National Regard.

Then stick to Earth, and leave the lofty Sky;
No more of *ti-tum-tum*, and *ti-tum-ti*.

Thus should an *honest* Laureat write of Kings;
Not praise them for *imaginary* things:
I own I cannot make my stubborn Rhyme
Call every King a Character sublime;
For Conscience will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of Candour.—
I know full well *some* Kings* are to be seen,
To whom my Verse so bold would give the spleen,
Should that bold Verse declare they wanted *brains*.
I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd;
They *may* have been with such a present bless'd,
And therefore *fancy* that some *still* remains:

For every well-experienced Surgeon knows
That men who with their Legs have parted,
Swear that they've felt a pain in all their Toes,
And often at the twinges started;
Then stared upon their oaken Stumps in vain,
Fancying the Toes were all come back again.

If men then who their absent Toes have mourn'd,
Can fancy those same Toes at times return'd;

* *Foreign Kings.*

So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
May *fancy* they have stumbled on their Senses.

Yes, Tom; *mine* is the way of writing Ode.—
Why liftest thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;
And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
"Is *this* an action, Peter, *this* a deed,
To raise a Monarch to the Sky?
Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
Rare things to figure in the Muse's Song!"

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers; porter, pumps, and barrels:
Far from the *dove-like* Peter be such strife!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact:
Thy Cesar *never* did an act
More wise, *more* glorious, in his life.—

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting Kings,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kew-house;
And may they *never* do *more foolish* things
Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his Brewhouse!

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM,

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

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Peter stringly expostulateth with Thomas on his unprecedented *Silence* on the Royal *Perfections* in his last New-year's Ode—Giveth Thomas a *Jobation*—Instructeth Thomas in his Trade—Talketh of Heralds, Moles, Field Mice, and General Carpenter—Telleth a strange Story of the General—Commendeth Majesty, and lauds his Love of Money, with delicious Similes—Peter informeth Thomas how he might have praised Majesty for Piety and Economy—Peter's great Knowledge of Nature—He talketh of her different Manufactures—Peter praiseth the Royal Proclamation for leaving off Sin, and reforming fiddling Courtiers and others—Mistress Walsingham not able to sin on a Sunday—nor my Lady Young—nor my Lord of Exeter—nor my Lord Brudenell; whose Excellence in attending on the Rump Royal, Peter highly extolleth—nor the Welsh King Watkyn, whose poor Violoncello Peter pitieth—nor my Lord of Salisbury—Peter intimateth an intended Reform among Cats and Dogs, Pigeons, Wrens, Sparrows, and Poultry—*Love* between the aforesaid Animals to be severely punished if made on the Lord's Day: Monday the *most decent* Day—Sir John Dick giveth up Sunday Concerts for Godliness—Sir John's Star his great Hobbyhorse—Lords Hampden and Cholmondeley reproved for profaning the Sabbath by a full Orchestra, while the King enjoyeth *only* Wind Instruments—Peter relateth a sad Tale of German Musicians, and concludeth with a pathetic Simile of a Woodcock—Peter returneth from Digression to Thomas—Peter asketh shrewd Questions of Thomas—Telleth a delectable little Story of the King and Scratch Wigs—Declareth Love for Majesty—Praiseth the Partnership—Peter denieth all Odium towards his Sovereign for a Jealousy of the Prince of Wales, for his Rage for Handel, and Enthusiasm for Mr. West—Peter giveth two Similes—Peter telleth a Tale—Peter still insisteth on Love for Majesty—Instanceth Royal Magnanimity—ending with Curiosity, and National Advantage—Peter showeth the King's *Superiority* to the Prince in the Article of *Books*—The Royal Wardrobe's Su-

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periority to the Shops in Monmouth Street—Peter expresseth more Love for Majesty—A Tale—Peter maketh a marvellous Discovery of the Cause of Thomas's Silence in the Article of Royal Flattery—His Majesty too much bedaubed—The King shutteth up Thomas's Mouth—Peter telleth Thomas how he should have managed—Peter describeth a Devil—Inquireth for Modesty—Findeth her—Giveth a lovely Picture of Miss Morning—and her loyal Speech to Peter—Peter cannot *exist* nor *subsist* without Kings—Peter citeth the World's Opinion of him—Peter finely answereth it.—Peter seemeth glad—He asketh a sly Question about Cartoons—Peter telleth an uncommon Story—Peter continueth talking about Cartoons—Feareth that they are in Jeopardy—Peter concludeth with some sublime Similes of Trout, Eels, Whales, Goats, Sheep; and good Advice to Thomas.

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

SLIFE, Thomas! what hath swallowed all the Praise?
Of Royal Virtues not the slightest mention,
Strung, like Mock Pearl, so lately on thy Lays!
Tell me; a Bankrupt, Tom, is thy *invention?*

How couldst thou so thy Patron's fame forget,
As not to pay of Praise the annual debt?
Whitehead and Cibber, all the Laureat throng,
To Fame's fair temple, twice a year, presented
Some Royal Virtues, *real* or *invented*,
In all the grave sublimity of Song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born Wight,
Creeping from Cellars, just like Snails from Earth,
Or Moles or Field-mice stealing into light,
Forge Arms to prove a loftiness of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious Sir and Madam
The Branches, to the very Trunk of Adam.

Then why not thou, the Herald, Tom, of Rhyme,
Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime?
Bards shine in *fiction;* then how slight a thing
To *make* a Coat of Merit for a King!

Know, General Carpenter had been a theme
For furnishing a pretty Lyric dream;
Once a monopolist of nod and smile,
Of broken sentences, and questions rare,
Of snip-snap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
For which *thy* Muse would travel many a mile.

But, lo! the General, for a crying sin,
Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
And stare, and snip-snap, of the Best of Kings;
The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
Where Osnaburgh's good *Bishop*, gambling,
Lost some few golden Feathers from his Wings:

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown,
Such were the horrors of the Royal frown;
For lo! his Majesty most roundly swore
He'd nod to General Carpenter no more.

O glorious love of all-commanding Money!
Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin Honey;

Dear as to Gamblers, Pigeons fit to pluck;
Or Showers to Hackney-coachmen or a Duck.

Thomas, thy Lyrics might have praised the King
For making Sinners mind the Sabbath-day;
Bidding the idle Sons of Pipe and String,
Instead of scraping Jigs, sing Psalms, and pray:
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto Salvation.

The Monarch gave up Mister Joah Bate;
With that sweet Nightingale, his lovely Mate;
Who with the organ and *one* fiddle
Made up a *concert* every Sunday night:
Thus yielding Majesties supreme delight,
Who relish *cheapness* e'en in tweedle-tweedle.

For Nature formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the natural thought
Of getting every thing for *nought:*

From Delhi's Diamonds, to a Bristol Stone;
From Royal Eagles, to a squalling Parrot;
From Bulls of Basan, to a Marrow-bone;
From rich Ananas, to a mawkish Carrot:

And getting things for *nought*, I needs must say,
If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often Nature manufactures stuff
That thinks it never hath enough;
Hoarding up treasure, never once enjoying.
  Such is the composition of *some* Souls:
Like Jackdaws, all their cunning art employing
  In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious Monarch's Proclamation,
The courtier *amateurs* of this fair nation
  On Sundays con their Bibles, make no riot.
The stubborn Uxbridge, music-loving Lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the Royal word,
  And bids the Instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistress Walsingham is forced to pray,
  And turn her eyes up, much against her will.
Sandwich sings Psalms too, in *his* pious way;
  And Lady Young forbears the tuneful trill:
And *very politic* is Lady Young;
A Husband must not suffer for a Song.

The gentle Exeter his Treat gave up,
So used upon the sweet Repast to sup;

As eager for his Sunday's Quaver-dish,
As Cats and ravenous Aldermen for Fish.

Lord Brudenell too; a Lord with lofty nose,
Bringing to mind a Verse the World well knows,
Against sublimity that rather wars;
Which in an almanac all eyes may see:
"God gave to Man an upright Form, that he
Might view the Stars:"—

I say this watchful Lord, who boasts the knack,
Behind his sacred Majesty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair,
Better than any Lord (so says Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the Royal Rump,
So swift his motions, and *so* sweet his air;

Who, if his Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up;*
Drops, with concern, his jaw; with horror freezes;
Or smiles "God bless you, Sire," whene'er he sneezes:—
This Lord, I say, upraised his *convert* Chin,
And cursed the Concert for a crying Sin.

King Watkyn, from the Land of Leeks and Cheese,
With sighs, forbore his Bass to seize:

With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welsh his thankless Prayers.
The Bass indeed *Te Deum* sung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very natural case,
Poor inoffensive Bass!
For when King Watkyn scrubbeth him, alack!
The Instrument, like one upon the Rack,
Sends forth such horrid Inquisition-groans,
Enough to pierce the hearts of Stones.

Thus though in Concert-politics the Knight
Battled with Mistress Walsingham outright,
Yet both *agreed* to lift their palms,
Not in Hostilities, but singing Psalms.

Salisbury was also order'd to *reform;*
Who, with my Lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forced, like Sailors in a Storm,
Against their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the Royal Mandate through the town
Knock nearly all the Sunday Concerts down.
Great act! ere long 'twill be a sin and shame,
For Cats to warble out an *amorous* flame:

Dogs shall be whipp'd for *making love* on Sunday,
Who very well may *put it off* to Monday.

Nay more, the Royal piety to prove,
And aid the *purest* of all *pure* Religions,
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing Pigeons,
And Cocks and Hens be lash'd for *making love:*
Sparrows and Wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely *civil* to their Spouses.

Poor Sir John Dick was Lamb-like heard to bleat,
At losing such a Sunday's treat:
Sir John, the happy owner of a Star,
Which radiant Honour on Surtouts he stitches;
Lamenting, fashion doth not stretch so far
As sewing them on Waistcoats and on Breeches;
Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
And make the Knight a perfect Milky Way.

Yet Hampden, Cholmondeley, those sinful shavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath-quavers;
Thus, flying in the face of our great King,
Profane God's resting-day with wind and string:
While on the Terrace, 'midst his German Band,
On Sunday evenings George is pleased to stand;

Contented with a *simple* [illegible]
"God save great George o[illegible] [illegible]; or "Bobbing Joan:"

While Cherubs, learning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight;
  And Satan, from a lurking hole,
  Fond of a *seeming-godly* soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
    Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse: the mention of the German Band
Bringeth a Tale oppressive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German Boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
Sent for, to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, galled by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in fields of clover,
  To feast upon the Coldstream Regiment's fat:
Swift with their empty Stomachs they flew over,
  And wider than a Kevenhuller Hat.
But, ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carved:
To feasts they *went* indeed, but went and *starved;*
Their Masters, raptured with the *tuneful* Treat,
Forgot Musicians, like themselves, could *eat.*

Thus the poor Woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempests roars:
Invited by our milder sky, he roves;
Views the pure stream with joy, and sheltering groves;
And in *one* hour, O sad reverse of fate!
Is shot, and smokes upon a Poacher's plate.—

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What! make a dish to balk thy Master's gums?
A Pudding, and forget the Plums?
Mercy upon us, what a Cook art thou!
Dry e'en already, what a sad Milch Cow,
Who gavest at first of fame such flowing pails!
Say, Thomas, what thy Lyric udder ails?

Since *truth* belongs not to the Laureat trade,
'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter:
Speak; in Light Money were thy Wages paid?
Or was thy pipe of Sack half-fill'd with Water?
Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy Dues?
Or hath a qualm of Conscience touch'd thy Muse?

Thou might'st have praised for *dignity* of pride,
Displayed not long ago among the Cooks.—
Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks;
Wigs, christened *scratches*, on their heads he spied.

To find a Wig on a *Cook's* head,
Just like the Wig that graced *his own*,
Was verily a sight to dread,
Enough to turn a King to Stone!
On which, in language of his *very best*,
His Majesty his Royal ire express'd:

"How, how! what? Cooks wear *scratches* just like me?
Strange, strange! yes, yes; I see, I see, I see.
Fine fellows to wear Scratches! Yes, no doubt;
I'll have no more, no more, when mine's worn out.
Hæ? pretty, pretty, pretty too it looks
To see *my* Scratches upon *Cooks!*"

And, lo! as he had threatened, all so big,
As soon as ever he *wore out* the Wig,
He with a Pig-tail deign'd his head to match,
Nor more profaned his temples with a Scratch.

Thomas, I see my Song thy feelings grate:
Thou think'st I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The World may call me Liar, but sincerely
I love him; for a Partner, love him *dearly:*
While *his* great name is on the *firm*, I'm sure
My *credit* with the Public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,
As long as it continues *George and Co.*;
That is to say, in plainer metre,
" George and Peter."

Yet, as some little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning Squire, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolved;
And in six months or so,
For all I know,
The *partnership* may be *dissolved.*

Whate'er thou think'st, howe'er the World may carp,
Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* King:
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp;
As David swore, who touch'd so well the string.
No, Tom; the Idol of *thy* sweet devotion
Excites not *hate, whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the sublime, I own,
Were I a Bookseller, I would not hire him:
Yet, should I *hate* the Man who fills a Throne,
Because, forsooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the Prince in fame?

A prince of science, in the arts so chaste;
A Giant to him in the world of taste;
Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,
And prove that Dignity *may* clothe a King:—

Who, when by fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever Merit, humble plant, is shown,
Will shed around that plant a fostering ray;
Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom
For drooping Genius, sinking to the tomb,
And lead the blushing Stranger into day:—

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a Shilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a Beggar given;
By such mean charity (Lord help 'em!) willing
To go as *cheap* as possible to Heaven.

Hate him, because untired the Monarch pores
On Handel's manuscript old Scores;
And schemes successful daily hatches,
For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge Cart-horse Minims, Dromedary Breves;
Thus saving *damned* bars from just damnation,
By way of *brightening* Handel's reputation;—

Who, charm'd with every crotchet Handel wrote,
Heaved into Tottenham Street each heavy note;
And, forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber!

Hate him, because the Works of Mister West
His eye, in wonder lost, unsated views?
Because his Walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,
Rob a poor Sign-post of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest,
But in the company of West?
Because of modern Works he makes a jest,
Except the works of Mister West?

Who by the Public fain would have carest
The Works alone of Mister West;
Who thinks, of Painting, Truth, and Taste, the test,
None but the wondrous Works of Mister West!

Who, as for Reynolds, cannot bear him;
And never suffers Wilson's Landscapes near him:
Nor, Gainsborough, thy delightful Girls and Boys,
In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys;
With such Simplicity as makes us start,
Forgetting 'tis the work of Art:—

Which wonder and which care of Mister West
May in a Simile be well expreat:—

A SIMILE.

THUS have I seen a Child, with smiling face,
A little Daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its favourite flower:—
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the finest in the Nation,
Then pay a visit to it every hour:
Lugging the watering-pot about,
Which John the Gardener was obliged to fill;
The Child, so pleased, would pour the water out,
To show its *marvellous* Gardening-skill:
Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was *its own* sweet planting;
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the Daisy all *itself!*

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN Simile if I may shine *agen*,—
Thus have I seen a fond old Hen

With one poor miserable Chick,
Bustling about a Farmer's yard;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick;
Fluttering her feathers, making such a noise!
Cackling aloud such *quantities* of joys,
As if this Chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To shine the Broughton of Game Cocks,
And kill the Fowls of all the earth.

E'en with his Painter let the King be *blest;*
Egad! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mister West;
Only let *me*, excused from such a guest,
Not eat, and drink, and sleep, with Mister West;
And, as he will not please my taste (no, never),
Let *me* not give him to the World as *clever*.
A better *conscience* in my bosom lies,
Than imitate the Fellow and his Flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of Topers at a table sat,
With Punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
Flies soon the party joined, and joined the chat;
Humming, and pitching round the mantling Bowl.

At length those Flies got drunk, and, for their *sin*,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
And, sprawling 'midst the Gulf profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring *host*, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink, one of the Men
Dipp'd from the Bowl the drunken *host*,
And drank; then, *taking care* that none were *lost*,
He put in every mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian Crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss;
Swearing, and in the attitude to smite.
"Lord!" cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
"Though *I* don't like to swallow Flies,
I did not know but *others might*."

Who says I hate the King, proclaims a lie:
E'en now a Royal virtue strikes my eye.
To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The King's submission to the will of Fate.

Whene'er in Hunts the Monarch is thrown out
(As, in his Politics, a common thing),
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *King*.

Hearing no news of nimble Mister Stag,
He sits like Patience, grinning on his Nag.
Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken
The little hovels that around him rise:
To these he trots; of hogs surveys the sties,
And nicely numbers every cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid;
What's in the oven, in the pot, the crock;
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock:
Thus from poor hovels gleaning *information*,
To serve as future *treasure* for the Nation.

There, Terrier-like till Pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
And seems in Paradise, like *that* so famed:
Looking like Adam too, and Eve so fair;
Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
"Were," says the Bible, "*not ashamed.*"—

No man binds Books so well as George the Third,
By thirst of Leather-glory spurr'd:
At Bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh,
And *wondrous* is the King in *sheep* or *calf*.

But see! the Prince upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* Books:
Here by the Sire the Son is much surpass'd;
Which Fame should publish on her loudest blast.—

The King beats Monmouth Street in *cast-off* Riches;
That is, in Coats, and Waistcoats, and in Breeches;
Which, *draughted* once a year for *foreign stations*,
Make fine Recruits to serve some *near* Relations.

But lo, the Prince, shame on him! never dreams
Of pretty, Jewish, economic schemes;
So very proud (I'm grieved, O Tom, to tell it),
He'd rather *give* a Coat away than *sell* it.—

Fair Justice to the Monarch must allow
Prodigious *science* in a Calf or Cow;
  And *wisdom* in the article of Swine.
What most *unusual* knowledge for a King!
Because Pig-wisdom is a thing
  In which no Sovereigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?
  The Prince who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair a Bullock's ribs,
  Nor ever ogled a Pig's face.

O dire disgrace! Oh let it not be known
That *thus* a Father hath excell'd a Son!—

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King:
And should he dream of setting off for Hanover
(As once he said he would, to spite Charles Fox),
Draw all his *little* Money from the Stocks,
Shut shop, and carry every pot and pan over;

I think, indeed I'm *sure*, I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their Idol probably to death:
As happen'd to a Romish Priest; a tale
That, while I tell it, almost turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of Rome,
Some years ago (how many, I don't say),
Handled so well his heavenly broom,
He brush'd, like Cobwebs, Sins away;

Brighten'd the black horizon of his parish;
Gave to the Prince of Darkness such hard blows,
That Satan was afraid to show his nose
(Except in Hell) before this Priest so warrish.

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mister Devil,
Was constantly this pious Man's endeavour;
And, as I've said before, the Man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal; and Fame declares,
He gallop'd like a Hunter o'er his Prayers,
For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead.
Petitions on Petitions he let fly,
Which nothing but Barbarians could deny:
In short, the Saints were to compliance *worried*.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this Priest devout
So well his evolutions did perform;
His Prayers, those holy Small-shot, flew about
So thick, it seem'd like taking Heaven by *storm*.

Without one atom of reflection,
No Candidate at an Election

Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And *bless* him with a Casting-vote,
Than this dear Man to get in Heaven a seat
For souls of children, women, and of men:
No matter which the species, cock or hen.

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think
Who makes us all with horror shrink,
A knave high-meriting Hell's hottest coals;
Who wrote a dreadful book to prove
That Women, charming Women, form'd for love,
Have got *no souls*.

Monster, to think that Woman had no Soul!—
Ha! hast *thou* not a Soul, thou peerless Maid
Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll,
Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade?

Yes, Cynthia: and for Souls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon starry Sphere;
Then kindly sent thy Form divine,
To show what wondrous bliss inhabits there.—

In short, no Dray-horse ever work'd so hard,
From vaults to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,
As this good Priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The Souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleased were the *highest* Angels to express
Their wonder at his fine address,
And power against the Fiend who makes such strife:
Nay, e'en Saint Peter said, to whom are given
The keys for letting people into Heaven,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare
(Peter, the porter of Heaven-gate, so trusty),
That, till this Priest appeared, Souls were so rare,
His Bunch of Keys was absolutely rusty.

Did Gentlemen of fortune die,
And leave the Church a good round sum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The parson *frank'd* their souls to Kingdom-come.

A letter to the Porter, or a word,
Ensured admittance to the Lord.

Nor stopp'd those Souls an instant on the road,
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
For, had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then, this Parson was so much admired,
So sought, so courted, so desired,

Thousands with putrid Souls, like putrid Meat,
Came for his holy Pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old Hags with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mister Warren;
Who disappoints that Highwayman called Time
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime),
By giving *sixty-five's* pale wither'd mien
The blooming roses of *sixteen.*

Such *vast* impressions did his Sermons make,
He always kept his Flock *awake,*
In Summer too:—hear, Parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to *nodding* Pews.

A neighbouring Town, into whose people's Souls
Sin, like a Rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker, their hole-stopper;
For, gentle Reader, Sin of such a sort is,
It Souls corrodeth just as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeth Iron, Brass, or Copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;
Protesting, when his Soul should leave its clay,
To rank his bones with those of Saints and Martyrs.—

This was a *handsome* Bribe, all Papists know.
But stop, his Parish would not let him go:
Then surly did the other Parish look,
And swore to have the Man by *hook* or *crook;*

So seized him, like a graceless throng.—
The Priest's Parishioners, who *loved* him well,
Rather than to another Church belong,
Swore they would sooner see him lodged in *Hell:*
So violent was their objection,
So very strong too their *affection.*

The Ladies too united in the strife;
Protesting that they loved him as their life,
So sweetly he would look when down to Prayer;
So happy in a Sermon-choice;
And then he had of Nightingales the Voice,
And holy water gave with *such* an air.

" Lord! lose so fine a man, so great a treasure,
Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure?

" Forgiving Sins so free too at Confession,
However *carnal* the transgression,
In such a charming love-condemning strain,
He really seemed to say, 'Go, sin again;
Hell shall not throw, my Angels, on your Souls
So sweet, a single shovelful of Coals.' "—

Now in the fire was all the fat:
Just as two Bull-dogs pull a Cat,
Both Parishes with furious zeal contended.
So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
That very fatally the battle ended.
In short, by hugging, lugging, and *kind* squeezes,
The Man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces.

This work perform'd, the Bones were fought for stoutly;
And so the fray continued most devoutly.
Lo! with an Arm, away one rascal fled;
This with a Leg, and that the Head;
Off with the Foot another goes;
Another seizes him, and gets the Toes.

Nay, some, a Relic so intent to crib,
Fought just like Mastiffs for a Rib;
Nay more (for truth to tell the whole obliges),
A dozen battled for his *os coccygis**.

Heaven, that sees all things, saw the dire Dispute,
In which each Parish acted like a Brute:

* The tip of the rump.

Then bade the dead man as a Saint be sought;
Still, to reward him more, his Bones enriches
With power o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught.
Thus, by the grace of Him who governs thunder,
His very Toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our Monarch, by *this dozen* men,
Be hugg'd; and *then!* and *then!* and *then!* and *then!*—
Then *what?* Why *then*, this direful ill must spring:
I a good *Subject* lose, and thou a *King*.

No, Tom; no more to strike us with *amaze*,
Thy courtly tropes of Adulation blaze:
A setting Sun art thou, so *mild* thy beam.
Thou (like old Ocean's heaving Wave no more,
That lifts a Ship and Fly with *equal* roar)
Pour'st from thy Lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
Wild blustering with thy Master's name:
No more *ideal* Virtues ride sublime
(Like Feathers) on the surge of Rhyme.

But lo the cause! It was the *Royal will*,
To bid the Tempest of his Praise be still;
No more to let his Virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blasts like Paper Kites about.

Indeed thy Sovereign in thy Verse so fine,
Might justly have exclaimed, at many a line,
" In Peacock's Feathers, lo! this knave arrays me."
And like a King of France of whom I've read,
Our gracious Sovereign also might have said,
" *What* have I done that he should *praise* me?"

With pity have I seen thee, Son of Song,
Trundling thy Lyric Wheelbarrow along,
Amidst Saint James's gapers to unload
The motley mass of pompous Ode;
And wish'd the Sack, for Verse the annual prize,
To poets of a less renown;
To poor Will Mason, who in secret sighs
To strut beneath the Laureat's leaden Crown.

Warm in the praise thou might'st have been,
Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen:
But not so diabolically *hot;*
A downright Devil, or a Pepper-pot.

By *Devil*, without thy being born a wizard,
Thou ought'st to know I mean a Turkey's Gizzard;
So christen'd for its quality, by man,
Because so oft 'tis loaded with kian.
This *devil* is such a red-hot bit of meat,
As nothing but the Devil himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the World well knows:
Why give the Pap of Praise then with a *ladle?*
Gently thou shouldst have rock'd him to repose;
Not, like a drunken Nurse, o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wroth,
Knowing himself no bigger than a Lath,
To find himself a tall gigantic Oak:
'Twas too much of a Magic-lantern stroke.

Ah! where was Modesty, the charming maid?
Where was the rural Vagrant straying;
Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wast paying?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee?
Lord, how we Wits forget! She was with *me*.

Dear Modesty (by very few carest)
Oft condescends to be my guest;

From time to time the Maid my Rhyme reviews,
And dictates sweet instructions to the Muse:—

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Just like that blushful Damsel called Miss Morn:
Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her east with silent pace and slow,
O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window steals with dewy light;
Then, peeping through the panes with Cherub mien,
Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now venturing on the sables of my room,
She sweeps the Darkness with her star-clad Broom:
Now, pleased a stronger splendour to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated Buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my Breeches too, of handsome plush,
Where George's Head *once* made no jingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
Such awful silence reign'd around.
Whose fob, which Thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a Watch's click.

Now casting on my Pen and Ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say,

" The Lark to Heaven her grateful matins sings:
Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat;
And, happy in a fascinating note,
Rise and *bewitch* the Best of Kings."

Howe'er the World t' abuse me may be given,
I cannot do without Crown'd Heads, by Heaven:
Bards must have Subjects that their genius *suit*;
And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I must be mute.

My Verse is somewhat like a Game at Whist;
Which Game, though play'd by people e'er so kee
Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
Except their hands possess a *king* and *queen*.

I own, my Muse delights in Royal Folk:
Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds;
Joe Millers, furnishing a fund of joke.
Lo, with a fund of *joke* a Court abounds!

At Royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expense of wit:
At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole World, blockheads and men of letter
Enjoy a cannonade upon their Betters.

And, *vice versâ*, Kings and Queens
Know pretty well what *scandal* means,
  And love it too; yes, Majesty's a Grinner:
Scandal that really would disgrace a stable,
Hath oft been beckon'd to a Royal table,
  And pleas'd a *princely* palate more than Dinner.

I know the World exclaimeth in this guise:
" Suppose a King *not* over-wise
  (A vice in Kings not very oft suspected);
Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this;*
If *folly* constitutes a Monarch's *bliss*,
  Shall such by saucy Poets stand corrected?

" Bold is the man, old Parson Calchas cries*,
Who tells a Monarch where his error lies.—
Grant that a King in converse cannot *shine*,
  And, sharp with shrewd remark, a World alarm;
What business, Peter Pindar, is't of thine?
  Grant puerilities, pray where's the harm?"—

To this I answer, " I don't think a King
Will go to Hell for every childish thing:

* Vide Homer.

Yet mind; I think that one in his great station
Should show sublime *example* to a nation:

" And, when an Eagle he should spring,
To drink the Solar Blaze on towering wing,
With daring and undazzled eyes;
Not be a Sparrow upon Chimneys hopping,
His head in holes and corners popping
For Flies."—

Tom, I'm not grieved that thou hast changed thy note,
And oped on Windsor Wall thy tuneful throat;
For verily it is a rare old mass:
Nor angry that to West thou dost descend;
The King's great Painting-oracle and friend,
Who teacheth Jervas how to *spoil* good glass.

But, Son of Isis, since, amidst this Ode,
Thou talk'st of Painting like an ardent Lover;
Of panes of glass now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the Great Abode;
Speak, know'st thou aught of Raphael's rare Cartoons?—
I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons.

Why didst thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
Of those most heavenly Pictures talk a bit,

For which the *Nation* paid down every *sous?*
Rare Pictures, brought long since from Hampton Court,
And by a *self-taught Carpenter* cut short,
To suit the panneils of the Queen's old house.

So says report: I hope it is not true;
And yet I verily believe it too;
It is so like *some People* I could name,
Whose pericraniums walk a little lame.—
Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
A *cutting* Story, much of the same kind.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

It happ'd at Plymouth town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering Gutters wandering Gutters meet,
Making in Showers of Rain a monstrous pother;
Bartering, like Rag-fair Jews, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage-leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip-tops, old rags, and hats:—

A town that brings to mind Swift's City Show'r;
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour:

A town where Beau-traps under water grin,
Inviting gentle Strangers to walk in;
Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepared to crown their visitors with mud:—

A town where Parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
  Like Wrestlers for laced hats and buckskin-breeches;
Where oft the Priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
  With *surest* chance of victory preaches:
Whose empty Sounds alone his labours bless;
Like Cannon fired by Vessels in Distress:—

A town where, exiled by the *higher* Pow'rs,
The Royal Tar with indignation lours;
Kept by his Sire from London and from sin,
To say his catechism to Mistress Wynn:—

In the last war, French prisoners often died
Of Fevers, Colds, and more *good things* beside:
  Presents for Valour, from damp Walls and Chinks;
And Nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt;
And Vermin, and all sorts of Dirt;
  And multitudes of motley Stinks,

That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever sought the nose or fields of air.

As Coffins are deemed *necessary* things,
Forming a pretty sort of Wooden Wings
For wafting men to graves, for t' other World;
Where anchored (doom'd to make no voyage more)
The Rudders of our Souls are put ashore,
And all the Sails for ever furl'd.

A Carpenter, first-cousin to the May'r,
Hight Master Screw, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough-interest, to prepare
Good wooden *lodgings* for the Gallic nation;
I mean for luckless Frenchmen that were dead:
And very well indeed Screw's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful *demands*,
As if they played into each other's hands:
As if the Carpenter and Death went snacks;
Wishing to make as much as e'er they could
By this same contract Coffin-wood,
For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom Conscience very easily *persuades*

To take from Neighbours useless superfluity;
Resolved upon an economic plan:
Which shows that in the character of man
Economy is not an incongruity.
I know *some* Monarchs say the *same*, whose pulses
Beat high for ivory Chairs and Beds, and Bulses.

For, lo! this man of economic sort
Made all his Coffins much too short;
Yet snugly he accommodates the Dead:
Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the Head,
And then, to keep it safe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it *underneath* the Arm;
Making his Dead Man quite a Paris Beau,
Hugging his Jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But Thomas, now to those Cartoons of fame.—
Do ask thy Sovereign in *my* name,
What's to be done with those rare Pictures *next*:
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's House in Windsor town,
At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine Cartoons, as History says,
Were (much to this great Nation's praise)
  Bought for the *Nation's* sole inspection;
Unask'd, to suffer *any* Man to feel 'em,
Or suffer *any* forward Dame to *steal* 'em,
  Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to Strelitz if they're doom'd to go;
Because the walls are naked there, I know:
  Strelitz a Mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
And should the Pictures be *inclined* to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they *may* lose their way,
  And ramble to some Hebrew *auctioneer;*

Where, like poor captured Negroes in a knot,
The Holy Wanderers may be made a lot;
And, like the Goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the Saints be sold by *inch of candle.*—

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude,
  (I see thee ready to bawl out "Amen;")
Joking apart, don't think me rude
  For wishing to instruct thy Lyric pen.

Whether like Trout and Eels, in humble pride,
Along the simple Stream of Prose we glide;

Or, stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like Whales we flounder through the Lyric flood;
Or (if a pastoral image charm thee more)
Whether the Vales of Prose our feet explore,
Or, raised sublime on Ode's aërial Steep,
We bound from rock to rock like Goats and Sheep:—

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes;
Or, Poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an economic crumb,
(Perchance no bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire:—
A good old proverb let us keep in view,
Viz. Thomas, "Give the Devil his due."

Whether a Monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to Court, and shakes us by the hand;
Or rude Bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful Harps in Prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line,
The Muse's Incense for a Gill of Wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend:
"Few are the People that my Ode attend:

I'm like a Country Clock, poor lonely thing,
That on the staircase, or behind the door,
Cries 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo,' just at twelve and four,
And chimes that *vulgar* tune, 'God save the King.'"—

Oh! if, deserting Windsor's lofty towers,
To save a sixpence in his Barrack Bowers,
A Monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to Folly's whims the bustling day;
From *such* low themes thy promised praise recall,
And sing more *wonders* of the old Mud Wall.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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